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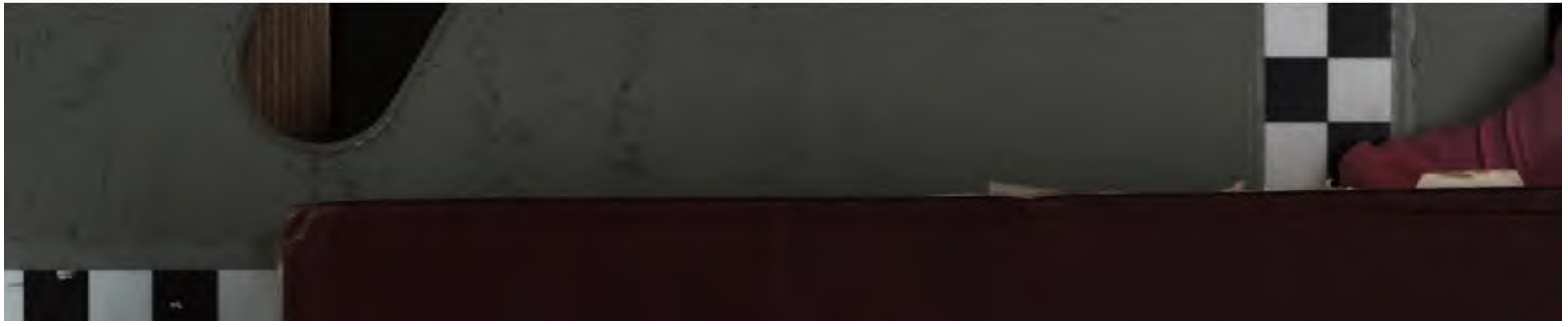

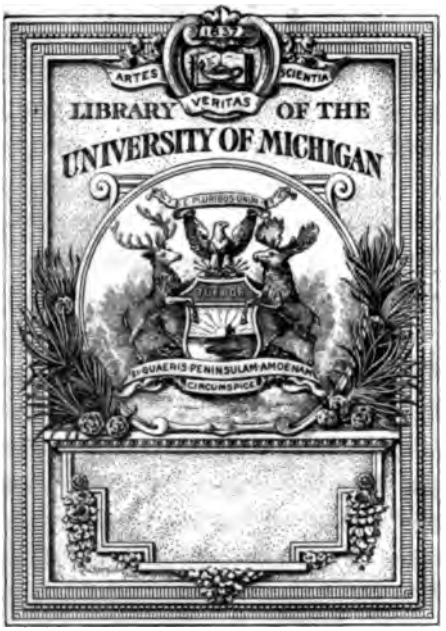
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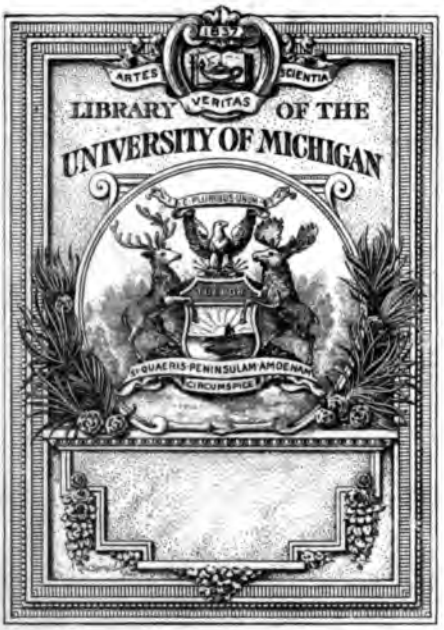
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By Rufus Rockwell Wilson

RAMBLES IN COLONIAL BYWAYS

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VIEW OF THE CAPITOL AT THE PRESENT DAY

WASHINGTON

THE CAPITAL CITY

AND ITS PART IN THE HISTORY OF THE NATION

BY

Rufus Rockwell Wilson

AUTHOR OF "RAMBLES IN COLONIAL BYWAYS"

VOL. II.

ILLUSTRATED

PHILADELPHIA & LONDON

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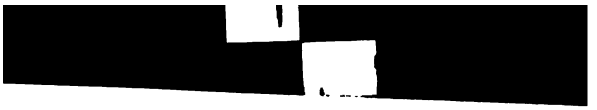
1902



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TO

MY MOTHER

IN WHOSE DEAR COMRADESHIP
THE GREATER PART OF
THIS BOOK WAS
WRITTEN

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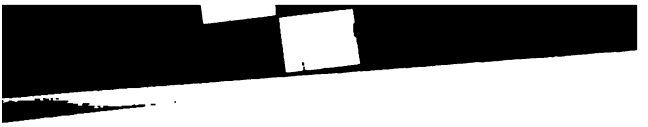

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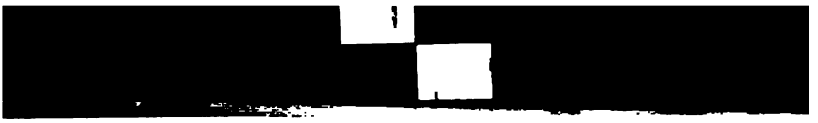
WASHINGTON: THE CAPITAL CITY

CHAPTER I

A NEW ISSUE AND NEW LEADERS

THROUGH an issue undreamed of by the men who made it possible, Tyler's fortuitous accession had had its logical result, for it was his pro-slavery inclining that in 1840 had made him available to strengthen the Whig ticket, and in his hands, backed by Calhoun's determined efforts, the pro-slavery policy had been advanced until it now dominated all others. Again political conditions had developed a new stage, and this found the men who were to deal with it already in the arena of active politics. Indeed, the six years which saw the consummation of Tyler's Texan programme, and the harvesting of its fruits by his successor, also witnessed the entrance into Congress of most



of the leaders at whose hands the slavery question was to have final and irrevocable solution.

Well up on the roll of this new group of statesmen stands the name of Stephen A. Douglas, of Illinois, who in 1847, after four years of service in the House, took the seat in the Senate which he was to occupy until his death. He was its youngest member when he entered the Senate, a short, thick-set man of thirty-four, with a swarthy, clean-shaven face, and eyes which, in moments of excitement, became as large and impressive as those of Webster. His also was a mind capable of grasping, analyzing, and elucidating the most complex and difficult subjects, either in the science of law or that of government, and to these qualities he added a gift for strong and simple speech, a courageous vigor, and a manly boldness which quickly made him a leader on the floor and a foremost figure in the councils of his party.

Benton once said of Douglas that he could never be President because his coat-tails came too near the ground, yet no orator of his time seemed of such imposing stature as Douglas did when in the fury and passion of one of his stump addresses, and Blaine asserts that

he was in some respects, perhaps in most, the ablest campaigner the Democratic party has produced. That opinion will doubtless receive the assent of every politician of a generation or more ago who heard the Little Giant on the stump. None surpassed him in personal influence over the masses of the people. Nor did any inspire more devoted friendship.

John P. Hale, of New Hampshire, entered the Senate on the same day as did Douglas. As a Democrat he had previously served a single term in the House, but, breaking with his party on the annexation of Texas, failed of re-election. He then made a memorable canvass of his State as a candidate for Senator, and at its close won the seat which, save for a brief interregnum, he held for eighteen years. A magnetic speaker, Hale possessed a voice singularly adapted for oratory, and he had carefully cultivated it so that it was possible for him, without seeming effort, to speak so that he could be heard by immense throngs with perfect distinctness. His voice was mellow and charming, and so were his manners. Though for several years the only avowed anti-slavery man in the Senate, a fact which made

him the frequent target for violent abuse and passionate assault, he had perfect command of his temper, and possessed in the highest degree the art of making a soft answer turn away wrath.

Thus those who most violently assailed Hale in debate were often in private life his devoted friends, as a pleasant anecdote recited by Nathan Sargent bears witness. In 1850 Hale was prompted by the presence of a pro-slavery mob in Washington to introduce a resolution providing for the reimbursement of persons whose property should be destroyed by riotous assemblages. Henry S. Foote, a quick-tempered Irishman who then represented Mississippi in the Senate, denounced this resolution as intended to protect "negro-stealing," adding that if Hale came to Mississippi he would be hanged to the nearest tree, and that he (Foote) would cheerfully assist his executioner. It was a most unfortunate speech for Foote, who was on intimate terms with Hale, and he himself confessed it. His mail, in less than forty-eight hours, was burdened with letters filled with caustic revilement, and within a week he was known all over the North as Hangman Foote.

A New Issue and New Leaders.

One morning, a month later, a young woman from New Hampshire called upon Hale and asked him to intercede for her brother, who had been arrested for some offence. Hale told her that he could do nothing, but that he had a friend who might, and he took her to Foote. When the girl had told her story, Foote said that he thought he would be able to help her, and that he would see the Secretary of the Treasury the next day. He did so, and came away with a pardon for the young woman's brother. She went with Hale to Foote's committee-room, and he told her of his success. Then Hale, turning to her, said, "My dear young lady, when you go back to New Hampshire and tell the people there that your brother is out of his trouble, just say to them, will you? that he was released through the intercession of no other person than the Senator who is called in New Hampshire Hangman Foote, and who promised to hang me if I went to Mississippi. What he has done for you and your brother is the kind of hangman he is." Here Hale put his arm around Foote's shoulder, and the Mississippi Senator was affected to tears.

Jefferson Davis was also a Senator from Mis-

sissippi from 1847 till 1851, but resigned in the latter year to enter upon an unsuccessful canvass for governor of his State. During the same period and for eight years longer Texas was represented by General Sam Houston, whose romantic career and picturesque appearance made him from the first a marked figure in the Senate chamber. Always unconventional in dress, it was his wont to appear at the Capitol garbed in a vast and showy sombrero and a Mexican blanket, a sort of ornamental bed-quilt with a slit in the middle, through which the wearer's head was thrust, leaving the blanket to hang in folds around the body. However, Houston soon proved himself capable of adding his quota of sound and patriotic advice to the deliberations of the Senate,—no passage in his career was nobler than the heroic stand against secession which marked its close,—while of his kindliness of nature and generous helpfulness to those in distress innumerable stories are, after the lapse of fifty years, still current in Washington.

Near Quincy, Illinois, there was a stretch of country known as the "Indian tract," to which Houston held title,—a fact many of the settlers

thereon, a careless pioneer brood, failed to search out. One of them called upon William A. Richardson, long member of the House from the Quincy district and subsequently a member of the Senate, and asked if he knew Houston. Richardson said he did, whereupon his visitor confided to him that he had inadvertently settled upon one hundred and sixty acres of Houston's land, and that all he was worth stood in improvements on the land. He wanted Richardson to see Houston and make the best terms he could. Richardson, upon his return to Washington, told Houston the story, and asked what he would take for a quit-claim deed to the one hundred and sixty acres. "What sort of a man is this constituent of yours who has blundered upon my land?" asked Houston. "Good, square, honest man," was the reply. "When I turn him off my land I reckon he and his family will be beggars." Richardson nodded. "What's this farm worth now?" asked Houston. "Improvements and all, about six thousand dollars," was the response. "What was the bare place worth when your fellow went on it?" inquired Houston. "About five dollars an acre; eight hundred

dollars in all," answered Richardson. "Good fellow, this man of yours, Richardson?"—this after a moment's thought. "Best in the world," said Richardson. "Tell him to send me eight hundred dollars and I'll make him a deed."

In due time the eight hundred dollars reached Washington in the shape of a New York draft. Richardson sought Houston, who, having made a deed, took the draft and endorsed it. "You say this man of yours is a good fellow?" he asked, thoughtfully. "Couldn't be a better one," was the emphatic answer. "Send him back this draft and tell him Sam Houston has changed his mind. What can you buy a good saddle-horse for out in that country?" He was told that two hundred dollars would do it. "Well, then," said Houston, "write to your friend and tell him to buy a first-class saddle-horse, about four years old, and keep him for me. I will go home with you when Congress adjourns and ride the horse down to Texas." The man in Illinois without delay received back his draft and bought a saddle-horse, the best he could find. Just before adjournment Houston sought Richardson. "You say the fellow who's got my horse is a tip-top, good man?" Richards

again pronounced him one of the best in his district. "Well," said Houston, with a sigh, "I would have liked first-rate to see him and also my horse, but as affairs turn out I must go straight to Texas. When you get home, go over and see this man, and tell him to sell the horse and do what he pleases with the money. And, by the way, Richardson, I wish you would write and tell me if it was a good horse or not."

When Houston entered the Senate, Daniel S. Dickinson, of New York, and Reverdy Johnson, of Maryland, had lately begun brief periods of service in that body. Dickinson as a debater was clear, profound, and logical, with a capacity for scathing satire that made him dreaded by his opponents, but he is, perhaps, best remembered as one of the most effective stump-speakers of his time, a rôle in which he gained such repute that wherever he was announced to speak the day of his appearance was a holiday. The talents of Johnson were of a higher, but different order. Law was his delight, and he was not a politician. Pre-eminent as a lawyer, could he have been placed on the bench of the Supreme Court he would

have proved one of the ablest judges who ever graced that high tribunal. His service in the Senate, marked by unusual independence of thought and speech, ended in 1849, when he resigned to become Attorney-General in Taylor's Cabinet.

Among the new members of the Senate whose periods of service dated from the Twenty-eighth or the succeeding Congress were Thomas Corwin, of Ohio, fresh from a term as governor of his State; Walter T. Colquitt, of Georgia, and David L. Yulee, both lately advanced from seats in the House; and John A, Dix, of New York; Simon Cameron, of Pennsylvania; Lewis Cass, of Michigan; David R. Atchison, of Missouri; and Thomas J. Rusk, of Texas. Dix, a man of sound culture and considerable gifts as an orator, was afterwards Secretary of the Treasury and governor of his State. Cameron was rarely, if ever, heard in debate, but early took place among the most adroit politicians of his period. Cass, a solid, serious man without brilliant qualities, had been Secretary of War and minister to France under Jackson, and at the end of his second term in the Senate was to become Buchanan's Secretary of State.

Atchison was active and prominent in all of the legislation preceding the Civil War, but his public career ended with his retirement from the Senate in 1856. The last years of Rusk, who had played a gallant part in the struggle for Texan independence, were clouded by mental infirmity, and he died by his own hand near the close of his second Senatorial term.

John Davis, of Massachusetts, and John M. Clayton, of Delaware, returned to the Senate in 1845, and were quickly followed by Webster and Calhoun. Henry and Augustus Dodge, in 1847, were transferred from the House to the Senate, which at the same time received as new members John Bell, of Tennessee, who had been Speaker of the House and Secretary of War under Harrison; Herschel V. Johnson, of Georgia, an orator and jurist of repute; and Pierre Soulé, of Louisiana, the last named the hero of a novel and strangely eventful career. The son of an officer of high rank in the army of the first French republic, Soulé made his appearance in America in 1826, driven hence because of the bitter attacks which, as editor of a Paris newspaper, he had made upon the ministers of Charles X. Settling in New Or-

leans, he studied law, was admitted to practice, and soon gained eminence at the bar in the State of his adoption. He became at the same time a leader of the Democratic party, which honored him by his appointment as Senator, in 1847, to fill an unexpired term. He was elected two years later for a full term, but resigned in 1853 to become minister to Spain.

Soulé, during his six years in the Senate, filled a large place in the public eye. A ready and often eloquent debater, the effect of his brilliant periods was quickened by a strong, clear, mellow voice, an imposing and massive form, a noble head, with long, glossy black locks, flashing black eyes, and a mobile, olive-tinted face cast in the Roman mould. Forney describes him as "sparkling in repartee, yet subject to fits of melancholy; impetuous, yet reserved; proud, but polite,—in one word, such a contradiction as Victor Hugo, with a vast fund of knowledge, and a deposit of vanity which was never exhausted." In all measures affecting his section Soulé, while in the Senate, espoused the extreme Southern view, and was one of the first to openly advocate secession. His light shone feebly, however, when the con-

flict came, and his last days were passed in neglect and obscurity.

John W. Jones, of Virginia, was Speaker of the House in the Twenty-eighth Congress. He was followed by John W. Davis, of Indiana, and by Robert C. Winthrop, of Massachusetts, each of whom served a single term. During the six years covered by these three Speakerships more than half a hundred men, who were to play important and some decisive parts in the stirring events of the next two decades, first gained seats in the popular branch of Congress. New members of the Massachusetts delegation were George Ashmun, a clear-headed and sturdy Whig of the Webster school; Daniel P. King, another devoted follower of Webster, whose period of service was to end only with his death; and John G. Palfrey, whose earlier and heroic labors as an anti-slavery leader have been overshadowed by his later fame as an historian. From Vermont came Jacob Collamer and Solomon Foot, soon to become and to remain for many years the able representatives of that State in the Senate, and George P. Marsh, then in the morning of a distinguished career as legislator, diplomat, and scholar. Connecticut sent

bland and courteous Thomas H. Seymour, in after-days four times governor of that State and minister to Russia, and James Dixon, in whom an unusual aptitude for public affairs was enhanced by the habits of a bookman and the gracious, winning address of a citizen of the world.

New York's representation now included Hamilton Fish, Washington Hunt, and Preston King. Fish, a descendant of the last Dutch governor of New York, whose "character possessed no salient points, but presented a mixture of all good qualities," served only a single term in the House, but subsequently became governor of his State, in 1851 succeeded Dickinson in the Senate, and during Grant's two terms held the post of Secretary of State. Hunt had been a lawyer and judge before he entered the House, and soon after the close of his third term was elected governor of his State,—the last Whig to hold that office. King, a man of sterling sense and keen and pungent wit, entered the House as a Democrat, but soon joined the Republican party, which, in 1857, promoted him to the Senate. His death by suicide from insanity, while holding the position of collector

of the port of New York, occurred a few years after the expiration of his Senatorial term.

New-comers from Pennsylvania were Richard Brodhead, afterwards for a single term a member of the Senate, Lewis C. Levin, Edward Joy Morris, James Pollock, Alexander Ramsey, William Strong, James Thompson, and David Wilmot. Levin, a fervid speaker and nervous writer,—some of his speeches in the House were models of popular oratory,—lives in history as the founder and directing spirit of the Native American party, an organization which long exercised an inflammable and disturbing influence in social and political affairs. Morris, after leaving the House, served as minister to Naples and Constantinople, Pollock as governor of his State, and Ramsey as governor of and Senator from Minnesota and as Secretary of War under Hayes. Both Strong and Thompson, each a lawyer of sound learning and keen analytical powers, voluntarily retired from Congress to resume the practice of their profession; and both in time found seats on the bench, the one as associate justice of the Federal Supreme Court and the other as chief justice of his State.

Washington: The Capital City

Wilmot holds a permanent place in the minds of men as the author of the famous proviso which bears his name. The son of humble parents and bred in the school of poverty, he early won his way to a commanding place at the bar of his section, and in 1845, when he was thirty-one years old, was sent to the House, where he quickly gained repute and influence as one of the ablest and most fearless of all the pioneer anti-slavery leaders. As a speaker he was at once bold, logical, and convincing, clothing his arguments in the simplest language, and using illustrations that never went wide of their mark. Wilmot's determined stand against slavery cost him his seat at the end of his third term. Six years later he was the first Republican candidate for governor of Pennsylvania. He failed of election, but in 1860 was sent to the Senate, passing at the end of his term to a seat in the Court of Claims, where he served until his death.

William Wright, of New Jersey, who entered the House in 1843, was to be twice elected a member of the Senate, serving there until the end of his life, while Robert M. McLane, who two years later came to Congress from Mary-

land, was to become in turn minister to China, Mexico, and France. Before two other new members, Columbus Delano and Allen G. Thurman, of Ohio, also lay luminous careers, the one as Cabinet minister and the other as jurist and Senator. Ohio also returned Samuel F. Vinton, while among the lately elected members from Indiana were Robert Dale Owen, a seer of visions and dreamer of dreams, whose genuine talent was obscured by his eccentricities, and Caleb B. Smith, who as a debater was excelled by few either in wealth of resources or in fluency or force of language. Three other prominent new-comers from the West were John Wentworth, a tall and brainful son of New Hampshire transplanted to the prairies of Illinois; John J. Hardin, of the same State, who was to fall at Buena Vista fighting desperately at the head of his regiment; and John S. Phelps, for eighteen years a Representative from Missouri.

The South, true to its time-honored practice of keeping only strong men at the front, now counted among its younger Representatives in the House James McDowell, of Virginia, an eloquent advocate of States'-rights, and, at

the same time, vehement opponent of slavery; Garrett Davis, of Kentucky, a boy in stature and appearance, but a master of sarcasm and biting invective; John Slidell, of Louisiana, a Northern-born convert to Southern ideas, adroit, supercilious, and the implacable foe of all who dared to disagree with him; Thomas L. Clingman, of North Carolina, a tireless and often forceful debater, soon, like Slidell, to win a seat in the Senate; and Howell Cobb, of Georgia, a strong man of patriotic impulses, who was to become Speaker, governor of his State, and Secretary of the Treasury under Buchanan.

Nor does this complete the list of notable accessions to the House during the period under review. Detailed mention remains to be made of Hannibal Hamlin, of Maine; Robert C. Schenck, of Ohio; Edward D. Baker, of Illinois; Andrew Johnson, of Tennessee; Alexander H. Stephens and Robert Toombs, of Georgia; and William L. Yancey, of Alabama. Hamlin entered the House in 1843, and thereafter for forty years was almost continuously in the service of the State. From the first his course in Congress was marked by vigorous

opposition to slavery. Five years in the House ended with his promotion to the Senate, and there he continued to serve until chosen Vice-President in 1860. Nine years later he was again elected to the Senate, and remained there until 1881, when he was sent as minister to Spain. A wise, cautious, reflective man, Hamlin made no pretensions to oratory, but when he did speak, which was rarely, it was always with uncommon force and skill, his style being terse and crisp, with a good deal of the Yankee in the quaintness and aptness of his way of putting things. In all legislative matters, moreover, he ranked among the first, and as a political adviser and strategist he has had few, if any, superiors. Much of the credit of making Lincoln the Republican candidate for President in 1860 belonged to Hamlin, and it was he, more than any other man, who, as leader of the Blaine forces in the Republican national convention of 1880, brought about Grant's defeat for a third term and the nomination of Garfield.

In private life Hamlin was a striking and delightful personality. A little under six feet in height, he was stocky in his build, and so

swarthy was his complexion that he was often called "Black Hannibal." For half a century he never changed the style or quality of his clothes. His invariable garb included a black swallow-tail coat and a tall silk hat of antique design, and he clung to the old-fashioned stock long after it had been discarded by the rest of mankind. Only on the coldest days in winter did he wear an overcoat. Born a Democrat, he remained through life democratic in every fibre and impulse. All who came into his presence were made to feel that he, by the accident of popular favor, was placed, in his own estimation, in no way above them. This, with his abiding honesty and sincerity, made him strong in the people's regard, and he never abused their trust, habitually rejecting offers to use for his own profit information that had come to him in his official capacity. When he finally went back to his people, it was with an income just sufficient to support himself and family in a plain way during the balance of his days.

Hamlin came of unmixed English stock, but General Schenck—"Bob" Schenck, as he was familiarly known—could trace the history of his ancestors in the robust and rollicking canvases

of the Dutch painters of three centuries ago. A native of Ohio and a former student in the law-office of Thomas Corwin, he entered the House in 1843, and continued there for eight years, when he was sent as minister to Brazil. He entered the Union army in 1861, but left it at the end of two years to return to the House, where he remained until 1871, when he was appointed minister to England, and with this service terminated his political career. Both before and after the Civil War Schenck was an acknowledged leader in the House. He was an accomplished parliamentarian, and extraordinarily skilful in the management of bills, while as a debater he feared no assailant. What his speeches lacked in polish they made up in vigor, and when aroused he struck out right and left, and in language that was at times fearful in invective.

Another and a very different man was Baker, who crowded into his fifty years the experiences of a dozen ordinary lives. Born in England, brought to this country when a child, and orphaned while yet a youth, he early removed to Springfield, Illinois, where he studied and began the practice of law. A man of command-

ing presence, magnetic address, and rare oratorical powers, he rapidly gained distinction and popularity in his section, and in 1845 entered the House. When the Mexican War began he raised a regiment in Illinois, marched with it to the Rio Grande, and fought with signal bravery in every action on the route to the Mexican capital. Then he was again for two terms a member of the House. After that he settled in San Francisco, where he at once took rank as the leader of the California bar, but, failing of an election to Congress, removed to Oregon, which State, in 1860, sent him to the Senate. When Sumter was fired upon, he accepted a colonel's commission, and fell, mortally wounded, while leading a charge at Ball's Bluff. "No knight of the days of chivalry surpassed him in integrity of soul and nobility of nature."

Few men have trod a harder road in the race for high political station than did Andrew Johnson, who entered the House in 1843 and served there for ten years. His father, a "poor white" of North Carolina, lost his life in saving another. The son became a tailor, and when he married only knew the alphabet. His wife

taught him everything else, nor did he learn to write with ease until he had been several years in Congress. Yet before he was thirty the force of his oratory made him one of the best-known men of his State, which, after his ten years' service in the House, twice chose him governor, and in 1857 advanced him to a seat in the Senate. Both in the House and Senate Johnson took an active, and frequently vehement, part in debate. One of the measures with which he early became identified, and which he pushed with uncommon zeal and energy, was the Homestead Law. His greatest speeches in Congress were delivered on this subject and in opposition to the attempt to dissolve the Union. When the break came, Johnson was the only Southern Senator to take an unyielding stand against secession, whence issued his accession to the Presidency, and his appearance in a rôle not unlike that played by Tyler in an earlier time.

Alexander H. Stephens entered the House in 1843 and served there for sixteen years. His fame as a popular speaker had preceded him, and he at once took a foremost place among the Whig leaders in Congress. In face and figure

not unlike John Randolph, of Roanoke, he had the voice and frame of a woman, but his oratory was always clear, strong, and sustained, and he was a born polemic. His public career seems to many a bundle of contradictions, but he always acted upon reasons and principles, and what he believed to be right that he advocated with utter indifference to consequences. His famous encounter with Cone, the outcome of a political dispute, proved this. Cone, a large, muscular man, cut Stephens terribly with a knife, and then shouted, "Retract, or I will cut your throat!" "Never,—cut!" said Stephens, and grasped the swiftly descending blade in his right hand. They were separated, and the wounded man recovered, but that hand never again wrote plainly. Stephens fought against secession, and then went with the South, but love of the Union remained strong within him until the end. Urged after the Civil War to join the colony of ex-Confederates in Mexico, he refused to do so. "But these Yankees will hang you if you stay behind," argued the men who were ready to take up their journey for their new home, and who hated to leave behind them an associate of such rare devotion and

courage. "I would rather hang here in the United States," said Stephens, "than live outside of it," a reply which made him as much admired in the North as he was loved in the South.

Toombs, like Stephens, entered Congress a Whig, but upon the passage of the Compromise of 1850 joined the Democratic party. Two years later he was transferred to the Senate, and he continued one of its most conspicuous members until his withdrawal therefrom upon the passage of the ordinance of secession by his State. Toombs, to Northern men, was for upward of a dozen years the most exasperating and also the most lovable Southerner in Congress. Utterly without concealments, he wore his heart upon his sleeve and lived in the open day. A superbly handsome man, his vitality was extraordinary, his mind alert and quick, and his manner imperious yet magnetic, and, though a rash talker in private life, his speeches in the House and Senate were ever sagacious and sane.

He was also an earnest lover of the Union, and, while allegiance to his State swept him to the Southern side in the great conflict of arms, he had previously put himself on record in these

words: "There are courageous and honest men enough in both sections to fight. . . . The people of both sections of this Union have illustrated their courage on too many battle-fields to be questioned. They have shown their fighting qualities shoulder to shoulder wherever their country has called upon them, and that they may never come in contact with each other in fratricidal war should be the ardent wish of every true man and honest patriot." War came, however, and four years later, at Washington, Georgia, the home of the man who had voiced this protest against separation, the Confederacy died. A part of the Confederate gold was thrown in his door-yard, and by his orders was taken away and divided among Johnston's ragged troopers.

Yancey's services in the House covered a period of less than three years, yet in that time he gained a national reputation, and one that still endures. This with reason, for he was the most brilliant orator of any party in the South in the years immediately preceding the Civil War, and he was altogether the ablest advocate of secession. Indeed, since Seargent S. Prentiss passed away, there has been no man in all

the Southern States who equalled Yancey in eloquence, and he was as logical in argument as he was finished in rhetoric. Aggressive, tireless, and potential on every sectional issue that arose after his voluntary retirement from Congress, Yancey was in the front of the battle before the people, and following Lincoln's election he was one of the earliest in demanding immediate secession. In the Confederate Senate he held a leader's place, but only for a time. Death of a sudden claimed for its own the most brilliant and most beloved of all the great champions of the South, and when the Confederacy fell Yancey had been two years in his grave.

This survey of the leaders of a new era began with Douglas; it may fitly close with that of the Little Giant's great antagonist, Lincoln, who served in Congress from 1847 to 1849. A tall, slim, awkward Westerner of forty, Lincoln participated but little in the active business of the House, and made few speeches. He was not a candidate for re-election, and thereafter held no public office until a dozen years later he returned to Washington as President-elect.

CHAPTER II

FOUR EVENTFUL YEARS

THE Administration of James K. Polk, eleventh President of the United States, opened under stormy skies, for it rained throughout the day of his inauguration. Unpleasant weather, however, did not prevent the assembling of the largest crowds yet seen at the Capitol upon a like occasion, and the President read his address from the east portico to a shifting sea of umbrellas, being afterwards sworn into office by Chief Justice Taney. Two balls were given in the evening. The select gathered at Carusi's, and Mrs. Polk, who abhorred dancing, looked on as complacently as she could, dressed, to quote a contemporary account, "in a severely plain, black silk gown, long black velvet coat with deep fringed cape, and bonnet of purple velvet, trimmed with satin ribbon."

Polk was in the shadow of his fiftieth year when he became President,—a plain, spare man of middle stature, with small head, angular brow, expressive gray eyes, and a firm mouth.

His hair, worn long and brushed back behind the ears, was flaked with silver when his term began, and almost white at its end. He had married, at the age of twenty-seven, Sarah Childress, the nineteen-year-old daughter of a farmer in easy circumstances. Mrs. Polk at the time of her marriage was considered remarkable for her brunette beauty, and a quarter-century later, when she presided at the White House, it was so fresh and unimpaired as to attract great admiration and be noted in the published works and private journals of visiting foreigners. She was tactful in all social affairs, and an accomplished hostess, equal to every demand and charming in every phase. Her husband's friends delighted in talking to her, for she was sympathetic, responsive, and a good listener, and there remains an old-fashioned prim little poem in which one of them celebrates these amiable qualities:

"For I have listened to thy voice, and watched thy playful mind;
Truth, in the noblest sense, thy choice, graceful, kind."

A devout church woman, Mrs. Polk never permitted dancing at the White House, and always observed Sunday with Puritan strict-

ness. She made her Washington friends observe it, too; and there is a touch of humor in the description of the way in which she was accustomed to disperse the group of men who often invaded her husband's rooms to talk politics on Sunday morning. Shawled and bonneted, the pretty woman would smilingly enter, remind her husband that it was church-time, and, with the sweetest courtesy, invite the visitors to accompany them. Sunday calling under these circumstances did not long survive.

Mrs. Polk's tact and kindness, however, always saved her from giving offence, and made her generally beloved in Washington, as another anecdote that has come down to us bears witness. At a White House reception one evening, when the rooms were filled with guests, there fell a sudden silence; and presently in this silence arose a solemn voice. "Madam," it said, "I have long since wished to see the lady upon whom the Bible pronounces woe!" The silence was deeper than ever, for this was a startling speech. Mrs. Polk, much puzzled, looked at the stranger, and again the solemn voice arose in the silence: "Does not the Bible say, 'Woe unto you when all men shall speak

well of you?'" Such was compliment in the days of our fathers. Mrs. Polk's biographers gravely note that the company was considerably relieved at this happy turn, and the lady bowed her thanks.

President Polk found cabinet-making a task beset with difficulty. John C. Calhoun had expected to retain the post of Secretary of State, but the friends of Van Buren would not consent that this honor should be bestowed on the man who had connived at the undoing of their chief. Calhoun, therefore, gave way to James Buchanan, and soon returned to the capital as a Senator from South Carolina. The President, anxious to further placate Van Buren, first tendered the portfolio of the Treasury to Silas Wright, who had lately left the Senate to become governor of his State. Wright declined it, but recommended for the place Azariah C. Flagg, another able and trusted follower of Van Buren. William L. Marcy, leader of the anti-Van Buren faction of the New York Democracy, objected to Flagg's appointment, and in the end Robert J. Walker was made Secretary of the Treasury.

The remaining seats in the Cabinet were filled

without friction. Marcy was given the War portfolio; New England was recognized in the appointment of George Bancroft as Secretary of the Navy; Cave Johnson, who had been for several years a member of the House from Tennessee, was made Postmaster-General, and John Y. Mason, of Virginia, who had been Secretary of the Navy under Tyler, was retained by Polk as Attorney-General. When Bancroft left the Cabinet at the end of a year to become minister to England, Mason returned to the Navy Department, being succeeded as Attorney-General by Nathan Clifford, of Maine. Clifford, however, soon left office to resume the practice of his profession, and Isaac Toucey, of Connecticut, served as Attorney-General during the remainder of Polk's term.

Polk came into office an avowed champion of the annexation of Texas. Francis P. Blair, editor of the *Globe* and a warm friend of Van Buren, had stoutly opposed it, thus inviting the ill-will of Calhoun and his South Carolina followers, who made his removal from the editorship the only condition upon which Polk could receive the electoral vote of their State, then in the hands of the General Assembly and

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controlled by the politicians. Polk agreed to this condition, and soon after his inauguration the *Globe* ceased to be the organ of the Administration. Blair, declining the Spanish mission, offered him by Polk, retired to a comfortable home at Silver Springs in the suburbs of Washington, there to lead a life of lettered ease until his death thirty years later, while his partner, John C. Rives, became the official publisher, through the *Congressional Globe,* of the proceedings of the House and Senate, and so continued until the end of his days.

Meantime, Thomas Ritchie, who had for many years edited the Richmond *Enquirer,* was invited to Washington, where he established the *Union* as the recognized central organ of the Administration. Events proved that the President had not been wholly fortunate in his choice of an editorial champion. "The most genteel old fogy who ever wore nankeen trousers, high shirt-collars, and broad-brimmed straw hats, Ritchie," writes John W. Forney, "was the Grandfather Whitehead of the politicians, the Jesse Rural of the diplomats,—his efforts at making peace between contending rivals generally ending in the renewal of strife,

and his paragraphs in defence of the Administration awakening new storms of ridicule. Everything was serious to him; and it was amusing to note how the most trifling allusion to the President and his Cabinet would quicken his facile pen, and how he would pour his almost unintelligible manuscript into the hands of the printer. He wrote much,—not always clearly, but always honestly,—and when he left the tripod to which he had been tempted by large promises, he was neither as comfortable nor as rich a man as when he broke up his household to share the gay society and the heavy burden of Washington journalism."

William E. Robinson, who wrote under the pen-name of "Richelieu," was at this time the Washington correspondent of the recently founded New York *Tribune,* and for three months, in 1848, Horace Greeley, the editor of that journal, was a member of the House. Brief as was Greeley's period of service in Congress, it served to make him the best hated man in that body. Regarding as an abuse the methods then pursued by Congressmen, he published a list of the members' mileage accounts. This caused great indignation, and the anger

of his fellow-members was fed by Greeley's incisive comments on Congressional proceedings contributed daily to the *Tribune* over his signature. Thus, he said that if either house "had a chaplain who dared preach of the faithlessness, neglect of duty, iniquitous waste of time, and robbery of the public by Congressmen, there would be some sense in the chaplain business; but any ill-bred Nathan or Elijah who should undertake any such job would be kicked out in short order." Greeley, however, broke down the mileage abuse, and it also stands to his enduring credit that he introduced the first bill in Congress giving free homesteads to actual settlers upon the public lands.

Those were moving times in capital journalism. Early in the Polk Administration the House expelled "Richelieu" Robinson from the reporter's seats on the floor because, in one of his letters to the *Tribune,* he had humorously described the mid-day luncheon, upon a chunk of bread and a sausage, of one Sawyer, a member of the House from Ohio; a little later Ritchie, editor of the *Union,* was formally excluded from the floor of the Senate, some of whose members had taken umbrage at his too

candid criticisms, and in 1848 an angry mob besieged the office of the *National Era* and sought, without success, to lay it in ruins.

Gamaliel Bailey, the editor of the *National Era,* was an uncommon man. A native of New Jersey and a physician by profession, he early became an active agitator against slavery, and in 1836 joined James G. Birney, mob-driven from Kentucky, in the publication of the Cincinnati *Philanthropist,* the first abolition organ in the West, of which, in 1837, he became sole editor. Twice in that year, and again in 1841, his printing-office was sacked by a mob, but he issued his paper regularly until after the election of 1844, when he was called to the editorship of the *National Era,* a weekly journal which the American and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society, acting through Lewis Tappan, had decided to establish in Washington. The *National Era,* which for a dozen years following January, 1847, laid siege to slavery in its great parliamentary stronghold, Dr. Bailey conducted with signal talent, tact, and devotion, its influence ever deepening and widening until its mission was accomplished.

But before success and prosperity came strug-

gle and trial. In 1848 a Northern schooner, having on board some threescore fugitive slaves from the District of Columbia, was captured in the Chesapeake. The captain and mate were safely lodged in jail, but the excitement in Washington was intense. Soon a mob collected, uttering dire threats against Dr. Bailey and his paper, and for three days, as already stated, his office was besieged, while a committee of leading citizens advised and urged him to restore peace to the city and secure his own safety by pledging himself to discontinue the *National Era,* and even to surrender his press to the rioters. He refused, however, to surrender anything, and on the night of the third day the mob besieged his house. Here Bailey displayed not alone rare courage, but that rarer magnetism which moves and subjugates masses of men. Hearing his name called by a hundred voices, he walked out on the steps of his house and quietly said, "I am Dr. Bailey. What is your wish?"

When they demanded the immediate surrender of his property and his rights, he declined with dignity to give or take, but asked to be heard in his own defence. This request, after

some demurs, was granted. The result was marvellous. Every instant the speaker gained on the prejudices of his hearers, and ere long murmurs of assent and approval were heard here and there in the surging crowd. Finally, a well-known resident of Washington, who was with the mob, if not of it, leaped upon the steps and made an earnest speech against haste and violence, and in favor of the right of a man to his own property,—of an American citizen to free speech and a free press. So effective were both appeals that when the last speaker moved an adjournment the crowd, with but one dissenting voice, voted for it and quietly adjourned,—some actually calling back, "Good-night, doctor!" And that was the end of it.

The *National Era* thenceforward pursued a prosperous and potential career. It long had John G. Whittier as "corresponding editor," and its list of contributors included Theodore Parker, Bayard Taylor, the sisters Carey, Grace Greenwood, and Gail Hamilton. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was first published in its columns, and for it Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth wrote her first novel, "Retribution." The author last named holds an honorable place in the literary

history of Washington. A native of Georgetown, she early became a bride, but her married life was not a happy one. She was deserted by her husband after bearing him two children, and thus thrown upon her own resources, taught in the public schools, and tried to eke out a livelihood by making manuscript. Her joint vocations at first brought her small returns, but "Retribution," when issued in book form, had an extraordinary sale, and opened the way to comfort and a competence. Mrs. Southworth, during the next forty years, wrote upward of sixty novels, which found more readers than those of any woman author of her time. Her home during that fruitful period was a modest cottage in Georgetown, on the edge of a high cliff overlooking the Potomac, where she died, at the age of eighty, in June, 1899.

The Administration of Polk covered an eventful period in the history of Washington and of the country, for during his Presidency an act was passed establishing the Smithsonian Institution; the war with Mexico took place; the Oregon boundary was settled; a new tariff bill became a law, and the independent treasury system was re-enacted. With the first of these

events is bound up the romantic life-story of an exceptional man. James Smithson was the natural son of Sir Hugh Smithson, first Duke of Northumberland, and of Elizabeth Macie. He was educated at Oxford, where he took a degree in 1786, but after his graduation while devoting himself to scientific studies, especially in chemistry, he does not appear to have had any fixed or permanent residence, living at lodgings in London, and occasionally staying a year or two at a time in cities on the Continent, as Paris, Berlin, Florence, or Genoa. He died in the last-mentioned place in June, 1829, finding a grave in the English cemetery at San Benign.

It came out after Smithson's death that he had bequeathed the handsome fortune which the generosity of the Duke of Northumberland, enhanced by his own retired and simple habits, had enabled him to accumulate to his nephew for life, and after the latter's decease to his surviving children; but in the event of the nephew dying without issue, then the whole of the property was "left to the United States for the purpose of founding an institution at Washington to be called the Smithsonian In-

stitution for the increase and diffusion of knowledge among men." Smithson's nephew dying without heirs in 1835, the property reverted to the United States, and in September, 1838, after a suit in chancery, there was paid into the federal treasury upward of half a million dollars. The disposition of the bequest was for several years before Congress, but in August, 1846, at which time the available funds had increased to seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars, the Smithsonian Institution was founded, and an act was passed directing the formation of a library, a museum to which were transferred the collections belonging to the government, and a gallery of art, while it left to a board of regents the power of adopting such other parts of an organization as they might deem best suited to promote the objects of the bequest. The corner-stone of the Institution was laid in May, 1847, and the building completed ten years later. The square of land upon which this structure stands was set aside and especially reserved for the purpose by the government, and to-day, with the natural growth of trees and shrubbery, is one of the most attractive parks in Washington.

Joseph Henry was chosen first executive officer of the Institution, and under his wise management and that of his successors, Spencer T. Baird and Samuel P. Langley, it has developed with the years into one of the most important scientific centres of the world. Its objects are to assist men of science in prosecuting original research and to publish the results of researches in a series of volumes, a copy of them being presented to every first-class library in the world. The Institution maintains an immense correspondence, and its influence and active aid reach investigators in every land. No other institution is more in touch with the vital interests of the country and its higher development, and nobly does it redeem the promise once made by its founder, that his name "should live in the memory of men when the titles of his ancestors, the Northumberlands and the Percys, were extinct and forgotten."

War with Mexico was a part of the troublesome legacy bequeathed by Tyler to his successor. When at the battle of San Jacinto the Texan army under Houston defeated Santa Anna, then president of Mexico, the latter made a treaty with the victors, in which he acknowl-

edged the independence of the republic they had set up, and agreed that the Rio Grande from its mouth to its source should be the boundary between the two countries. The Mexicans, however, repudiating Santa Anna's action, continued to regard Texas as a revolted state, and when, nine years later, Congress provided for its admission into the Union, the Mexican minister at Washington declared the act an infringement of the rights of his government, demanded his passports, and left the country. Negotiations looking to a friendly settlement came to nothing, and in March, 1846, General Zachary Taylor, acting upon orders from the President, marched at the head of four thousand men from Corpus Christi towards the Rio Grande. A Mexican army, opposing his advance, was badly beaten at Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma and driven across the Rio Grande. After that Taylor advanced to Matamoras and made an easy capture of it.

President Polk, on receipt of the news of these events, sent a message to Congress asking for a formal declaration of war. A bill was accordingly passed by both houses recognizing that hostilities had been begun and voting funds

for their prosecution; not, however, without vigorous protest from the Whigs, who alleged that the President—it was held by Mexico that Texas extended only to the Rio Nueces and the country lying between that river and the Rio Grande was Mexican territory—had provoked retaliations by ordering the advance of Taylor's army. Nevertheless, they voted for the bill, and generally supported the war until its brilliant conclusion in February, 1848.

Ten million dollars was the sum first voted by Congress for the prosecution of the war. The funding of the loan which this appropriation involved was undertaken by William W. Corcoran, a native of Georgetown and former auctioneer, who since 1837 had been a broker and banker in Washington. Subscribers for only a part of the loan could be found in America, and in the end Corcoran was compelled to seek aid in London. There he succeeded in enlisting the greatest banking houses in support of a loan that seemed perilous, but afterwards rose to a high premium and brought large profits to all interested in it. This negotiation, so creditable to his courage and sagacity, was the beginning of Corcoran's remarkable success as a

banker, and laid the basis of the great fortune, reckoned by the millions, which in after-years enabled its generous master to lay out and adorn Oak Hill Cemetery on the heights of Georgetown, one of the most picturesque pieces of landscape gardening in the land; to present to the Washington Orphan Asylum its valuable grounds; to erect and endow the Corcoran Art Gallery and the Louise Home for reduced gentlewomen; to present Columbian College with a lucrative estate; to make liberal donations to other institutions of learning, and to disburse in private charities, during the last of his ninety years of life, an amount hardly equalled in any age.

Polk, in August, 1846, sent a second message to Congress, in which he asked for money with which to purchase territory from Mexico that the pending dispute might be settled by negotiation. A bill appropriating two million dollars for the purpose brought up again the question of slavery extension, and David Wilmot, in behalf of many Northern Democrats, moved that there be added to it a proviso that slavery should be excluded from the territory to be acquired. The House accepted the proviso, after

prolonged and caustic debate, and passed the bill as amended, but it reached the Senate too late to be acted upon by that body. Yet the Wilmot proviso marked the beginning of the end of the slavery struggle; it cut across the lines of both of the old parties, presented a more moderate and practical programme than the abolitionists offered, furnished the basis of the Free-Soil movement, wrecked the Whig organization, and formed the vital principle in the creed of the soon-to-be-created Republican party.

The Oregon question was another part of the troublesome legacy bequeathed by Tyler to his successor. The United States, through treaties with France and Spain, had fallen heir to the rights of those countries on the Pacific coast north of California. The northern boundary of the ceded territory, however, was unsettled, the Washington government claiming that the line of 54° 40′ north latitude was such boundary, while Great Britain maintained that it followed the Columbia River. The disputed country, by an agreement entered into in 1827, was held jointly by the two countries, the arrangement being terminable by either on a year's notice. Marcus

Four Eventful Years

Whitman's timely visit to Washington in the winter of 1843, as we know, prevented the surrender of our claims to Oregon. During the next twelve months there sprang up an army of converts to the view that it was too valuable a possession to be lost or impaired, whence arose a demand in the Democratic national convention of 1844 for the reoccupation of the whole of Oregon up to 54° 40′, " with or without war with England," a demand popularly summarized in the campaign rallying-cry of " Fifty-four-forty or fight!"

The annexation of Texas accomplished, the Whigs at once demanded that the Democrats should fulfil their promise regarding Oregon, and the President, against the votes of many of the pro-slavery men, was directed to give the requisite twelve months' notice, and war seemed imminent. Louis McLane, meanwhile, had been despatched to London to seek a peaceful settlement of the dispute, and the negotiations instituted by him resulted in the offer by Great Britain to yield her claim to the territory between the forty-ninth parallel and the Columbia River, and acknowledge that parallel as the northern boundary. This concession

failed to keep the promise made in the Democratic platform to which the President stood committed; but Polk was anxious to avoid war, and he, therefore, threw upon the Senate the responsibility of deciding whether the claim of the United States to the whole of Oregon should be insisted upon or the compromise proposed by Great Britain accepted. The Senate assumed this responsibility, and, to quote the words of Benton, "gave the President a faithful support against himself, against his Cabinet, and against his peculiar friends." It advised the President, at the end of a two days' debate, to accept the boundary proposed by Great Britain, and in June, 1846, a treaty drawn on these lines was duly signed and ratified.

During the same session the sub-treasury system was re-enacted and the protective tariff of 1842 repealed. To replace the latter a bill based on a plan prepared by Secretary Walker and providing for a purely revenue tariff was introduced in the House on June 15, 1846. There it was keenly and thoroughly debated, and on July 3 passed by one hundred and fourteen ayes to ninety-five nays. After that it underwent unusually able and exhaustive discussion in the

Senate. All the arguments capable of being adduced on the subject were presented on both sides, and for days the Senate chamber was crowded with eager listeners. Party spirit ran high, and so nearly equal was the Senate divided that only the casting vote of Vice-President Dallas saved the bill from defeat. The occasion was a memorable one, and an eager crowd hung on the lips of that official as he announced the reason for his course. Proof had been furnished, he said, that a majority of the people desired a change, but in giving the casting vote for a low tariff he violated pledges which the managers of his party had made to the protectionists of Pennsylvania and which two years before had secured the vote of that State for the Democracy. At the same time, as events proved, he dealt a fatal blow to his own chances for the Presidency, to achieve which had long been his consuming ambition.

The waxing contest between the friends and opponents of slavery again held first place in the proceedings of Congress during the closing years of Polk's Administration. Another attempt was made in 1847 to add the Wilmot proviso to a second bill voting money for the

purchase of Mexican territory, but the Senate struck the proviso from the bill, and the House was finally compelled to pass it without the prohibition of slavery. Close upon this trial of strength came the matter of providing a government for the Territory of Oregon. The Wilmot proviso was again attached to the several bills submitted for the purpose. This provoked vehement discussion of the powers of Congress to legislate upon the subject of slavery in the newly acquired Territories, and bore unexpected issue in the doctrine of "popular sovereignty," or, as Calhoun contemptuously styled it, "squatter sovereignty."

Congress should have nothing to do with the problem, but the people of each Territory should determine for themselves whether or not they should have slavery. Such was the essence of the doctrine which, first enunciated by Lewis Cass, found eager supporters in Douglas and other Northern Democratic leaders who desired to steer their course safely between the Wilmot proviso and the Southern demand for slavery extension. While this new dogma was taking form a bill was finally passed by Congress organizing the Territory of Oregon with-

out slavery. At the same time, a treaty of peace having been signed with Mexico, after a series of victories, provisional governments were ordered for New Mexico and California, whose peaceful conquest had kept pace with the American advance upon the Mexican capital, and which now, as the spoils of victory, became an integral part of the Union.

It was while the course of events were thus tending to a crisis that John Quincy Adams, who had bravely blazed a way for others to follow, fell like a faithful soldier at his post. The ex-President, now eighty-one years old, was, as usual, in his seat when the House was called to order on the morning of February 21, 1848. A resolve of thanks to the generals of the Mexican War came up, and Adams arose to address the Speaker, but instead tottered and fell in the arms of his neighbor. The cry "Look to Mr. Adams!" rang through the chamber. He had received a second and fatal stroke of paralysis. The House at once adjourned, and the sufferer was carried to a sofa in the rotunda, and later into the Speaker's room. At the end of an hour he recovered sufficient consciousness to say, "This is the last of earth, I am con-

tent," and then sank into a slumber from which he never awoke. There was an imposing funeral in Washington, and a committee of one from each State accompanied the remains to Boston, where they lay in state in Faneuil Hall, and were then taken to Quincy for burial.

Although, when the Presidential campaign of 1848 opened, the slavery question had become an overshadowing issue in national politics, both of the old parties sought to compromise with it. Polk, broken with the cares of office and with the shadow of death already upon him, did not seek a renomination. The Democrats named to succeed him General Cass, a Northern man acceptable to the slave-holders, while the Whigs, passing over such men as Clay and Webster, chose as their candidate General Taylor, a slave-holder and one of the heroes of a war which they had denounced as a crime. The friends of Van Buren, however, had been prompt to resent his defeat in the convention of 1844 because of his supposed opposition to the extension of slavery. He was made a hero and a martyr, while the Democracy of New York divided into pro-slavery and anti-slavery factions, known as Hunkers and Barn-Burners.

Both factions appeared at the Democratic convention of 1848, and both were admitted with the privilege of dividing the State vote equally between them.

The Barn-Burners, however, would have none of this half-hearted recognition. They went home, and joining with the anti-slavery men from other States, nominated Van Buren on a platform declaring for "free soil, free speech, and free men." Van Buren, anxious to wipe out the slight that had been placed upon him by the South, and remembering how Cass had stood in the way of his success four years before, accepted the nomination. His defection lost New York to the Democracy and sealed the fate of Cass. Taylor received a majority of thirty-six votes in the electoral college. Van Buren, who had received twenty-nine thousand two hundred and sixty-three popular votes, a fourth of which were Democratic, retired to become the sage of the village of Kinderhook, while Cass continued in public life undisturbed, showing his real greatness in the serenity with which he accepted defeat. The anti-slavery men had at last entered politics in earnest, and the Whigs had won their final victory at the polls.

CHAPTER III

TAYLOR'S BRIEF TERM

THE day of Taylor's inauguration, Monday, March 8, 1849, was one of mingled rain, wind, and dust, but this did not dampen the enthusiasm of those who came to witness it, and the President-elect was loudly cheered as, with his predecessor by his side, he drove from Willard's Hotel to the Capitol. Twelve volunteer companies led the way; a body-guard of a hundred hopeful young Whigs surrounded Taylor's carriage, and half a dozen Rough and Ready clubs brought up the rear. The incoming President read his inaugural address from a platform erected in front of the east portico of the Capitol, and the oath was administered by Chief Justice Taney, after which the procession reformed and marched to the White House. There were three inaugural balls at night, and Taylor attended them all. Another attendant at one of the balls was Abraham Lincoln, then a modest member of the House, who could not

have dreamed that like honors were to come to him within a dozen years.

President Taylor had been a soldier from his youth, and his face and carriage spoke his calling. His hardy features—his were the mouth, chin, and nose of a born captain—had been bronzed by exposure and deeply lined by care; his whiskers were of the military cut then prescribed, and his figure stocky and erect. Like Jackson before him, Taylor soon fell into the habit of taking daily walks about Washington, garbed in a high silk hat and a suit of broadcloth much too large for him, but made in obedience to his orders that he might be comfortable. Like Jackson, too, he was a man of strong sense and simple, unaffected address. Sparing of speech, he never wasted words, and always went straight to the heart of the matter in hand. Senator Butler, of South Carolina, calling to pay his respects to the President, begged for a description of the battle of Buena Vista. Colonel Pierce M. Butler, his brother, had fallen in that desperate conflict, and he was, therefore, anxious for details.

"Yes, your brother was a brave man, and behaved like a true soldier. But about the

battle,—you want to know how it was fought?" asked Taylor. "Yes, general, if you will be so kind. I wish to learn how your troops were disposed on the field, and how you posted them to repel a force so overwhelming. Santa Anna must have outnumbered you five to one," said Butler. "The difference was greater than that, I think, but we did not stop to count the Mexicans. I knew there was a heavy force, and longed for a couple of regiments more of regulars. As it was, we went to fighting early in the morning, and we fit all day long, losing a good many men, and at night it looked pretty bad." Here the general paused. "Well, what next?" queried Butler. "When it got dark I rode over to Saltillo to look after our stores and to provide against a surprise. Why did I go myself instead of sending one of my aides? Because everything depended on our not having our supplies cut off, and I wanted to see after things myself." Another pause. "How was it the next morning when you came on the field?" asked Butler. "Not much change since the night before. General Wool was the first man that I met, and he told me that all was lost. 'Maybe so, general,—we'll see,' said I.

And upon that we went to fighting again, and fit all that day, and towards night it looked better." A third pause. "What next?" persisted Butler, looking rather blank. "Well, the next morning it was reported to me that Santa Anna and all his men had disappeared in the night. And devilish glad I was to be rid of them."

Taylor had married, while still a subaltern, Margaret Smith, the daughter of a Maryland planter. Their life for many years was the arduous and changeful one of an army couple on the frontier. "My wife," the general once said to a friend, "was as much of a soldier as I was." She was, however, without social ambition, and this, with failing health, compelled her to surrender to others the duties entailed by her husband's election as President. Colonel William W. Bliss, who had served as Taylor's chief of staff in the Mexican campaign, a little later took to wife the general's youngest and favorite daughter, Elizabeth. When Taylor became President, Bliss continued with him as his private secretary, while to Mrs. Bliss fell the social responsibilities that would have devolved upon her mother had the latter's health

permitted the exertion. And with skill and grace did she acquit herself. One of the loveliest of women, always solicitous for the comfort of others, graceful, cordial, and attentive, no one has ever received with more dignity and universal popularity than did "pretty Betty Bliss" while mistress of the White House.

Mrs. John Sherwood describes Washington life in Taylor's time as "a strange jumble of magnificence and squalor. Dinners were handsome and very social, the talk delightful, but the balls were sparsely furnished with light and chairs. The illumination was of wax and stearine candles, which used to send down showers of spermaceti on our shoulders. Brilliant conversation, however, was the order of the day, and what Washington lacked of the upholsterer it made up in the manners and wit of its great men. Neighbors on summer evenings would run about to visit each other without bonnets. Indeed, it seemed a large village. People sat on the door-steps, and I have often seen a set of intimates walk up Pennsylvania Avenue to the Capitol grounds, attended by Senators and secretaries, with their heads bare, at seven o'clock of a fine summer even-

ing. There was another side to this picture. Some of the Southwestern members got fearfully drunk at dinners, and Bardwell Slote was not a caricature."

The new President's most trusted adviser was John J. Crittenden, who had lately left the Senate to become governor of Kentucky, and who had given Taylor ardent support in the Presidential canvass. Taylor, while on his way from Louisiana to Washington, visited Crittenden and offered him the post of Secretary of State, but Crittenden, knowing that his advocacy of Taylor had given lasting offence to Clay, still the dominant spirit of the Whig party, reluctantly refused the honor. The portfolio of State was then tendered to and accepted by John M. Clayton. Taylor, acting upon the advice of Crittenden, next offered the Secretaryship of War to Robert Toombs, but the latter declined, and George W. Crawford, of Georgia, a man of fair reputation at home, but comparatively unknown to the country, was named in his stead, only to be succeeded at the end of a year by Edward Bates, of Missouri. William M. Meredith, of Pennsylvania, was made Secretary of the Treasury, after Taylor had been

overruled in his desire to give the post to Josiah Randall, the man who, more than any other, had contributed to his nomination and election.

Other compromises filled the remaining seats in the Cabinet. A contest between Thomas Corwin and Samuel F. Vinton, of Ohio, for a seat was settled by the appointment of Thomas Ewing, of that State, as Secretary of the newly created Department of the Interior, while Jacob Collamer, of Vermont, who had been recommended by the Legislature of his State for the portfolio of Justice, was made Postmaster-General. It was Taylor's original purpose to appoint William B. Preston, of Virginia, one of his earliest and most efficient partisans, Attorney-General, but several of the Whig leaders entered vigorous protest. Finally, Senator Archer, of Virginia, called upon the President and asked if there was truth in the report that he intended to make Preston the law officer of his Administration. "Yes, I have determined to appoint him," said Taylor. "Are you aware that an attorney-general must represent the government in the Supreme Court?" continued Archer. "Of course," answered the President. "But do you know that he must

there meet Daniel Webster, Reverdy Johnson, and other leading lawyers as opposing counsel?" persisted the President's caller. "Certainly. What of that?" inquired Taylor. "Nothing," said Archer, "except that they will make an infernal fool of your Attorney-General." The Virginia Senator, without another word, took his leave, but he had made the desired impression. Preston was named Secretary of the Navy, and the Cabinet completed by the appointment of Reverdy Johnson as Attorney-General.

Taylor, though overruled in the selection of his official advisers, was allowed to have his way in the choice of a newspaper organ. Gales and Seaton, the editors of the *National Intelligencer,* were devoted friends of Webster, and Webster had denounced Taylor's nomination as one "not fit to be made." A new journal was, therefore, called into being to voice and defend the aims and policy of the new Administration. It was named the *Republic,* and Alexander Bullitt and John O. Sergeant were summoned to Washington, the one from New Orleans, the other from New York, to become its editors. Neither possessed the requisite qual-

ities, audacity and confidence of the public, for the work to which he had been called, and the *Republic's* success and influence were evanescent. Upon the accession of Fillmore, with Webster at the head of his Cabinet, the *National Intelligencer* was restored to favor, and again became the official mouth-piece of the Whigs.

The day of the organ, however, was about to pass away. The telegraph and its logical fruit, an independent press, had introduced their quickening influences in journalism, influences speedily felt at the capital; and with the organization in 1848 of the Associated Press, the present method of news gathering and moulding public opinion went into operation. The special correspondents, instead of writing wordy editorials in the guise of letters bearing a Washington date, now turned their attention to social and political gossip, and to the securing of important information in advance of the Associated Press, for the sole use of their respective journals. News, not opinions, became the motto of the new era, which found early and typical representatives in James W. Simonton and James S. Pike. Simonton, in later life the efficient head of the Associated Press, was for a

dozen years the Washington correspondent first of the New York *Courier and Enquirer* and afterwards of the *Times*. Pike, subsequently minister to the Netherlands, was during the same period the correspondent of the New York *Tribune*.

Both were watchful enemies of corruption in high places, and especially was this true of Simonton, who upon one occasion wrote a letter to his journal framing grave charges against certain members of the House in regard to land grants that had been made to railroads. There were stormy scenes in the House when the paper containing the charges was received, and the implicated members demanded the punishment of the offender. But while the matter was being debated a reputable Representative arose and said that he had been offered a considerable sum if he would vote for a certain measure. An investigation, therefore, became necessary, and the guilty members, to escape expulsion, resigned. The House, however, in revenge, held Simonton a prisoner during the remainder of the session because he would not disclose the name of his informant.

There were two important changes in the

diplomatic corps during the Presidency of Taylor. Sir Henry Bulwer, in April, 1849, was appointed British minister at Washington, where he remained three years, negotiating with Secretary Clayton the treaty bearing their joint names. Sir Henry was a brother of Bulwer, the novelist, and during his residence at Washington had for his private secretary his nephew Robert Bulwer, afterwards Lord Lytton, and known in literature as "Owen Meredith." Another member of the diplomatic corps at this time was William Tell Poussin, who had formerly been a naturalized American citizen and a captain of engineers in the United States army, and who, in 1848, came to Washington as minister of France. His career as a diplomatist was a brief and troubled one, and ended in peremptory dismissal. Commander Carpenter, of the United States war-ship "Iris," had saved a French vessel in a gale off the Mexican coast. A question of salvage arising, the commander's course was fully approved by the Navy Department, and sustained by the Attorney-General. Poussin, however, wrote a letter to the State Department, declaring that the French flag had been grossly insulted by Commander Carpenter,

and demanding the dismissal of that officer. Secretary Clayton had the affair investigated and sent to Poussin a full statement of the facts, together with all the documents, showing that no offence against the French flag had been committed. He expressed the hope that this statement would prove satisfactory to the French government.

Poussin, instead of transmitting the documents to Paris, addressed a letter to Clayton, giving free vent to his private opinion concerning American methods and motives. No direct reply was made to this extraordinary insult. Instead, the entire correspondence was forwarded to Richard Rush, the American minister at Paris, with instructions to bring it to the attention of De Tocqueville, French Minister of Foreign Affairs. A month later De Tocqueville informed Rush that his government saw no occasion for doing anything, and at the same time intimated that there might be fault on both sides at Washington. This reply stirred to honest wrath the soul of "Vieux Zach," as the French newspapers called Taylor. Rush was instructed to inform De Tocqueville that his opinion of the conduct of the United States

had not been solicited. At the same time, by Taylor's orders, the Secretary of State prepared the passports of Poussin, and forwarded them to that diplomat with a note informing him that every proper facility for quitting the United States would be given him whenever he should signify his desire to return to France. There the matter ended. Poussin left Washington, and in due time his place was taken by another.

The Taylor Administration soon had to face a much more serious task than the dismissal of an unruly minister. The slavery question would not down. The Thirtieth Congress had rejected the proposal advanced by Douglas to extend the Missouri Compromise line to the Pacific,—making all south of that line slave territory,—and the growing antagonism between the sections was strikingly exemplified when, in December, 1849, the popular branch of the Thirty-first Congress attempted to organize by the selection of a Speaker. The Whig candidate was Robert C. Winthrop, but nine free-soil Whigs from the North and six pro-slavery Whigs from the South refused to vote for him. Winthrop, on the first ballot, had

ninety-six votes to one hundred and three votes for Howell Cobb, the Democratic candidate. The remaining votes were divided between David Wilmot and half a dozen others.

There was no choice, and the voting went on from day to day, amid great and steadily increasing excitement alternated by vehement and passionate speeches, chiefly by Southern members, denouncing the North for its interference with the domestic affairs of the South. "The time has come," said Robert Toombs, "when I shall not only utter my opinions, but make them the basis of my political action here. I do not, then, hesitate to avow before this House and the country, and in the presence of the living God, that if, by your legislation, you seek to drive us from the Territories of California and New Mexico, and to abolish slavery in the District of Columbia, I am for disunion; and if my physical courage be equal to the maintenance of my conviction of right and duty, I will devote all that I am and all that I have on earth to its consummation."

Toombs's outburst provoked indignant replies, and after a heated debate William A. Duer, of New York, declared that he "would never, un-

der any circumstances, vote to put a man in the Speaker's chair who would, in any event, advocate or sanction a dissolution of the Union." This brought a dozen angry Southerners to their feet. "There are no disunionists!" shouted Bayly, of Virginia. "There are!" was Duer's quick reply. "Name one!" retorted Bayly. Richard K. Meade, of Virginia, chanced at that moment to pass in front of Duer. "There is one," said the New Yorker, pointing at Meade. "It is false!" replied Meade. "You lie, sir!" responded Duer in ringing tones, while his political friends and foes clustered angrily about him. Quiet was finally restored by the sergeant-at-arms, after which Duer apologized to the House for having been provoked into the use of unparliamentary language, but justified himself by referring to a speech Meade had lately delivered, in which Northern men saw disunion sentiments. A challenge to a duel followed, as a matter of course, but friends interfered and effected an amicable settlement.

The twelfth day of the session Winthrop withdrew from the contest for Speaker, expressing his belief that the peace and safety of the Union demanded that an organization of some sort

should be effected without delay. The balloting went on for another week. Then it was voted that a plurality should elect, and on the sixty-second ballot Cobb was declared the Speaker of the House. Several new members took an active and conspicuous part in this memorable contest. These included Horace Mann, father of the common school system of Massachusetts, who had lately succeeded to the seat made vacant by the death of John Quincy Adams; William A. Sackett, of New York, an eloquent anti-slavery Whig who was soon to become one of the founders of the Republican party; Lewis D. Campbell, who had long been counted one of the ablest Whig editors in Ohio; Charles Durkee, of Wisconsin, like his colleague, James P. Doty, an avowed opponent of slavery; George W. Julian, of Indiana, another intrepid champion of free soil for free men; and Albert G. Brown, of Mississippi, who a little later was to represent his State in the Senate. Another new member of the House was Thaddeus Stevens, of Pennsylvania, who quickly proved himself a most dexterous and effective controversial debater. Conscious of his strength, and aggressive in his disposition, Stevens defied all-

comers, and rarely found his match in a personal discussion.

Robert M. T. Hunter, of Virginia, had now been promoted from the House to the Senate, where he had for a colleague James M. Mason, a man of pompous address but undoubted ability. Truman Smith, of Connecticut, and George W. Jones, of Iowa, had also been transferred to the Senate, and other new members of that body were Thomas G. Pratt, of Maryland, long the leader of the Whig party in his State; James Shields, of Illinois, one of the volunteer heroes of the Mexican War; and Benjamin Fitzpatrick, of Georgia, and Jeremiah Clemens, of Alabama, each of whom took and held high rank as ready and persuasive debaters.

Salmon P. Chase, of Ohio, and William H. Seward, of New York, entered the Senate in 1849. The former's advent as a national figure dates from that time, and he maintained his prominence until his death. Sent to the Senate through a coalition of the Free-Soilers and the Democrats in the Ohio Legislature, he served there until 1855, when he was elected governor by a somewhat similar coalition, and two years later re-elected, this time by the Republican

party. He was again chosen Senator in 1861, but resigned on being appointed Secretary of the Treasury by Lincoln. Chase had in early life been a Democrat, and was the most distinguished accession the free-soil cause had enlisted up to that time. A man of noble presence, rare moral courage, and superb mental endowment, he never spoke without careful preparation, and in debate few could stand against him. Fluent, logical, and incisive, he was always defiant, and often triumphant.

Seward came to the Senate as a Whig and by way of the governorship of his State. He had already won more than local reputation as an orator, and in the field of national politics he at once made his influence felt. No man forestalled him in accurate perception of the drift and goal of the slave power or in announcing what he saw. His utterances on the great issue of the time soon came to be listened to with breathless interest by the whole nation, their dignity, calmness, and cogency giving them a weight which created or changed opinion. At the same time, because he was not only a statesman but a philosopher, and because he knew how to tell the truth, even the whole truth,

without discourtesy. those who hated his views were compelled to respect the man who held them.

Two days after the election of Cobb as Speaker Taylor transmitted his first and only annual message to Congress. One of the topics with which it dealt was the proposed admission of California as a State. The discovery of gold in that Territory had caused it to receive a large population, mainly from the North, and a convention held at Monterey, in September, 1849, had framed a State constitution expressly prohibiting slavery. Thus, from an unexpected quarter, the dogma of squatter sovereignty returned to plague its inventors. The President's recommendation that California should be admitted met with a cool reception from the pro-slavery Democrats and Whigs in Congress, who denounced such admission without the counterpoise of a slave State as a gross violation of the rights of the South. They demanded, instead, that California should pass through the territorial stage,—its existing government was a military one,—with non-interference by Congress in its domestic institutions; this with the hope that slavery might be ultimately established

in it. The pro-slavery leaders were also prompted to perceive that the preponderance of the North in the Senate assured by California's admission as a free State would be increased at an early day by the admission of Minnesota, Oregon, and other States in the Northwest, while the chances of offsetting additions in the South were hopeless. Intense excitement prevailed all over the slave States, while threats of disunion became ominously frequent and spread alarm throughout the country.

Meantime, on January 29, 1850, Henry Clay, who had lately cancelled his vow of retirement and returned to the Senate, came forward in that body with the third and last of his famous compromises. Clay was now in his seventy-fourth year and in feeble health, but he was still the leader of the Whig party, and, passionately devoted to the Union, he conceived it to be his mission to pour oil on the troubled waters and defer, if possible, all further agitation of the slavery question. He, therefore, united all the conflicting demands of the sections in one great scheme of adjustment which had for its basis these propositions: the admission of such new States as might be properly formed out of

Texas; the immediate admission of California with its new constitution; the organization of the Territories of New Mexico and Utah without the Wilmot proviso, but with squatter sovereignty; Texas to be indemnified for its losses by war; the abolition of the slave-trade, but not of slavery, in the District of Columbia, and the enactment of a more stringent fugitive slave law.

Clay supported his proposed compromise by a speech occupying two days in its delivery. The Senate chamber and gallery were crowded in anticipation of the event, and when Clay arose in his place he was greeted with an outburst of applause that the sergeant-at-arms could not suppress for many minutes. When his speech was done, a great throng of admirers rushed forward to thank him and to shake his hand, women kissed him with effusive tears, and the crowd outside greeted him with cheers and followed him to his carriage.

Clay's speech opened a debate memorable for its brilliancy, for the number of historically great men who took part in it, and for the intensity of the interest which it aroused throughout the country. Calhoun, worn and wasted

by disease, followed Clay, requesting that his friend, Senator Mason, might read some remarks which he had prepared. The request was, of course, granted, and, while Mason read Calhoun's last despairing plea for that equilibrium in the Union which would be disturbed by the admission of California, its author sat wrapped in his cloak, his eyes glowing with meteor-like brilliancy, as he glanced at Senators upon whom he desired to have certain passages make an impression. It could no longer be denied, he argued, that the Union was in danger, and that, unless something decisive was done to arrest the existing agitation, the South would be forced to choose between abolition and secession. He demanded, in closing, that the federal Constitution be so amended that the South would have the power through all time "to protect herself;" but he did not explain how this amendment was to be worded.

Webster followed Calhoun with a complete and, as it proved, profitless surrender to the slave power. Webster had been an eloquent and apparently sincere defender of human liberty; he had opposed the admission of Texas, because it was linked with the pro-slavery programme,

and he had complained in the Massachusetts Whig convention of 1847 that the author of the Wilmot proviso had "stolen his thunder." But now, while denouncing secession and pleading for the Union in glowing periods, he spoke of slavery in almost apologetic accents, denounced the abolitionists as mischievous marplots, earnestly advocated the proposed compromise, and commended that feature of it most odious to Northern sentiment,—the fugitive slave law. Nothing in the famous debate gave so great a shock of surprise as Webster's speech. Many saw in it the treacherous bid of a Presidential candidate for Southern favor. In his own State, where he had been idolized, Webster's stanchest adherents fell away from him with sorrow, and for a time he was refused the privilege of speaking in Faneuil Hall.

Following Webster's remarkable deliverance, the debate went on for weeks that lengthened into months. During that time Clay, doubtless conscious that the task that he had undertaken would be the last service he would ever have the opportunity to render to his country, was ever on the alert, now delivering a long argu-

ment, now eloquently replying to other Senators, and again suggesting points to some one who was to speak on his side. Benton, Chase, and Seward led the opposition to the compromise, and the Senator last named, in the course of a speech, tens of thousands of copies of which were sent out over the country, enunciated his doctrine of "the higher law," by which he was ever afterwards known as one of the foremost champions of the slave.

Blows equally telling were dealt by Benton, who again and again assailed the compromise with argument, ridicule, and contempt, and every sort of weapon he could bring to bear upon it. His truculent egotism had grown with the years, and his impatience of contradiction induced most of the few amusing passages which marked the progress of the debate. On April 17, 1850, Benton occupied the attention of the Senate with a speech to show that the South was really in no danger from the anti-slavery movement, and that her demands for protection were as harmful as they were misleading. This provoked Senator Foote, of Mississippi, into the use of some sarcastic comments in reply. Benton soon manifested signs of excitement,

and at last sprang to his feet and started towards Foote's desk as if to attack him. Foote, noting Benton's approach, suspended his remarks and retreated to the secretary's desk, where he drew a revolver, cocked it, and stood at bay.

The Senators Dodge, father and son, sought to arrest Benton's progress, but he struggled forward, shouting, "Let me pass! Don't stop me! Let the assassin fire! Only cowards go armed! I have no weapon! Let the assassin fire!" While the Vice-President, pounding his table with his mallet, loudly called for order, a number of Senators left their seats, some clustering around Foote and others blocking the passage of Benton, who finally permitted his friends to lead him to his seat, exclaiming as he went, "Let the assassin fire! I scorn to carry weapons!" At the same time Dickinson, of New York, took the revolver from Foote, uncocked it, and locked it in his desk. Then, to turn the minds of the Senators to other matters, he inquired of the Vice-President what the question was before the Senate. "This is not going to pass off in this way!" shouted Benton, again springing to his feet. "I ask Senators to take immediate action upon what has

happened. A pistol has been drawn, sir! It has been aimed at me, sir! I demand the immediate action of this body, sir!" Finally, Senator Mangum, to placate the excited Missourian, submitted a resolution appointing a committee to investigate the matter, and here the affair virtually ended.

Though Clay's propositions, divided into three bills, were defeated, all were passed subsequently as separate measures by the coalition of different elements in Congress. But when this result was finally achieved Calhoun had been five months in the grave. The day of his speech upon the compromise he left the Senate never to return, and four weeks later he died. His passing elicited glowing eulogies in both Houses of Congress. Webster's remarks to the Senate were signally eloquent and touching, but the most impressive address was that of Clay. "I was his senior in years, but in nothing else," said the great Kentuckian, standing on the brink of his own grave. "According to the course of nature I ought to have preceded him. It had been decreed otherwise; but I know that I shall linger here only a short time, and shall soon follow him."

Washington: The Capital City

On July 9 President Taylor passed away. Five days before, though much run down by hot weather and place-hunters, he had sat in the sun at the Washington Monument during the delivery of two long and tedious orations, and on his return to the White House had partaken freely of iced milk and cherries. That evening he was seized with violent cramps. This was on Thursday, but he did not consider himself dangerously ill until Sunday, when he said to his attendants, "In two days I shall be a dead man." Eminent physicians hastily summoned could not arrest the fever which supervened, and on Tuesday morning the end came. "You have fought a good fight, but you cannot make a stand," said the dying man to one of the physicians at his bedside. "I have tried to do my duty," he murmured a moment later, and with these words peacefully breathed his last.

For three days following his sudden death the remains of General Taylor lay in state in the East Room of the White House. Then with becoming pomp and ceremony they were escorted to a temporary grave in the Congressional Cemetery. An imposing force of regu-

lars and volunteers, with General Scott at the head, acted as escort, and behind the high and ponderous funeral car was led the dead man's charger, a noble animal which gave no sign of fright when the cannon thundered a farewell salute at the conclusion of the ceremonies. Some time after his death Taylor's remains were removed to Kentucky, where a suitable shaft now marks their final resting-place at St. Matthew's, a suburb of Louisville.

CHAPTER IV

THE PASSING OF THE WHIGS

THE solemn tolling of a score of bells announced Taylor's sudden death to the people of Washington. At noon of the following day, July 10, 1850, Millard Fillmore appeared in the Hall of Representatives at the Capitol, where the houses of Congress had met in joint session, and took the oath of office as his successor. The public career of the new President, a white-haired, stalwart man of fifty, with broad, florid features, shrewd gray eyes, and of dignified speech and bearing, had begun with the birth of the Whig party. A wool-carder in his youth, and later a school-teacher and successful lawyer, he first held office as a member of the New York Legislature. He was elected to Congress in 1832 and served there eight years. He was an unsuccessful candidate for Vice-President before the Whig convention of 1844, but in the same year the Whigs nominated him by acclamation for governor of New York. He was defeated at the ensuing election

by Silas Wright, but three years later he was chosen comptroller of his State, and in 1848 was nominated for Vice-President on the ticket with Taylor, whom he now succeeded.

President Fillmore, while a practising lawyer in Buffalo, had married Abigail Powers, the daughter of a Baptist clergyman of Puritan descent. Mrs. Fillmore, a tall and comely woman, with auburn hair, light-blue eyes, and a fair complexion, had been a teacher before her marriage, and she was always a student. It is to her credit that to her personal needs was due the fact that Congress was induced for the first time to supply books as a part of the furniture of the Executive Mansion. She never aimed to become a social leader,—her health while hostess of the White House was delicate,—but she performed all of the duties devolving upon her with grace and intelligence, and her death, a few weeks after the close of her husband's term, was no doubt hastened by her attention to the onerous requirements of her station.

Washington social life, however, has seldom been more animated and delightful than it was during the portion of Taylor's term which Fill-

more served out. The President's receptions were always well attended, and so were the occasional entertainments given by Queen Victoria's minister, Sir John Crampton, a splendid specimen of the olden English gentleman. There were also frequent dancing-parties at the several hotels, dinners at Boulanger's restaurant, and a constant round of house-gatherings to which those in political sympathy with the host of the evening were invited.

One of the most popular houses in Washington at this period was that of Senator Dickinson, of New York, whose accomplished wife was acknowledged by all as a social leader, while the proscribed free-soilers met with a hearty welcome at the house of Dr. Bailey, editor of the *National Era,* whose informal "Saturday evenings" weekly brought together most of the anti-slavery men in Congress. "Seward and Corwin," writes Grace Greenwood, "came occasionally, but oftener Hale and Chase. Giddings, Wilmot, Hamlin, and Julian came also. Some visitors there were who dropped in and dropped out early, as chary of their political reputation. Even brave Horace Greeley, happening in for a twilight chat, would

be off before the gathering of the clan. No efforts were made to entertain these guests; they entertained each other. All just talked, fast and free, as they pleased, with no master or mistress of ceremonies to rap on the piano, hush the happy hum, and make afraid."

Varied and brilliant, also, were the public amusements at Washington during the Fillmore Administration. Lola Montez danced to crowded houses; Parodi sang in concerts; Burton and Brougham were seen in comedy; Forrest appeared in tragedy, and Cushman thrilled the town as Meg Merrilies. Much admired off the stage as well as on was the English actress, Jean Davenport, who a decade later became the wife of General Frederick W. Lander, of the regular army.

But more welcomed than any of these popular favorites was Jenny Lind, who visited Washington in the winter of 1851 and sang in concert to a delighted audience. It chanced that on the day of her appearance several members of the Cabinet and Senate were the guests at dinner of Bodisco, the Russian minister, and the concert was half over when Webster and the other members of the party entered the hall. When

the applause with which they were received had subsided, the second part of the concert was opened by the gifted Swede with "Hail Columbia." Deeply moved by this patriotic air, Webster, at the close of the first verse, arose and added his rich, sonorous voice to the chorus. His wife, who sat behind him, pulled at his coat-tail to make him sit down or stop singing, but at the close of each verse the volunteer basso joined in, and none could tell whether Lind, Webster, or the audience were most delighted. As the last notes of the song died away Webster arose, hat in hand, and made a profound bow to the singer. Jenny Lind, blushing at the honor, courtesied to the floor, while the audience applauded to the echo. Webster, not to be outdone in politeness, bowed again; Lind re-courtesied, the house applauded, and this was repeated nine times.

After Jenny Lind came Louis Kossuth. During the latter days of December, 1852, and the first of the succeeding month, the whilom governor of Hungary was in Washington as the guest of the nation. He came upon an invitation from Congress, and was honored with every possible mark of respect and admiration.

The Senate and House welcomed him in joint assembly, and he was given a public banquet, at which Senator King presided, with the great Magyar and the Speaker of the House at his right hand and Webster at his left. No foreigner, save only Lafayette, has received such a welcome in the United States, and there can be no doubt that Kossuth was worthy of all the honor that was heaped upon him. His handsome presence, the marble-like paleness of his complexion caused by hardship endured while in prison, and the picturesqueness of his foreign dress captivated the popular fancy, while, more than all, his wonderful eloquence and the fervor with which he pleaded his country's cause left an influence upon the hearts of those who heard them that nothing could destroy. He failed, however, in his attempt to secure recognition or material aid,—the errand which had brought him to the States,—and one respects him the more that in his lonely after-years he discreetly resented our effusive but barren sympathy.

Congress, when Kossuth visited Washington, had lately authorized the alterations and additions to the Capitol which gave it its present size and form. The growing membership of

the House and Senate having made an enlargement of the structure necessary, it was decided in September, 1850, to build north and south wings, and Thomas W. Walter, a distinguished architect of Philadelphia, who had designed Girard College and other public buildings, was selected by the President to supervise the work. The design prepared by Walter provided for a white marble addition of one hundred and eighty-seven feet at each end of the old building, with porticos proportioned to those of the centre structure. This plan was promptly approved by the President, and on July 4, 1851, the corner-stone of the new south wing was laid with appropriate ceremonies. On this occasion Webster, then but a year distant from his death-bed and in feeble health, delivered an oration in which glowed much of the fire of his earlier days.

Before the close of the year the foundations of both wings were laid and the basement story finished. Late in December, 1851, the western front of the centre building was destroyed by fire, and in the following June its reconstruction was begun by Walter upon plans which formed part of a splendid and harmonious whole. At

the close of 1854 the walls of the House and Senate halls had reached the height of the ceilings. In 1855 the old brick and wooden dome was removed and materials for a new iron one put in process of preparation. Both wings received their roofing in 1856, and the ceiling of the House and Senate chambers were completed. In 1857 the Senate occupied the new chamber, and two years later the main body of the wings was completed.

In May, 1861, the government ordered work to be suspended, but patriotic contractors continued placing the iron castings upon the dome at their own expense and risk, and the sound of the hammer upon the Capitol did not cease during the Civil War. Late in 1863 the exterior of the dome was completed and Crawford's statue of Freedom raised to crown it. In 1864 the eastern portico of the north wing was finished, and the close of that year found the dome's exterior painted and the scaffolding removed. During 1865 both wings, with the porticos, entrances, and stairways, were completed, and the interior of the dome was finished. Walter's long and exacting task was done, and he retired to his Pennsylvania home, leaving

behind him a Capitol that, with all its minor faults, is a structure worthy of the republic.

The selection of Walter to remodel the Capitol came at the end of a contest in which the claims of party played a leading part. Prominent in this contest was Robert Mills, of South Carolina, for more than a score of years architect to the government. A student of Latrobe, Mills supervised the construction of the post-office, patent-office, and treasury buildings, and his disappointment and chagrin when superseded by Walter are said to have materially hastened his death. But if he was not permitted to design the remaking of the Capitol, Mills has left behind him a not less imposing memorial in the Washington Monument, the original plan of which was drawn by him. This plan, prepared upon the invitation of the Washington National Monument Association, which had for its object the erection of a fitting memorial to the first President at the capital, provided for a granite shaft faced with white marble, six hundred feet high, fifty-five feet square at the base, and thirty feet square at the top. Subscriptions were asked for from the country at large, and at the end of fifteen years some

eighty-seven thousand dollars had been contributed. Then, a site having been selected in the government park known as the Mall, on the very spot chosen by Washington himself for a memorial of the American Revolution, the work of construction began, and on Independence Day, 1848, the corner-stone of the great shaft was laid, Robert C. Winthrop, then Speaker of the House, being orator of the day.

Thereafter the construction of the monument was continued until 1856, when, the funds of the society being exhausted and appeals for further contributions meeting with no response, the work was stopped. Nothing more was done until 1877, when the completion of the monument was authorized by Congress, and Colonel Thomas L. Casey, of the Engineer Corps, placed in charge. Various changes of the original plan were made by him, including the building of an entire new base. On the completion of the memorial, early in 1885, Congress passed a resolution providing for suitable dedicatory ceremonies. These were appropriately held on Washington's Birthday at the base of the monument, and later in the House of Representatives, the orator of the occasion, by an equally happy

inspiration, being the now venerable Robert C. Winthrop, who more than a generation before had performed a similar service at the laying of the corner-stone.

When work on the Washington Monument began the population of the capital city had risen to forty thousand, but the city itself still presented much the appearance of an overgrown village. Its houses were, as a rule, built of wood and destitute of architectural pretensions; its avenues and walks were many of them unpaved and ill-kept, and there were few squares, or shades, or places of public resort. Yet slowly but surely it was growing in wealth and numbers, and there was not wanting abundant evidence of its material progress. One proof of growth was the erection during the period under discussion of a commodious hotel at the corner of Pennsylvania Avenue and Fourteenth Street. Ogle Tayloe built the new hostelry and leased it to Joseph and Henry Willard, a duo of keen-witted Vermonters, who were brought from Troy, New York, to keep it. Joseph in time became the owner of the hotel and gave it his name, while Henry Willard, joining hands with a younger brother, Caleb, bought and for

many years conducted the Ebbitt House, not a stone's throw from the establishment of their kinsman. Willard's and the Ebbitt made their owners rich, and remained for years the leading hotels of the capital. It was at Willard's that Presidents-elect Pierce, Buchanan, and Lincoln slept when they first came to Washington, and it was past Willard's that unnumbered regiments marched down over the Long Bridge and into the Civil War. Old Washington had no more familiar landmark, and many a white-haired man rejoices that the new and more imposing structure that has taken its place also bears the name of Willard's.

Fillmore's succession to the Presidency had a sinister meaning for some of the men prominent in the councils of his party. His nomination as Vice-President had been distasteful to Seward and Weed, the Whig leaders in New York, who soon established such friendly relations with Taylor and his Cabinet that for months before the former's death Fillmore and his friends found themselves in danger of proscription under the opposing influence which dominated the White House. Thus it fell out that when Fillmore succeeded Taylor

he found his personal opponents filling most of the important places in the government. Without delay he made many changes and drew about him an entirely new Cabinet, with Webster as Secretary of State and Corwin as Secretary of the Treasury. John J. Crittenden succeeded Reverdy Johnson as Attorney-General; Charles M. Conrad, of Louisiana, became Secretary of War; Thomas Ewing relinquished the portfolio of the Interior to James A. Pearce, of Maryland, who at the end of a few months resigned the post to Alexander H. H. Stuart, of Virginia; and William B. Preston made way as Secretary of the Navy for William A. Graham, of North Carolina, who at the end of two years retired in favor of John P. Kennedy, of Maryland. Nathan K. Hall, the President's former law partner, became Postmaster-General, but subsequently was appointed to a seat on the federal bench, his place in the Cabinet being taken by Samuel D. Hubbard, a former member of the House from Connecticut. Two of the members of the retiring Cabinet, Clayton and Ewing, found seats in the Senate, but Meredith, Bates, and Preston fell back to private life.

Webster was easily the masterful figure of the new Cabinet, and his ability and experience in public affairs did much to assure the success of the Fillmore Administration. The Hulsemann incident also proved that his was still the power to stir the people's hearts. President Taylor having sent a confidential agent to Hungary to obtain reliable information concerning the true condition of affairs there, the Austrian government instructed its representative at Washington, the Chevalier Hulsemann, to protest against this interference in its internal affairs as offensive to the laws of propriety. This protest the chevalier communicated to Webster after the latter became Secretary of State, and in due time he received an answer which proudly justified the conduct of the government, pointed exultingly to the greatness of the republic, and vigorously vindicated the sympathies of Americans with every advance of free institutions.

The whole people applauded, but this was to Webster the last flash of popularity. His health had for some time been failing, and his end, as events proved, was close at hand. However, his great compeer, Clay, was destined to precede him into the land of shadows. Clay re-

turned to Washington in December, 1851, to take his seat in the Senate, but, far gone with consumption, appeared there only once during the winter. He grew steadily weaker as the days went by, and on June 29, 1852, he died in the National Hotel. His death was feelingly announced next day in both houses of Congress, and eloquent eulogies were pronounced upon him by several of his old associates, and by younger men, who, whether political friends or opponents, admired his genius, appreciated his long public services, and reverenced his patriotic devotion to the interest and glory of his country. The funeral took place the second day after his death. The body was placed in the rotunda of the Capitol for some hours, where it was viewed by thousands, and was removed to Ashland by the way of Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York, Albany, Buffalo, Cleveland, Cincinnati, and Louisville, at each of which places, and along the whole route, it was received with demonstrations of the most profound respect and sorrow.

Clay had addressed the Senate for the last time on December 1, 1851. On the same day Charles Sumner and Ben Wade were sworn

in as members of that body. Sumner, who had been elected by a coalition of anti-slavery men and Democrats in the Massachusetts Legislature, was then forty years of age, and an imposing example of mental and physical manhood. He had already won repute as a deep scholar and as an orator of signal force and eloquence, and it was as an open and avowed enemy of slavery that he took his seat in the Senate. For this reason he was at first refused a place on any of the committees, as being "outside of any healthy political organization," but his was a light that could not be hidden, and as time went on he came to exercise a controlling influence upon the affairs of the Senate, an influence which made him chairman of its Committee on Foreign Affairs and ended only with his death. The question of slavery was his special task, but, in the spirit of Bacon, he proudly took all benevolent and intelligent legislation "for his province," and was never silent where justice and humanity were concerned.

Moreover, in Sumner those who sought to suppress freedom of debate met their superior. He beat them not only in argument, but in sarcasm, invective, and prompt retort. Dull

blades were of no avail before his keen one. He said neatly what most of his antagonists could only say coarsely, and they emerged from each fresh encounter vanquished and discomfited. "The whole arsenal of God is ours," he wrote a friend, "and I will not renounce one of the weapons,—not one." This promise he kept to the letter. On many occasions—indeed, on all prominent occasions of his career as an orator—he was called upon to exhibit courage of the rarest order, and never did the bravery in his will and heart fail to answer to that which was in his brain.

What has just been written of Sumner can be said, with equal truth, of Wade, another heroic son of New England, who came to the Senate by the way of the Ohio bench. Clear-visioned, hard-headed, and honest, with a plain, direct, and vigorous way of putting things, Wade was also as fearless as he was outspoken, and the champions of slavery soon grew to respect his resolute bravery and to fear the gift for sweeping and sarcastic retort which often embodied a speech in a single sentence. Never had the difference between the apologists and the assailants of slavery more incisive state-

ment than in his famous rejoinder to Senator Badger during the debate on the repeal of the Missouri Compromise. The North Carolina Senator had rehearsed the ancient argument for the dilution of slavery, and in a feeling manner asked, "Why, if some Southern gentleman wishes to take the nurse who has charge of his little baby, or the old woman who nursed him in his childhood, and whom he called mammy until he returned from college, and perhaps afterwards too, and whom he wishes to take with him in his old age when he is moving into one of these new Territories for the betterment of the fortunes of the whole family,—why, in the name of God, should anybody prevent it?" To this question Wade made quick answer. "The Senator," he said, "entirely mistakes our position. We have not the least objection and would oppose no obstacle to the Senator's migrating to Kansas and taking his old mammy with him. We only insist that he shall not be empowered to sell her after taking her there."

Wade was hardly known beyond the borders of his State when he began his eighteen years' service in the Senate, but the name of

Washington: The Capital City

John C. Fremont had already become a household word when chosen a Senator from the newly admitted State of California,—this by reason of his daring and energetic explorations in the West and the halo of romance that clung about his career. Drawing the short term and failing of re-election, Fremont sat in the Senate for less than a year; William M. Gwin, his colleague, continued to serve in that body until the opening of the Civil War. A citizen of the world in the broadest sense, Gwin had studied law and medicine in Tennessee, his native State; had been a member of the House from Mississippi, and had been one of the first of the army of gold-seekers who, in the spring of 1849, flocked to California. There he quickly gained repute as an adroit political manager, and became the leader of the Southern wing of the Democracy. Though not an orator, Gwin was, nevertheless, a man of great ability and boundless ambition, and for ten years played a forceful part in the proceedings of the Senate. He joined the South when the Civil War broke out, but soon went to Mexico to help Maximilian establish his brief monarchy, being honored with the empty title of Duke of Sonora. After the

collapse of the Maximilian monarchy and the Sonora dukedom Gwin returned to the United States, where the closing years of his life were passed in comparative obscurity.

Clay was succeeded in the Senate by Archibald Dixon, a States'-rights Whig, whose part in the repeal of the Missouri Compromise was to give him enduring fame; New York at the same time replaced Daniel S. Dickinson with Hamilton Fish; Vermont promoted Solomon Foot from the House to the Senate, where he served until his death; and Florida furnished a Senator of mark in Stephen R. Mallory, destined a decade later to become Secretary of the Navy under the Confederacy. Another notable new-comer was James A. Bayard, twice re-elected Senator from Delaware, and who was for a long time chairman of the Committee on the Judiciary of the Senate.

The Democrats were largely in the majority in the House of the Thirty-second Congress, over which Linn Boyd, of Kentucky, was chosen to preside, and most of the new Representatives who had already gained repute or were to win distinction in after-years were members of that party. These included Humphrey Marshall,

again a member of the Kentucky delegation; Thomas A. Hendricks, of Indiana, subsequently Senator, governor, and Vice-President; Charles James Faulkner, of Virginia, who in 1859 left Congress to become minister to France, and during the Civil War served on the staff of "Stonewall" Jackson; Joseph Lane, of Oregon, a brilliant soldier in the Mexican War, whose political career ended in 1860, when he was a candidate for Vice-President on the ticket with Breckinridge; Rodman M. Price, of New Jersey, who, as an officer in the navy, had taken a prominent part in the conquest of California, and who was afterwards chosen governor of his State; Robert Rantoul, of Massachusetts, whom learning and eloquence marked for a wide measure of usefulness had not death in 1852 put an untimely period to his career; and Richard Yates, of Illinois, now best remembered as the patriotic and energetic governor of his State during the Civil War.

Yates was one of the youngest members when he took his seat in the House in December, 1851, but he had even more youthful colleagues in Galusha A. Grow, of Pennsylvania, and John C. Breckinridge, of Kentucky. Grow

was born in Connecticut and reared in the State of his adoption. The youngest son of a widowed mother, his youth was one of toil and self-denial, but he managed to work his way through college, and was graduated with honor at Amherst. Afterwards, having studied law, he became the partner of David Wilmot, and in 1851, at the age of twenty-eight, succeeded that eminent man in Congress. There he quickly became a leader, and from 1861 to 1863 was Speaker of the House. Then a reapportionment of his State robbed him of his seat in Congress in the flush of his fame and powers, and thereafter he held no public office until in 1894 he was called from an honored retirement and made Congressman-at-large from Pennsylvania, which post he continues (1901) to hold. Thus he has come back to public life from a vanished generation, and at the ripe age of seventy-eight has still the slender, upright figure and the alert and quick ways of his youth.

Widely different was the career of Breckinridge. Born of one of the oldest and most celebrated families of Kentucky, he and his admirers were wont to boast that in him had

been bred the blood of those families to a higher perfection than in any other of her sons then in public life. Indeed, in person he exhibited in a marked degree the points of his lineage, being over six feet in height, straight and lofty in his carriage, youthful and dashing,—"more like a Highland chief than a grave legislator." Though affable and kindly in his ordinary intercourse with his fellows, Breckinridge's impetuosity of temper in debate often involved him in personalities which required settlement outside of the House. This, however, did not prevent him from speedily becoming a general favorite and one of the most influential leaders of his party. After four years' service in the House he was appointed minister to Spain. He was elected Vice-President at thirty-five, was a candidate for the Presidency at thirty-nine, and was chosen Senator at forty. In the Confederacy, after his expulsion from the federal Senate, he was major-general the same year, and Secretary of War four years later. The downfall of that government was the downfall of all his ambitions. Thenceforth he dwelt in strict retirement, and his death at the early age of fifty-four but served to place the final seal

of failure on a life of rare promise and exceptional opportunities.

Yet Breckinridge's public career opened in a period of profound political calm. "The agitation," said President Fillmore in his annual message for 1851, "which for a time threatened to disturb the fraternal relations which made us one people is fast subsiding;" and he dwelt at length upon the general acquiescence in the compromise measures which had "been exhibited in all parts of the country." The campaign of 1852 showed that Fillmore faithfully interpreted the prevailing trend of public opinion. Cass and Douglas were the leading candidates before the Democratic convention of that year, but the candidacy of the former was burdened with the stigma of defeat, and the envy and personal hatreds caused by his brilliant career as a leader in the Senate prevented the nomination of the latter. It has always been a mooted question whether or not Daniel S. Dickinson could have been nominated had he not peremptorily declined to permit his name to go before the convention. Connecticut politicians used to assert that nothing but the inability of the delegates from that State to agree

upon Ralph J. Ingersoll prevented his nomination. The Southern delegates at last said to the New Hampshire delegation that any Granite State Democrat upon whom they could agree would be supported by the South, and so, after a protracted contest, Franklin Pierce was nominated. Pierce had been a member of both branches of Congress and a general in the Mexican War, but was practically unknown beyond the borders of his own State.

Webster, Fillmore, and Scott were the candidates before the Whig convention. Scott on the first ballot had one hundred and thirty-four votes, Fillmore one hundred and thirty-three, and Webster twenty-nine. The friends of the President had freely used in his favor the patronage of the government, effecting little at the North, but winning him many supporters at the South. All of Webster's slender following, on the other hand, came from the North, even the eloquence of Rufus Choate failing to secure the vote of a single Southern delegate for his friend. The balloting was continued for several days. Finally, on the fifteenth ballot Southern votes began to go to Scott, and on the forty-third he had enough of them to

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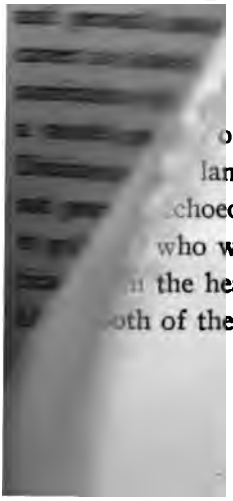
[redacted] r cities. "From east to west,"
[redacted] Everett, who succeeded Webster
[redacted] of State, "and from north to south,
[redacted] lamentation has gone forth, such as
[redacted] choed through the land since the death
[redacted] who was first in war, first in peace, and
[redacted] the hearts of his countrymen."
[redacted] oth of the old parties, so far as slavery was



concerned, met on common ground in the campaign of 1852. Both stood squarely on the compromise measures of 1850, and both endorsed the fugitive slave law. Yet slavery would not down, and the ever-growing feeling against it found expression in the platform of the Free-Soil party, whose candidate, John P. Hale, failed to obtain a place in the electoral college, but secured more than one hundred and fifty thousand popular votes. The election showed how forlorn had been the hope led by Scott, for Pierce received two hundred and fifty-four electoral votes to forty-two for his rival, who carried only four States. No longer could it be doubted that the Whig party was in the last stage of decrepitude and decay. Two years later it vanished from the election returns of the nation.

THE STATE, WAR, AND NAVY DEPARTMENTS BUILDING

but my own," said the President, "can know the personal regret and bitter sorrow over which I have been borne to a position so suitable for others rather than desirable for myself." And those who heard these words felt only sympathy for the man who thus frankly disclosed his private grief.

The future chief magistrate, while a student at Bowdoin, had given his heart to Jane Appleton, the gentle and gracious daughter of its president. His love was returned, and Mrs. Pierce had been nineteen years a wife when she became the mistress of the White House. But she had been long an invalid, and the death of her youngest son—two others had died in early childhood—was a blow from which she never recovered. With rare devotion, her husband cheered her gloom and took upon his own shoulders the task of hospitality which she was disqualified to meet. His exquisite urbanity and unfailing tact served to make his Administration a social success, but Mrs. Pierce, who had always preferred the quiet of her New England home to the glare and glitter of fashionable life in Washington, dragged through it with heavy heart. She left the White House

with crippled health and shattered nerves, and, dying in 1863, now sleeps by the side of her children in the cemetery at Concord.

It is the sober verdict of the historian that Pierce was the most popular man in the country when he delivered his inaugural address; but he did not long enjoy this distinction, and ere his first year in office had run its course he had come to be denounced by his opponents and to be regarded by most of the leaders of his own party as unfitted for his position. This change in opinion was due in part to the disappointment and chagrin which attended the parcelling-out of offices. "There was never a fiercer time than this among the place-seekers," Nathaniel Hawthorne wrote to a friend, and he but spoke the truth. They crowded the public receptions of the President and burdened all his waking hours with their importunate demands. With a dozen applicants for every place, the distribution of the offices was sure to breed for the President a plentiful crop of enemies, and Pierce's lack of executive ability, which speedily became apparent, added to the irritation which would have been provoked even by the wisest and firmest of men. Unable to

say no, he came to a decision in the morning only to change it in the afternoon, and time and again promised the same important office to two men, while "indirect assurances of Executive favor were almost as numerous as visitors to the White House." Thus arose general distrust of his capacity, and a growing belief that he lacked the firmness demanded by the duties of his office.

Some of those who accepted this view of the new President's character cited his selection of a Cabinet as proof of their contention. Pierce soon after his election tendered the position of Secretary of State to John A. Dix, of New York, but when some of the Southern politicians protested against the appointment, on account of Dix's connection with the Free-Soil party in 1848, so manifest was the embarrassment of the President-elect that Dix at once released him from his obligation. In the end William L. Marcy, of New York, was appointed Secretary of State; James Guthrie, of Kentucky, Secretary of the Treasury; Jefferson Davis, of Mississippi, Secretary of War; James C. Dobbins, of North Carolina, Secretary of the Navy; Robert McClelland, of Michigan,

Secretary of the Interior; James Campbell, of Pennsylvania, Postmaster-General; and Caleb Cushing, of Massachusetts, Attorney-General. Dobbins had served in Congress, McClelland had been governor of Michigan, and Campbell had held important offices in his State. All three were men of moderate quality, but Guthrie, though practically unknown out of Kentucky, proved to be a Secretary of the Treasury to rank with the greatest, while Davis and Cushing also brought to Pierce's council-board talents of a high order.

The best-known member of the new Cabinet was Marcy, an adroit politician and a man of strong mind and honest purposes, whose conduct of the State Department proved him worthy to rank with Webster and other of his great predecessors. Marcy's vigorous assertion, in the affair of Martin Koszta, of the power and protection afforded by American nationality caused deep exultation, and made him for the moment the most popular man in the United States. Not less firm and patriotic was the course which he adopted when it became known that by the sanction of Sir John Crampton, British minister at Washington, recruits for the British army

in the Crimea had been secretly enlisted in this country in violation of the laws and sovereign rights of the United States. Marcy demanded Crampton's recall. When this was refused by the British government, he sent the offending minister his passports, and at the same time revoked the exequaturs of three British consuls who had connived at the enlistments. This action led to talk of war between the two countries, but the difficulty was finally adjusted by negotiation, and a new British legation sent to Washington.

When Fillmore quitted office the *National Intelligencer* again, and for the last time, ceased to be the organ of an administration. To the *Union* was intrusted the official advocacy of the policy and measures of the restored Democracy. This journal was now owned by General Robert Armstrong, a sturdy veteran who had been a friend and comrade-in-arms of Andrew Jackson, and the confidential adviser of Polk during the latter's Presidency; but its working editor was John W. Forney, a native of Lancaster, Pennsylvania, who had entered journalism at the age of twenty, and who, forging rapidly to the front as a writer and

political manager, had in 1851 been chosen clerk of the House of Representatives, which post he held until 1855. Forney's connection with Washington journalism covered a period of twenty years, and during that time he held a high place among political writers, for, though his self-approbation was large, it was not larger than his accomplishments. His writing was clear, forcible, and logical, and, while wit and humor had been denied him, he had the rare ability always to be interesting, and the rarer virtue never to be malignant.

About the time that Forney assumed the direction of the *Union,* with Caleb Cushing as his chief editorial contributor, James C. Welling, a Princeton graduate who had been a teacher in New York, became literary editor of the *National Intelligencer.* He was charged in 1856 with the chief management of that journal, and his editorship continued until the close of the Civil War. Welling's editorials during this period, and especially in its closing years, often took the form of elaborate papers on questions of constitutional or international law, and exercised an acknowledged influence upon public opinion. Some of them have been republished,

and are still cited in works of history and jurisprudence. He withdrew from journalism in 1865 to become the clerk of the Court of Claims. During his last years—he died in 1894—he was president of Columbian University, and to his well-directed efforts the present prosperity of that institution is in large measure due.

The *National Intelligencer* was never more stately or impressive than when under the guiding hand of Welling, but flowing periods could not conceal the fact that its greatness had departed never to return. Born in an age when the world moved slow and the newspapers were slower, it could not escape from its early environment, and daily it became clearer that the days of the mother-organ of the Whigs were numbered. The ideas and methods which were now coming into play in journalism found apter and livelier expression in the columns of the *Star,* an afternoon daily whose first number appeared in December, 1852. Established by Charles W. Denison, the *Star* soon passed into the control of William D. Wallach, a shrewd and energetic man, with a keen instinct for news, under whose direction it speedily became the most widely read and circulated journal

published at the capital. Such it has continued until the present time.

It was in 1853 that Nathaniel B. Tucker, a member of the famous Virginia family of that name, founded in Washington a short-lived journal called the *Sentinel,* and a year later Ben: Perley Poore began his long career as capital correspondent, first of the *Boston Journal* and afterwards of the *Boston Budget.* Poore's letters gained him in the course of time a national reputation, and for many years his signature of "Perley" was better known in his native New England than that of any other correspondent. He served at the same time as clerk of the Senate Committee on Printing, founded and edited many successive editions of the Congressional Directory, and supervised the annual abridgment of the public documents of the United States. During thirty-three years of Washington life Major Poore—he served in the Civil War as an officer of Massachusetts volunteers—made the acquaintance and became the confidant of many eminent men, and his fund of recollections was large and entertaining. Shortly before his death in 1887 he embodied them in two portly volumes, whose raciness,

wealth of detail, and general accuracy make them a mine of information for every student of capital history.

Major Poore, in the book just referred to, tells his readers that during his first years in Washington he often touched elbows with Count Adam Gurowski, a Polish author and exile, who had appeared at the capital in 1849 and resided there until his death seventeen years later. Gurowski, who had been one of the leaders of the Polish revolution of 1830, quickly became a prolific contributor to American newspapers and magazines, and, as he found few things in political or social life that were to his liking, he wrote, as a rule, with a pen that had been dipped in gall. Capital journalism, indeed, had never boasted of a more unique and tart personality. Witty and cynical, Longfellow, in his diary, calls him "the terrible count," but he was an accomplished man, and would have been a handsome one save for the loss of an eye in a duel. Gurowski ended his days as a translator for the State Department.

When Lord Elgin, governor-general of Canada, visited Washington in 1854 to negotiate with Marcy a treaty settling the fishery ques-

tion,—an agreement, as it proved, profitable to both of the contracting parties, but which, by reason of the not wholly creditable manner in which a majority of the Senate was obtained for its ratification, has ever since been known as the treaty "floated through on champagne,"—he brought with him as his secretary a tall, slender youth, whose face spoke his Scotch ancestry, and whose manners were so charming that they transformed each new acquaintance into a friend. This was Lawrence Oliphant, hero in days to come of as singular a career as ever found a place in fiction, and who, though then but a few years past his majority, had already given proof of the talents which were to assure him an exceptional place among the writers and journalists of his time. He has put on record, in his fascinating "Episodes in a Life of Adventure," a noteworthy description of Washington in 1854,—"A howling wilderness of deserted streets running into the country, and ending nowhere, its population consisting chiefly of politicians and negroes."

But if the capital's shabby exterior repelled Oliphant, he found in its society much to praise and little to condemn. This with good reason,

for the social life of Washington was most agreeable under the Administration of Pierce, and during its term no disturbing element was permitted to war against the enjoyment of entertainments which are still remembered for their lavish yet refined hospitality. Only on occasions of official necessity did the wife of the President appear in public, but among the wives of the Senate and Cabinet circles were a score of women whose graces gave a lustre to Washington society that has never been surpassed. Mrs. Jefferson Davis was one of those whose presence was counted an additional attraction at every ball or dinner-party; the wife of Stephen A. Douglas was another. The last named, the daughter of James Madison Cutts, long Comptroller of the Treasury, had, when a reigning belle, been wooed and won by the "Little Giant," then the undisputed leader of his party in the Senate. Their marriage followed, with a display unusual for the time, and they went to live in the house on I Street which Douglas built for his bride, and in which they gave splendid entertainments that he believed were promoting his political fortunes. It was in this house also that, in April, 1860, Douglas

received the news that the Charleston convention had adjourned to meet at Baltimore, and with quick insight into coming events declared to waiting friends, "That means disunion."

This despairing announcement, however, lay seven years in the future when Pierce became President, and the opening of the Thirty-third Congress found the country facing the prospect of a long political calm. In that body and its successor appeared a number of new Senators and Representatives to whom a few words must be given before the curtain is drawn upon the act which, more than all others, brought about the Civil War. Brown, of Mississippi, Toombs, of Georgia, and Slidell, of Louisiana, left the House at this time to take seats in the Senate, where the last named had for a colleague that Judah P. Benjamin who, Hebrew-bred and foreign-born, was to become Secretary of State under the Confederacy and to round out his long career as one of the leaders of the English bar. Vermont sent Jacob Collamer to keep Foot company, and from Maine came William Pitt Fessenden, a lawyer of repute, who a dozen years before had served a single term in the House, and who brought to his new duties

courage, integrity, and intellectual gifts of the first order; John B. Thompson, another eminent lawyer of Whig antecedents, represented Kentucky; New Jersey sent William Wright, and replaced Stockton with the latter's kinsman, John R. Thompson; while Chase, of Ohio, found a not wholly congenial colleague in George E. Pugh, now best remembered for his unswerving fidelity to the political fortunes of Douglas.

James Harlan, of Iowa, a college president turned law-maker, was to become one of the founders of the Republican party and fill a place in Lincoln's Cabinet; and honors equally enduring were in store for Lyman Trumbull, who came to the Senate from Illinois as an anti-slavery Democrat, and whose eighteen years of service proved him one of the ablest constitutional lawyers of his generation.

Trumbull took his place in the Senate on December 3, 1855; on the same day Henry Wilson entered that body from Massachusetts, succeeding Edward Everett, who had filled out the unexpired term of John Davis. The son of a farm laborer and himself a journeyman cobbler, Wilson came first into notice as a man-

aging politician, clever and adroit at bargains, which he was wont to employ for his own advancement; but the cause of anti-slavery gave a nobler complexion to his career, and in the Senate, where he sat for eighteen years, he was from the first recognized as a man of courage and of parts. Ever strong in his convictions, he was always fearless in their expression, and if from his speeches grace of oratory and polished diction were often absent, they never failed to prove the practical, clear-sighted statesmanship of the speaker, or to command attention and respect.

Gerrit Smith, of New York, whom great wealth joined to open-handed generosity long made the financial prop of the anti-slavery movement, was a member of the House in the Thirty-third Congress, and his name heads a list of accessions to that body which before Pierce's term in office had run its course brought to the Capitol such men of pith and quality as the brothers Washburn; Justin Morrill, of Vermont; Reuben E. Fenton, of New York; Henry Winter Davis, of Maryland; John A. Bingham and John Sherman, of Ohio; and John Scott Harrison and Schuyler Colfax, of Indiana.

Israel Washburn left Congress at the end of ten years to become governor of his State, but his brother Elihu, of Illinois, sat there long enough to earn the titles of "Father of the House" and "Watch-dog of the Treasury,"—the latter an outcome of his continual habit of closely scrutinizing all calls upon the public funds and his persistent demands that the finances of the government should be administered with the strictest economy. When he retired from Congress it was to become Grant's first Secretary of State, and afterwards he served as minister to France. Cadwalader Washburn, perhaps the most remarkable member of a remarkable family, in 1861 gave up his seat in the House to command a regiment of Wisconsin cavalry, and rose in a little more than a year to be major-general of volunteers. After the war's close he again sat in Congress, ending his public career as governor of his State.

Morrill, who brought to the discharge of public duty an industry and vigor of judgment which early made him a power in all the varied processes of legislation, remained twelve years in the House and was then advanced to a seat in the Senate, of which he continued a member

until his death. Fenton sat in the House for eleven years, and then left it to become governor of his State, afterwards serving a single term in the Senate. Though never a strong participant in debate, he took high rank in both branches of Congress, for he invited confidence without betraying himself, and he marshalled forces with profound strategic skill. Davis died too soon for the full ripening of his fame and influence, but he lived long enough to make for himself an unusual place in legislative history. Those who opposed him called him impracticable, yet friend and foe alike bore cheerful witness to the gift of speech which enabled him to sway with ease the most turbulent assembly. Fierce, impassioned, and at times vindictive, he was for a dozen years the most powerful orator south of Mason and Dixon's line.

Bingham sat for sixteen years in the House, and during that time had no equal in debate. Though short-tempered and impatient of contradiction, he never was caught tripping, and the man who made an attack upon him usually had quick and sure cause to regret it. The most fluent in speech of any member of the House, he spoke always with great ease and rapidity, and

with the slightest straining for effect, though his speech rose at times to the height of the most impassioned eloquence, and poured forth in a torrent of impetuosity that carried everything before it.

Sherman had just turned thirty when he entered the House in 1855, but mettle, talent, and cool judgment pointed him out at once as one safe to follow in troubled times, and gave him commanding influence over his fellows. The place thus gained he held without dispute during forty-three years of eventful and trying public labor. He left the House in 1861 to take the place in the Senate made vacant by Chase, and he remained a member of that body until 1897. Once only was there a break in this long period of Congressional service. That was in the year 1877, when he became Secretary of the Treasury under Hayes, and for four years so directed its affairs that his stands out among the ablest and cleanest of the many able and clean Administrations of that great department of the government. Harrison, the son of one President and the father of another, left Congress at the close of his second term, but Colfax sat in the House for fourteen years;

was thrice chosen Speaker, each time by an increased majority, and when he retired from that post it was to become Vice-President under Grant. He was long one of the most popular men in public life, and he merited both esteem and good-will, for his hands were always open, his aims high, and his methods honorable.

Southern delegates had brought about Pierce's nomination, Southern votes had assured his election, and he came into office pledged to maintain and conserve the existing order as embodied in the compromise measures of 1850. His first message to Congress dwelt upon the repose that had followed their adoption, and declared that it should suffer no shock during his term if he had power to prevent it. Doubtless such was then his hope and belief, but both were to have quick and rude disturbance from an unexpected quarter. During the second session of the Thirty-second Congress a bill for the organization of the territory west of Missouri, comprising what is now the States of Kansas, Nebraska, the Dakotas, Montana, and part of Colorado and Wyoming, had passed the House and failed in the Senate. The South would not organize that territory without

slavery, and the North refused to organize it with slavery. On January 4, 1854, Douglas, as chairman of the Senate Committee on Territories, introduced a new bill dealing with the subject, which permitted slavery north of the parallel 36° 30′ in a region from which it had been forever excluded by the Missouri Compromise of 1820. Three weeks later, at the instance of Senator Dixon, of Kentucky, the bill was so amended by its author as to provide for a direct repeal of the Missouri restriction. Reduced to plain terms, the amended measure provided that hereafter the people of each Territory, whether north or south of the line laid down in 1820, should admit or exclude slavery as they might determine by vote.

This was Douglas's shrewd bid for the Presidency, to compass which had now become his dominant aim. Southern politicians could not reject this proposal and retain their influence at home, while Northern politicians who opposed it must give up all hope of national preferment, which then seemed to depend upon Southern support. Douglas, however, did not fully reckon with the force of Northern public opinion, nor with the anger sure to be aroused

by the ruthless repeal of a compact between the sections which had long been looked upon as having the moral force of an article of the Constitution itself. "Could anything but a desire to buy the South at the Presidential shambles dictate such an outrage?" asked John Van Buren, and to this trenchant question Douglas and his friends could make only shuffling and evasive answer.

Chase led the fight against the Nebraska bill in the Senate; Wade, Seward, Everett, and Sumner opposed it in powerful speeches, and the Northern press and people, the latter speaking through their State Legislatures and crowded public meetings, denounced it in unmeasured terms. Protests, however, were for the moment without avail. The Democrats counted a majority in both branches of Congress, the Administration gave unqualified, if reluctant, support to the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, and Douglas, backed by Cass, Toombs, Dixon, and others, put forth all his strong and subtle powers as an advocate in support of the scheme which had now become part and parcel of his political fortunes. What was proposed, he adroitly argued, was the final

settlement of a continuing agitation by leaving to the people of the Territories themselves the question whether they should protect or prohibit slavery. Defeat of such adjustment would sever the Democracy, and, precipitating civil war, destroy the Union. And so, borne onward by the aggressive spirit of slavery, political ambition, the force of party discipline, and the dread of sectional discord, the Nebraska bill was passed by the House and the Senate, and on May 30, 1854, received the signature of the President.

Slavery had won, but there never was a more costly victory for the victors. "Pierce and Douglas," wrote Greeley, "have made more abolitionists in three months than Garrison and Phillips could have made in half a century;" and this statement had prompt and practical confirmation. The day after the Nebraska bill passed the House thirty Whigs and Democratic members met at the call of Israel Washburn and agreed to the organization of a new political party hostile to slavery extension, to which, at the suggestion of Seward, was given the name Republican. The movement thus set upon foot was instantly taken up in all parts

of the North. Michigan chose a Republican governor in November, 1854. At the same time a majority of Anti-Nebraska men were elected to the popular branch of Congress, and this change in conditions bore exciting fruit when, on December 3, 1855, the House proceeded to the election of a successor to Linn Boyd, who had presided over the two preceding Congresses. Though in a majority, the anti-slavery men were not yet fused into a homogeneous party, and it was only at the end of a sixty-one days' contest that a choice was made. There were five aspirants for Speaker at the outset, but in the end the race narrowed down to Nathaniel P. Banks, of Massachusetts, a moderate anti-slavery man, and William Aiken, of South Carolina, a pro-slavery Democrat. The crisis came on February 2, 1856, when the House agreed that if, after three more ballots had been taken, no candidate had received a majority, a plurality vote should elect. Neither candidate had a majority on any of the three ballots. The fourth and decisive ballot gave Banks one hundred and three votes and Aiken one hundred, with ten votes scattering. The friends of freedom, in the election of Banks, gained their first

decisive victory in Congress, but the method of its achievement was full of meaning for those who feared sectional divisions; all of the votes for the anti-slavery candidate were from the North, while those cast for Aiken were, save a trifling number, from the South.

Meanwhile, the repeal of the Missouri Compromise was bearing sinister fruit in the West. Douglas's bill in its final form divided the territory dealt with into two parts, calling the northern portion Nebraska and the southern Kansas, the boundaries of the latter being substantially the same as those of the present State. Doubtless, the purpose which Douglas had in view by his division was to make one slave and one free State. The South so regarded it, and no sooner had the bill been passed and signed than a movement began in Western Missouri with the avowed object of making Kansas slave territory. This was promptly answered by organized efforts in the free States to fill Kansas with anti-slavery settlers; and thence arose a conflict which kept the Territory in a state of confusion and bloodshed, and excited party feeling, both in and out of Congress, to fever heat.

Entrance of the Republicans

Brooks's assault on Sumner added fuel to the flames. On May 19 and 20, 1856, the Massachusetts Senator delivered an elaborate and carefuly prepared speech on the "Crime against Kansas," in which he sharply censured Senator Butler, of South Carolina. Two days later, as Sumner was sitting, after the adjournment, writing at his desk alone in the Senate chamber, Preston S. Brooks, a relative of Butler's and a member of the House from South Carolina, entered the room, and, after speaking a few words to Sumner, struck him on the head with a heavy cane. Penned under his desk, Sumner could offer no resistance, and Brooks continued the blows on his defenceless head. Stunned and blinded, Sumner finally succeeded in gaining his feet, but while he was reeling and staggering about Brooks took hold of him, and struck him again and again. Nor did the assailant desist until his victim, covered with blood, fell insensible to the floor. Sumner was long incapacitated for public service, and never fully recovered his former health and vigor.

Northern anger at this outrage was still hot when representatives of the newly formed Re-

publican party, by this time firmly established in a score of States, met in national convention and nominated John C. Fremont for President. The Democrats again put Douglas aside and named James Buchanan, who, as minister to England, had been out of the country for several years, and had thus kept himself free from the dissensions which were fast rending his party in twain. Fremont's nomination evoked unbounded enthusiasm in the North, and there is little doubt that he would have been elected had it not been for one of those curious popular movements which now and then wipe out party lines. In 1852 what was known as the American party came into favor. This was an oath-bound order formed for the avowed purpose of checking the influence of foreign-born voters. Because its members expressed utter ignorance of its existence, they became known as Know-Nothings. The party flourished exceedingly for several years, and in 1855 carried important elections in the East, South, and West. In 1856 Millard Fillmore accepted its nomination for President, and in so doing brought defeat to the Republicans. Fremont carried eleven Northern States, but the inter-

position of Fillmore's candidacy lost him Pennsylvania and Illinois, and Buchanan was elected. Yet the revolution had begun, and four years later another and greater battle at the polls was to settle the slavery question once and for all.

CHAPTER VI

THE END OF AN ERA

JAMES BUCHANAN at no stage of his long life was counted a popular hero, and his induction into the Presidency on March 4, 1857, was, in the main, a perfunctory affair. It made up, however, in numbers what it lacked in enthusiasm, and twoscore militia companies and campaign clubs had places in the procession which escorted the President-elect from his lodgings to the Capitol and thence to the White House. He read his inaugural address from a platform erected over the steps of the east portico of the Capitol, and was then sworn into office by the venerable Chief Justice Taney. An impromptu reception followed his arrival at the White House, and the usual inauguration ball was given in the evening. Many of those in attendance at the latter function danced until daylight, and one of its historians gravely records that "although the consumption of punch, wines, and liquors was great, there were no signs of intoxication."

The End of an Era

The new President, a tall, white-haired, clean-shaven man of sixty-six, with the speech and bearing of a courtier, had served in both branches of Congress, as minister to Russia and England, and as Secretary of State. A majority of the men whom he called to his Cabinet also had been long in public life. Lewis Cass, of Michigan, was made Secretary of State; Howell Cobb, of Georgia, Secretary of the Treasury; John B. Floyd, of Virginia, Secretary of War; Isaac Toucey, of Connecticut, Secretary of the Navy; Jacob Thompson, of Mississippi, Secretary of the Interior; Aaron V. Brown, of Tennessee, Postmaster-General; and Jeremiah S. Black, of Pennsylvania, Attorney-General. Brown was succeeded in 1859 by Joseph Holt, of Kentucky, but with this exception the Cabinet underwent no change until December, 1860. Its ablest member was Attorney-General Black, a man of ample mental endowment, and of rugged and winning personality.

Buchanan was one of the most methodical of men, and his habits as President recalled those of John Quincy Adams in an earlier time. He rose early, was in his office every week-day

morning at eight o'clock, and, save for a brief luncheon, did not leave his desk until five in the afternoon, when it was his custom to take an hour's walk. He read every letter addressed to him, and answered by his own hand all communications of a purely personal nature. He also kept a watchful eye upon the expenditures of his household, which were paid out of his private purse, and never departed from a rule he had early adopted, to make no use of public money and property for private pleasure. He exacted the same practice from those about him, and when he learned that the expenses of a luncheon on the steamer which had conveyed the Prince of Wales to Mount Vernon were about to be paid by the Treasury Department, he ordered the bills sent to him with intent to pay them himself. They were paid, instead, by Secretary Cobb, who claimed the right to do it as the originator of the affair. The issue of this rigid honesty deserves to be noted. Buchanan during his Presidency expended considerably more than the salary of his office, and left the White House a poorer man than he had entered it.

Methodical habits, however, did not prevent

him from being a genial and delightful companion with his intimates. He had also a keen sense of humor, and he knew how to dispose of place-hunting visitors, and yet send them away happy. A diverting account of his manner with the office-seeker that has come down to us from an eye-witness describes Smith as calling with a letter from Jones introducing Smith to the President. Buchanan would read the letter, and directing that Smith be shown in, would greet him with the greatest cordiality. Placing his left hand on Smith's shoulder, and taking Smith's hand in his right, Buchanan would proceed:

"Mr. Smith, I believe. Glad to meet you, sir. Friend of Mr. Jones's, I understand. Warm friend of mine for twenty years is Mr. Jones. Are you married, Mr. Smith?"

This question answered in the affirmative, there would follow earnest inquiries as to Mrs. Smith, the number and health of the Smith children, the welfare of Mr. and Mrs. Jones and the Jones children, and the health of Jones's friend Hopkins, and of Hopkins's wife and children, ending with,—

"I am delighted—delighted to have met you,

Mr. Smith. Any friend of my old friend Jones is welcome, and I will pay especial attention to your request, Mr. Smith. If you will leave your papers I will look them over. Mr. Secretary," turning to his secretary, "take Mr. Smith's papers,—he is introduced by my dear friend Jones,—and put them where I shall see them; in fact, mark them so I shall be sure to see them. Delighted to have met you, Mr. Smith. Remember me to my old friend. Good-morning, Mr. Smith." And Smith would thereupon make room for the waiting Brown, when the President would go through the same scene with the new-comer. And each man, for the moment, felt sure he had carried his point with the elderly gentleman who gave him so hearty a welcome. Mayhap, he never heard from his papers, but that was another matter.

Buchanan was the first bachelor President. When a young lawyer in Lancaster, Pennsylvania, he was engaged to be married to a maid of that town to whom he was devotedly attached. A lovers' quarrel separated them, and the girl's sudden death intervened to prevent a reconciliation. The course of true love, says his biographer, "ran in this case pure and un-

broken in the heart of the survivor,—a sacred sorrow buried deep in the breast of a man who was formed for domestic joys. His peculiar and reverential demeanor towards women, never varied by rank or station or individual attractions, was doubtless in a large degree caused by the tender memory of what he found or fancied in her whom he had lost in his early days by such a cruel fate."

Among the living the most secure place in the President's affections was held by his niece, Harriet Lane, to whom he was as a father. He gave her his confidence in increasing measure as she grew from girlhood into womanhood, and at length the young lady, with mature intellect wisely guided and instructed, became her uncle's faithful and trusted companion, and the mistress of his establishment in London and at Washington. A more beautiful woman has never presided over the White House. She was a blonde of a regal and superb type, with manners well-nigh perfect in their subtle blending of cordiality and dignity, and her grace and kindliness did much to render the Buchanan Administration a successful one, from a social point of view. The entertainments given at the White

House were liberal and refined, and without reproach. Once a week some of the members of the Cabinet and their wives dined with the President in an informal way, and a series of state dinners were given during each session of Congress.

Buchanan, following the social code of Washington, accepted no dinner invitations, and made few visits among the residents of the capital. One of the few carried him to the death-bed of Thomas H. Benton. The great Missourian, after the expiration of his single term in the House, busied himself with an abridgment of the debates in Congress from 1789 to 1850. The burden of the years, however, hung heavy upon him, and it was only by a characteristic exhibition of fortitude and endurance that he finished the task he had set for himself. He employed an amanuensis when he became too feeble to write, and carried on the work by dictation, shaping the last few pages in the very shadow of death. Then he sent for several old friends to bid them farewell. Among them was the President, who hastened to obey the summons, for the two men had served together in the Senate, and had long been on inti-

mate terms. "Buchanan," said the dying Benton, "I supported you in preference to Fremont because he headed a sectional party, whose success would have been the signal for disunion. I have known you long, and I knew you would honestly endeavor to do right." The President voiced a few broken words in reply, and then they parted for the last time. It was Benton's request that no formal notice should be taken of his death, but Congress adjourned out of respect to his memory, and the day of his funeral was one of general mourning at the capital.

Incidental reference has been had to the Prince of Wales. It was in the autumn of 1860 that the future king visited the United States, coming hither from Canada at the instance of President Buchanan, who welcomed him at the White House as the guest of the nation. The Prince greatly enjoyed his stay in Washington, and with reason, for every opportunity was given him to follow his wishes, and he could not have had more amiable comrades than the young mistress of the Executive Mansion and her circle of friends. He was, indeed, repressed in only one thing. A lover of dancing, the pres-

ence of the Marine Band and the dimensions of the East Room combined to make it possible to enjoy this pastime; but not even for the Prince of Wales would President Buchanan break the precedent, set by Washington and rigidly adhered to by every one of his successors, excluding dancing from the Executive Mansion. The Prince gracefully submitted, and the young people did their dancing at the home of the British minister, Lord Lyons. The Prince remained a week at the White House, and during his stay, as already noted, went to visit the tomb of Washington at Mount Vernon, where, after kneeling with bared head before the ashes of the first President, he planted a tree that flourishes to this day.

An exciting Presidential contest was in progress when the Prince visited the United States. and, as a matter of fact, Buchanan's term in office was coincident with a continuous battle between the political organizations which then commanded public attention. There had been during the preceding ten years only two changes in the make-up of the Supreme Court: Benjamin R. Curtis, of Massachusetts, had been appointed to fill the vacancy caused by the death

of Justice Woodbury, in 1859, and a few months later John A. Campbell, of Alabama, succeeded to the seat of Justice McKinley. Thus it was by a body in which Southern men predominated that, two days after Buchanan's inauguration, an opinion was rendered which added greatly to the growing tension between the sections. This was the famous Dred Scott decision, in which the Supreme Court declared that slaves were not regarded as persons, but only as property, by the Constitution; that, as property, they were protected from hostile legislation on the part of Congress; and that Congress could no more legislate this form of property out of the Territories than it could exclude property of any other kind, but must guarantee to every citizen the right to carry this, as he might carry all other forms of property, where he would, within the territory subject to Congress. This decision, written by Chief Justice Taney,—Justice Curtis, who soon resigned, to be succeeded by Nathan Clifford, of Maine, alone dissented to it,—sustained the whole Southern claim as to slavery, and took the ground from under those who, like Douglas, had contended that the people of each Territory should be left to decide

for themselves when entering the Union whether they should admit or exclude that institution.

It came as a blow in the face to the Republicans, who found added cause for alarm and anger in the course of events in Kansas. The pro-slavery element in the Territory, in October, 1857, framed and adopted a constitution which provided for the establishment and perpetuation of slavery. The free settlers rejected this instrument when submitted to a vote of the people, but early in 1858 Buchanan, who owed his election to Southern votes and was guided mainly by the counsel of the Southern members of his Cabinet, sent a message to Congress urging the admission of Kansas to the Union under it. The whole influence of the Administration, during the next few months, was put forth in support of this policy, but from the first it encountered energetic and effective opposition in the House, while in the Senate it was bitterly fought by Douglas, who, faithful to his principle of popular sovereignty, would not consent to force an unwelcome constitution upon the people of Kansas, although by his refusal he lost the Southern following for which he had paid so heavy a price.

The End of an Era

The opening of the fight in the House against the admission of Kansas as a slave State was attended by one of the most remarkable incidents in the history of Congress. The Democrats then counted a majority in the House, James L. Orr, of South Carolina, being Speaker. When Buchanan's message recommending the admission of Kansas with slavery was received, those opposed to it moved to refer it to a special committee of fifteen instead of the standing committee on Territories, a majority of whose members were Democrats. There followed a heated session protracted far into the night. A barricade of motions and roll-calls kept the House from making progress. Early morning found the desks and chairs strewn with sleepers, while those who kept awake were at full strain, and "some had added copious libations, which had not calmed their nerves."

A spark only was needed to kindle a flame, and this was supplied when, towards three o'clock, Grow, of Pennsylvania, who had charge of the anti-Administration forces, crossed to the Democratic side to consult with John Hickman, a Douglas Democrat from his State. Just then Quitman, of Mississippi, arose and asked con-

sent to make a few remarks. The filibusters did not want talk but to keep on voting, and Grow promptly objected to Quitman's proposal.

"If you are going to object," shouted Keitt, of South Carolina, who was sitting near, "return to your own side of the House. You have no business over here, anyway."

"This is a free hall," Grow responded, "and everybody has the right to be where he pleases."

Keitt, at this reply, sprang to his feet and advanced towards Grow, closely followed by Reuben Davis, of Mississippi. "I want to know," he demanded, "what you meant by such an answer as that."

"I meant just what I said," was Grow's reply. "This is a free hall, and everybody has the right to be where he pleases."

"Sir," said Keitt, attempting to seize Grow by the throat, "you are a black Republican puppy."

"Never mind what I am," Grow retorted, knocking up his hand. "No negro-driver shall crack his whip over me."

Keitt again attempted to grasp Grow by the throat, but the latter struck out from the shoulder, and he fell to the floor. Instantly Potter,

of Wisconsin, followed by Elihu Washburn and others, rushed to the scene of trouble. Potter, as he reached Grow, hit Davis with one hand, and Barksdale, of Mississippi, who had hold of Grow,—in no angry mood but in way of friendly restraint,—with the other. Barksdale, not knowing where the blow came from, turned to Elihu Washburn and asked if the latter had struck him. Washburn replied that he had not. "You are a liar!" said Barksdale, and loosing Grow caught hold of Washburn. Cadwalader Washburn, coming up at this point and seeing Barksdale and his brother in a clinch, struck out for Barksdale and hit him a glancing blow on the forehead which knocked off his wig. Barksdale, picking it up, put it on backside first, which gave him such a grotesque appearance that everybody near by broke out into a loud guffaw. Meantime, the Speaker had called upon the sergeant-at-arms to restore order. The rush of members into the aisle had prevented Keitt from immediately regaining his feet, but as soon as he did the sergeant-at-arms led him out to the door opening into the corridor in the rear of the Speaker's desk. Then the combatants, still laughing at the ludicrous spec-

tacle presented by Barksdale, drew off one by one, and quiet was restored.

Before that, however, many blows had been given and taken, with much pulling and hauling. Lovejoy, of Illinois, and Lamar, of Mississippi, were pawing each other in the area, each seeking to persuade the other to be still. Mott, a gray-haired Quaker from Ohio, was seen in the mêlée, his hand bleeding, but he afterwards declared that he intervened in the interests of peace. Covode, of Pennsylvania, grabbed a heavy stone spittoon sitting by his desk and marched down the broad aisle into the area in front of the Speaker. In the end he placed the cuspidor on a desk and returned to his seat, but, his attention being called to it, he carried it to its place. Questioned later as to his purpose, he said he thought that some one might draw a "weepin," and if so he intended to "spot" him. The final issue of the struggle over Buchanan's message was its reference to the proposed committee of fifteen, nor, though there were Democratic majorities in both branches of Congress, could a measure be gotten through the House embodying its recommendations. All attempts at compromise

failed of their purpose, and "Kansas was obliged to wait upon the fortunes of parties."

Two Congresses ran their course while she waited, each of which brought to the Senate and House a number of new members of pith and quality. Connecticut was now represented in the Senate by James Dixon; New York by Preston King, destined to die untimely by his own hand; Rhode Island by Henry B. Anthony, a wise and gentle man, whose period of service was to end only with his life; Michigan by Zachariah Chandler, a shrewd and stalwart shopkeeper turned party manager; Pennsylvania by Simon Cameron, another political manager ready and adroit at bargains; Wisconsin by James R. Doolittle, who came to the Senate by way of the bench; Mississippi by Jefferson Davis, the eager and often supercilious champion of the claims of his section; Tennessee by Andrew Johnson; and Iowa by James W. Grimes, who had been governor of his State, and who brought to his new duties a resolute independence and a clear-headed sagacity which made him one of the most potent and useful legislators of his time.

Another new Senator of the period was David

C. Broderick, of California, a manly man, faithful to his friends, who had been a New York fire laddie in his youth, and who after his settlement in California had quickly won the leadership of the Northern wing of the Democratic party in that State. Broderick was in the Senate when the Kansas struggle came on, and promptly arrayed himself against the admission of the Territory as a slave State. This earned for him the bitter hatred of the Southern men in California, and involved him, upon his return home, in a number of acrimonious disputes, one of which provoked a challenge from David S. Terry, a justice of the Supreme Court of the State. The challenge was accepted, and the two men met a few miles from San Francisco on a September morning in 1859. The weapons were pistols, the distance ten paces. Broderick's pistol was discharged as he was raising it to the level, after the word had been given, and the ball struck the ground a short distance in front of Terry. The latter, in the mean time, had raised his pistol to the level. He fired an instant later, and Broderick fell, the bullet having lodged in his breast. He died on the fourth day, his last words being, "They have

killed me because I was opposed to slavery and a corrupt Administration."

Thomas Corwin, in 1859, again became a member of the House from Ohio, which State also returned to that body Samuel S. Cox, a man who blended lively wit with sound common sense, and George H. Pendleton, distinguished in after-days as Senator and diplomat. Massachusetts was represented at the same time by Charles Francis Adams, soon to become Lincoln's minister to England, and by Henry L. Dawes, whose services in House and Senate were to cover a period of thirty-six years. Missouri sent the younger Francis P. Blair, who had inherited much of his father's ability and vigor of speech; Iowa, Samuel R. Curtis, who was to develop on another stage into one of the most capable of the volunteer generals of the Civil War; Illinois, John A. Logan, before whom lay an equally brilliant career as a soldier; Indiana, Albert G. Porter, later governor of his State and foreign minister; and Tennessee, Horace Maynard, a signally gifted man, whose lithe figure, swarthy visage, and eloquent speech suggested the Indian chiefs whom Cooper loved to paint.

Three other new members of the House were of the type of men sure to come to the front in revolutionary periods. These were James K. Moorhead, of Pennsylvania, Owen Lovejoy, of Illinois, and John F. Potter, of Wisconsin. Moorhead was a man big of body and brain, and, though seldom heard in debate, knew how to make fire-eaters keep the peace when on the floor. A Southern member, who shall be called Smith, although that was not his name, one day in conversation with Moorhead at the latter's desk lost his temper and called the Pennsylvanian a liar.

"That remark," said Moorhead, "only serves to confirm the impression I long have had of you, that you are an unmitigated blackguard. That is all I have to say to you now, but when the House adjourns I will have something more to say."

Smith retired to his own side of the chamber, but presently one of his colleagues approached Moorhead, and said,—

"You and Mr. Smith had some altercation, and he used an expression that he regrets, and will apologize for it if you will give him the opportunity."

"Yes," said Moorhead, "he's got to."

"Well," said the member, "he complains that you gave the first offence, and under the rules of the code you ought to afford the opportunity for an apology."

"I know nothing about the rules of your code," replied Moorhead. "I have a short code of my own. If a man insults me he must apologize or I'll club him." The apology was made and there was no duel.

Lovejoy belonged to the political church militant. His brother Elijah was one of the early martyrs in the anti-slavery crusade, and Owen served with all the ardor of a strong nature the cause for which his kinsman had given his life. Whenever the question of slavery came up for discussion in the House his soul took fire, and his anger found expression in a flood of the most impassioned oratory. Potter, on the other hand, was a man of deeds rather than words. A native of Maine, he removed early in life to Wisconsin, where, being stalwart and fearless, he soon became immensely popular with the young men of his district. After Brooks's assault on Sumner they started the cry, "We want some fighting men in Congress; let's send

John Potter down there." Potter was elected and took his seat in Congress, where he quickly proved his bravery and his worth. He could not be swerved from what he believed to be right, and whenever there was a prospect of blows he always was found at the front.

Lovejoy and Potter were the central figures in an exciting incident which helped to make memorable the opening days of 1860. The Democrats were again in a minority in the House when Congress convened in December, 1859, and by a fusion of the opposition, after an eight weeks' struggle, William Pennington, who in earlier years had been governor and chancellor of New Jersey, was elected Speaker. John Sherman was the first choice of the Republican members, but when he saw that his chances were hopeless he withdrew in favor of Pennington.

John Brown's raid was then an affair of yesterday, and in consequence the contest preceding Pennington's election was attended by bitter attacks by some of the Southerners on such of their fellow-members as were opposed to slavery. The Republicans kept silence during the Speakership contest, but after it was ended

Lovejoy took the floor to reply to these attacks. His speech was an argument against slavery, and never was there a more violent one. Soon, in his vehemence of delivery, he advanced into the area and occupied the space fronting the Democratic seats, whereupon Roger A. Pryor, of Virginia, who was sitting at the front, arose, and with gestures full of menace exclaimed,—

"The gentleman from Illinois shall not approach this side of the House, talking as he has talked. He shall not come on this side of the House shaking his fist in our faces."

Potter, at this interruption, was instantly on his feet, and shouted,—

"We listened to gentlemen on the other side for eight weeks, when they denounced the members on this side with violent and offensive language. We listened to them quietly and heard them through. And now, sir, this side shall be heard, let the consequences be what they may."

"I make the point of order," said Pryor, "that the gentleman shall speak from his seat. He shall not come upon this side shaking his fist in our faces."

"You are doing the same thing," retorted

Potter. "Your side of the House cannot say where a member shall speak, and it shall not say it."

The dispute as to where Lovejoy should stand was finally settled by his taking the clerk's desk, and he proceeded with his speech. Some days afterwards Pryor arose to a personal explanation. Potter was reported in the *Congressional Globe* as saying, "This side shall be heard, let the consequences be what they may." Pryor complained that these words had been inserted in the report by Potter, though not used by him in the debate. This charge was denied by Potter, who explained that he had inserted the words in the official report because, though he had used them, they had accidentally been omitted by the reporter.

"The member from Virginia," he added, "erased those words, and he had no right to do it. I would have cut my right hand off before I would have done it. It was none of the gentleman's business, and he had no right to take the liberty of amending it. I stand by what I had said."

"The gentleman stands by his language," rejoined Pryor. "I am very glad to hear it.

I understand him then to give me the liberty of construing his remark as I please. I will put what construction upon it I please, and whether he stands by it or not the sequel will demonstrate."

"Let it demonstrate," was Potter's reply.

Pryor had changed the record, but was not aware that the government printer could not send the copy to press until it had the endorsement of the member who had spoken the words concerned in the expurgation or change. Potter was, therefore, correct in the facts when he said that a change had been made, and he was within his privilege when he made them appear in print as he claimed to have spoken them. However, Pryor, through seconds he had chosen, sent Potter a peremptory challenge. This challenge was considered the same night at the rooms of John W. Forney, that gentleman, Colonels E. F. Beale and F. W. Lander, Galusha A. Grow, and Potter taking part in the conference.

"It is for Potter," began Forney, "to consider what is to be done."

"Duelling is a barbarous custom," was Potter's reply; "but this is an attempt to suppress

free speech in Congress. I am going to accept the challenge."

"Take bowie-knives, and I'll show you how to use one," said Beale, leaping from his chair and drawing a bowie-knife from his boot-leg. Beale's suggestion was adopted, and Lander, as Potter's second, drew up a formal note of acceptance, after which the parties to the conference separated. Lander and Grow lodged at the National, and kept each other company in the walk to the hotel.

"I'll tell you what I am going to do," said Lander to Grow, "but don't let Potter know; he might not allow me to do it if he knew about it. Pryor's seconds will refuse to allow him to fight on the ground that the bowie-knife is a barbarous weapon. My principal being denounced by implication as a barbarian, I will then, following the precedent established in the Graves-Cilley duel, challenge Pryor myself, and they may select any weapons, from broadswords to cannon."

Lander's forecast proved correct. Pryor's seconds, when he delivered Potter's reply, promptly declared that, "not recognizing this barbarous mode of settling difficulties," they

could not allow their principal to engage in it. Lander, thereupon, challenged Pryor, but answer was made that, as neither Pryor nor his seconds had any quarrel with him, they could not accept his "courteous offer." This ended the affair. Pryor's challenge to Potter was the last sent by one member of Congress to another.

While events of this sort testified to the tension existing in Congress, the country turned to watch the party conventions. The Democrats split hopelessly on the slavery question, one wing of the party nominating Breckinridge and the other Douglas. A coalition of odds and ends calling itself the Constitutional Union party named John Bell. When the Republicans met in convention at Chicago Seward's nomination seemed a foregone conclusion. Seward was easily the most conspicuous and popular of the Republican leaders, and he had as adviser and supporter a very Saul among the politicians in Thurlow Weed. His candidacy, however, had to face the unrelenting opposition of Horace Greeley. When the New York delegates to the Chicago convention were chosen, Weed saw to it that his fellow-editor did not

have a place on the delegation. But Greeley appeared at Chicago with the proxy of an Oregon delegate, and worked in season and out of season undermining Seward's strength. His chief argument was a singular one. Seward, while governor of New York, had signed a bill granting a portion of the school funds of the State to Catholics, and this act, Greeley declared, would cost him thousands of votes should he be nominated for President. Greeley's argument, with the menace of Know-Nothingism still hanging over the land, made men pause. Coupled with the declaration of Curtin and Lane, Republican candidates for governor of Pennsylvania and Indiana, that they could not carry their States in October if Seward were nominated, it drove enough votes from the New Yorker to defeat him. Lincoln, on the fourth ballot, was nominated in his stead.

The campaign that followed, though earnest and exciting, was entirely one-sided. Douglas was the great figure of the canvass, and never was he so forceful and audacious as he was while stumping the East, West, and South in the fall of 1860. But he was warring against fate, and he knew it. The Breckinridge ele-

ments of his party fought him in the South, the Bell men in the border States, the Lincoln men in the free States, and the Buchanan Administration all over the country. Attempts at a fusion of the Democratic factions failed in nearly all the States. Maine elected a Republican governor in September, and in October decisive Democratic defeats in Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Indiana foretold the end. The November election gave Lincoln one hundred and eighty electoral votes, to seventy-two for Breckinridge, thirty-nine for Bell, and twelve for Douglas. And the hour for the extinction of slavery had struck.

CHAPTER VII

THE APPEAL TO ARMS

WASHINGTON journalism, during Buchanan's four years in the Presidency, was symbolic of the times. The *Union* continued to be the mouth-piece of the Administration, with John Appleton as its editor; a newly established journal called *The States,* on which Henry Watterson began his career, voiced the views of the pro-slavery men, and the Democrats who followed the lead of Douglas had an organ to their liking in the *Sunday Chronicle,* founded by John W. Forney in 1859, and soon transformed into a daily. Nor were the Republicans long without an editorial champion at the capital. Dr. Bailey issued a *Daily Era* during the Fremont campaign, and in the summer of 1860 the *National Republican* was founded by William J. Murtagh and gave hearty support to the candidacy of Lincoln.

Indeed, the new-comer was conducted with such vigor and aggressiveness as to give rasp-

ing offence to the pro-Southern element then dominant in Washington, and on the night of Lincoln's election its office was attacked and gutted by a mob. The sacking of the *National Republican* has real significance for the student of history, for it bore lawless witness to the anger and alarm with which the Southern people viewed the election of Lincoln. The leaders of the party which had triumphed at the polls wished, and meant, to check the extension of slavery, but it is now acknowledged that few, if any, of them purposed to interfere with its existence in the States. The South, however, viewed the matter in a very different way. It saw in the triumph of Lincoln the establishment in power of a party bent upon the destruction of the Southern system, and its press and public men were practically a unit in declaring that it was morally impossible any longer to preserve the Union.

The course the South was to follow was made evident on the morrow of election day. South Carolina still chose her Presidential electors through her Legislature. That body, having chosen Breckinridge electors on November 6, 1860, remained in session until the result

of the election was known, when it called a State convention to meet in Charleston. Towards the end of December the convention thus summoned adopted an ordinance of secession; and during the next few weeks Georgia and the Gulf States followed South Carolina's example and formally withdrew from the Union. A month ere Lincoln's inauguration the Confederacy was set afoot with Jefferson Davis as its President.

A policy of inaction, meanwhile, ruled the North. Her people refused at first to believe that there was to be either a permanent dissolution of the Union or an actual conflict of arms. Compromise, to the contrary, was confidently expected, and this point of view gave a flippant tone to the utterances of the Northern press and to the proceedings of Congress that now seems strangely out of place. A minor phase of the secession movement furnishes a case in point. Clingman, of North Carolina, in taking leave of the Senate, compared the seceders to the "ten tribes of Israel." This comparison brought Hale, of New Hampshire, to his feet. "Ten tribes," the latter retorted, "did go out from the kingdom of Israel, but

the ark of the living God remained with the tribe of Judah. And what became of the ten tribes? They have gone, God only knows where, and nobody else. It is a matter of speculation what became of them; but the Senator's suggestion is full of meaning. Ten tribes went out, and remember they went out wandering. They went, as I said before, God only knows where. But let us hope and pray that this comparison, so eloquent and instructive, suggested by the Senator, may not be illustrated in the fate of those other tribes that are going out from the household of Israel."

Before the end of February, 1861, only two Southerners remained in Congress; these were Bouligny, of Louisiana, a patriotic member of the House, who alone refused to follow his State out of the Union, and Wigfall, of Texas, a noisy champion of secession, who lingered for a time in the Senate for purposes best known to himself and his associates. Soon Wigfall also took his departure, and came next into notice as an eager participant in the firing upon Sumter. A brief interview which he had with General Scott may have hastened his departure. The heroic old general, at the time of Lincoln's

election, had for some years had his headquarters in New York, but in December, 1860, scenting danger, he returned to the capital, collected such regulars from the army as he could, and gave notice that the first man who laid a hand of force on the government would be shot down without trial, mercy, or delay. "While I command the army there shall be no revolution in the city of Washington," was his declaration to all who called upon him, while to the apologists for secession he defined his purposes with an emphasis that bordered now and then upon profanity.

"Would you dare to arrest a Senator of the United States for an overt act of treason?" Wigfall was reported to have asked him.

"No! I would blow him to hell!" was the grim reply.

President Buchanan's course during the closing days of 1860 also proved his sincere desire to maintain the integrity of the Union. He had entered the Presidency through the solid vote of the slave States, and pro-slave influences had hitherto guided his counsels, but when brought face to face with the fruits of his policy, he promptly severed all intercourse with

the Southern leaders. This entailed a complete reorganization of his Cabinet. General Cass, greatly enfeebled by age, gave up the portfolio of State, and his retirement was speedily followed by the enforced resignations of Cobb from the Treasury and Floyd from the War Department. Attorney-General Black became Secretary of State; Postmaster-General Holt was promoted to Secretary of War, and Philip F. Thomas, of Maryland, succeeded Cobb, while Edwin M. Stanton, of Ohio, was made Attorney-General, and Horatio King, of Maine, Postmaster-General. Thomas remained in office only a month, when he gave way to General John A. Dix, of New York. Stanton, Dix, and Holt were aggressive loyalists, and at once gave an altered tone to the Administration. Buchanan, however, while declaring secession illegal, held that there was no constitutional warrant for coercing a State to do her duty under the law; and so, although the seceding States in quick succession seized the arsenals and other federal property within their jurisdiction, no effective measures were taken to forestall their aggressions.

Congress, also, in the presence of so great a

crisis, appeared incapable of decisive action. Late in January, 1861, after Southern withdrawals had given the Republicans a majority in the Senate, it passed a bill admitting Kansas as a free State; but on the subject of greatest exigency the most that it did was to try once more the old remedy of compromise and conciliation. A day or two after the opening of Congress in December a committee of thirty-three, headed by Thomas Corwin, was appointed by the House to consider "the present perilous condition of the country," and while its members were seeking to frame a compromise that would be acceptable to the South, a Senate committee of thirteen was busy with the same task. A compromise fathered by John J. Crittenden, and which was, in effect, a complete surrender to slavery, failed in the Senate by a single vote, but greater success attended the labors of the House committee, which finally proposed a constitutional amendment declaring that—

"No amendment shall be made to the Constitution which shall authorize or give to Congress the power to abolish or interfere within any State with the domestic institutions thereof,

including that of persons held to labor or service by the laws of said State."

Such was to have been the thirteenth amendment to the Constitution, and had it been ratified by a sufficient number of States, it would have placed slavery so firmly in the Constitution that it could have been dislodged, if at all, only by a revolution. However, only two States adopted the amendment; others rejected or took no notice of it, and the inswelling tide soon buried it from sight.

A like fate overtook the recommendations of the Peace Conference. This body was born of a suggestion put forward by Virginia, and included delegates appointed by the governors of most of the States still within the Union. It met in Washington early in February, chose ex-President Tyler as its presiding officer, and for upward of three weeks deliberated, behind closed doors, as to the best means of restoring and preserving the Union. These deliberations took final form in a series of proposed amendments to the Constitution, adopted by a majority of one, "which should assert the right of the owner to transport his slaves through any State or Territory south of the line of the Missouri

compromise; the admission of new States north or south of that line with or without slavery, as the people of the new State might determine; that slavery in the District of Columbia should not be abolished without the consent of Maryland; and that, when these amendments were adopted, they should not be changed without the consent of all the States." Large hopes, at the North at least, had been built upon the labors of the Peace Conference, but nothing came of its proposals. Though they were submitted to Congress during the last hours of the session, the House would not permit them to be brought before it for action, and when offered in the Senate, as an amendment to the Crittenden compromise, they were rejected by a vote of four to one.

Congress and the Peace Conference were still engaged with their profitless tasks when what many regarded as an alarming crisis was met and safely passed. It was generally believed in Washington that a conspiracy was afoot to prevent the counting of the electoral vote and the declaration of Lincoln's election; and anxiety was greatly increased by the fact that Vice-President Breckinridge, on whom

alone the Constitution, as then construed, devolved the duty of counting the votes, was a Southern man and known to be in sympathy with the leaders of secession. Breckinridge, however, was to prove faithful to his oath of office, and adequate measures had been taken by General Scott for the prompt suppression of any outbreak. Great crowds flocked to the Capitol at an early hour of the day appointed by law for the count, only to find every entrance to the building guarded by soldiers, and admission denied to all except Senators and Representatives, and those who had tickets signed by the Speaker or the Vice-President. No soldiers were visible inside the Capitol, and a Northern member of the Peace Conference, who had found a seat in the gallery of the House by the side of an officer of the District militia in civilian dress, said,—

"I supposed you would be on duty to-day with your regiment."

"We are minute-men," answered the officer, with a smile. "We enter a room as private citizens, and come out of it a minute afterwards a regiment armed with repeating-rifles. Such a thing might happen here to-day if the neces-

sity arose. My men are within easy call, and their rifles not far away. However, I think this is to be a very quiet election."

So it proved to be. The House and Senate having met in joint assembly, the count of the electoral vote proceeded without interruption, and then, in "a silence absolutely profound," the Vice-President formally declared the election of Lincoln and Hamlin as President and Vice-President. Danger, if danger there was, had been happily averted by the firmness of General Scott and Breckinridge's manly refusal to palter in any way with his official duty.

Eleven days later the President-elect arrived in Washington. Lincoln left his Illinois home on February 11, and journeying eastward by easy stages, on February 22 reached Harrisburg. There he was waited upon by messengers from General Scott and Secretary Seward with news that a plot existed in Baltimore to murder him on his way through that city. Details were lacking for the moment, but these came out later. They went to show that men engaged in or in active sympathy with the secession movement had hired a small band of despera-

does, mainly Italians, to kill the President-elect. The men employed for the work were to shoot Lincoln from the crowd gathered to greet him on his arrival at the railroad-station in Baltimore, on his way to Washington, and, after making sure and thorough work with hand-grenades, were to escape to Mobile in a vessel waiting for them in the harbor.

This plot was betrayed to loyal residents of Baltimore by a woman about to be abandoned by her lover. Its success depended upon the conspirators having accurate knowledge of the time of Lincoln's arrival in their city. Accordingly, on the afternoon of February 22, it was decided by the President-elect and his advisers that instead of passing through Baltimore on the following day, as had been previously arranged, he should at six o'clock in the evening secretly leave Harrisburg on a special train for Philadelphia, and there take passage on the waiting night express for Washington. No mishap attended this secret journey. Lincoln passed through Baltimore undiscovered, and at an early hour next morning was safely lodged at Willard's Hotel in Washington.

There were nine days before the inaugura-

tion, and they proved busy ones for Lincoln. He made visits to President Buchanan, to Congress, and to the Supreme Court, and he received a great number of visitors, including many delegations and committees. Those who thus met him for the first time discovered in the incoming President a tall, angular, black-haired, sallow-faced man of fifty-two, whose speech and bearing revealed his frontier birth and breeding. Some of them also were quick to detect, hidden beneath the awkward outer man, a patience and sagacity that made him master of himself and were to prove him equal to the task before him, a task which, in taking leave of his fellow-townsmen, he had described as "greater than that which rested upon Washington." During these nine days the doors of Lincoln's rooms were open to all-comers from early morning until midnight, and to men of every section and opinion he gave a cordial and candid hearing. Now and then, however, there was the quick flash that spoke the hand of steel beneath the velvet glove.

"It is for you, sir," pleaded one anxious visitor, "to say whether the whole nation shall be plunged into bankruptcy; whether the grass

shall grow in the streets of our cities. Do not, I beg of you, go to war on account of slavery."

"If I ever come to the office of President," was the quiet reply, "I shall take an oath that I will, to the best of my ability, preserve, protect, and defend the Constitution. This is a great and solemn duty, but I have full faith that, with the support of the people and the assistance of the Almighty, I shall perform it. The Constitution will not be preserved and defended until it is enforced and obeyed in all of the United States. It must be so preserved and defended, let the grass grow where it may."

Men on whose ears they fell recognized in words like these the ring of inherent authority, and it is now an admitted fact that the coming of Lincoln wrought a swift and radical change in the posture of affairs at the capital. Friends of the Union borrowed strength and courage from his presence, gladly reading in his wise and firm utterances the fact that their leader was one whom they could follow with confidence and without foreboding. The change made itself manifest in other ways. During the weeks in which the secession movement had

been taking definite shape Washington had been crowded with visitors from the Southern States, and there was convincing evidence of the existence of a plot for the armed seizure of the capital on the morning of the day of inauguration. Now, however, another class was flocking to Washington,—young and stalwart men from the North and West. These, having cast their votes for Lincoln, came in multiplying numbers to witness the consummation of their purpose, and, on their arrival, eagerly offered their services as guards, soldiers, or policemen on the day of inauguration.

Monday, March 4, broke clear and cloudless, and at an early hour a great multitude filled both sides of Pennsylvania Avenue and the open space and square fronting the east portico of the Capitol, on the steps of which the usual platform had been erected for the inaugural ceremony. Again, as on the day of the counting of the electoral vote, unobtrusive yet effective steps were taken to quell any attempt at violence and disorder. General Scott, making the best possible use of the small force at his command, stationed platoons of soldiers at intervals along the avenue, and posted groups of riflemen

on the adjacent roof-tops. Few knew, moreover, that soldiers lined the entire length of the improvised board tunnel through which Lincoln was to pass into the Capitol; that squads of riflemen were in each wing; that half a hundred armed men were secreted under the platform from which the President-elect was to speak, and that there were batteries of flying artillery in adjacent streets, while a ring of volunteers encircled the waiting crowd.

A few minutes before the noon hour President Buchanan arrived at Willard's to escort his successor to the Capitol. Lincoln came out and entered the Presidential carriage. Then a company of sappers and miners of the regular army formed in a hollow square about him, and moved down the avenue, preceded by the Marshal of the District and his aides, and followed by a few companies of uniformed volunteers. Shouts and cheers greeted the progress of the inaugural procession, which, all told, numbered less than five hundred men. The Capitol reached, Lincoln entered the building arm in arm with Buchanan, and a few minutes later the two appeared upon the east portico attended by the justices of the Supreme Court, Senators,

Representatives, officers of the army and navy, and the family of the President-elect. Before them were, perhaps, sixty thousand people, the largest gathering that had been seen at any inauguration up to that date, all in absolute silence and every face serious, many in deep gloom. Accident, just before the ceremony began, formed a strange historic group. On one side was Stephen A. Douglas, Lincoln's defeated rival for the Presidency, holding Lincoln's hat. On the other side stood Chief Justice Taney, author of the Dred Scott decision, and close to the latter President Buchanan. To the front and centre stood the President-elect, thus grouping the principal characters in the most momentous era of American history.

Senator Baker, of Oregon, briefly introduced Lincoln, who, having adjusted his spectacles and unrolled his manuscript, stepped forward, and in a clear, firm voice, every word being heard by the most distant member of the listening throng, read his remarkable inaugural address. The people broke into cheers at the touching words with which it closed, and Lincoln, turning to the justices of the Supreme Court on his left, said, "I am now ready to

take the oath prescribed by the Constitution." Chief Justice Taney administered the oath, Lincoln saluting the extended Bible with his lips, and the ceremony was at an end. The procession reformed and returned, leaving at the White House as President the private citizen it had escorted from his hotel. An hour later a carriage with a solitary occupant was driven down the avenue to the only railroad-station then in Washington. It contained ex-President Buchanan returning to his Pennsylvania home.

Lincoln, in choosing his official advisers, adopted the then novel policy of taking them from among his Presidential rivals. He called William H. Seward, his chief competitor, to the State Department; he summoned Salmon P. Chase, his next most formidable rival, to the Treasury portfolio; he gave Simon Cameron, another prominent rival, the War Office; and Edward Bates, who at one time seemed to be more than a possible success in the Lincoln convention, was made Attorney-General. These appointments, along with those of Gideon Welles, of Connecticut, as Secretary of the Navy, and of Caleb B. Smith, of Indiana, as

Secretary of the Interior, had been practically determined upon before Lincoln left Illinois. The remaining post, that of Postmaster-General, he decided, after his arrival in Washington, to bestow upon Montgomery Blair, of Maryland. The Cabinet, as thus constituted, included four former Democrats and three former Whigs, but, when reminded of this fact, Lincoln jocosely replied that "he was himself an old-line Whig, and he should be there to make the parties even."

No sooner were Lincoln and his Cabinet installed in office than there began a rush for place without precedent in the history of the capital. The office-seekers seized Washington, and made the White House their head-quarters. "There were days," writes William O. Stoddard, "when the throng of eager applicants for office filled the broad staircase to its lower steps, the corridors of the first floor, the famous East Room, and the private parlors, while anxious groups and individuals paraded up and down the outer porch, the walks, and the avenue." The President at no hour of the working day was free from their importunities, but he met their attacks with unfailing patience and

good nature, and he had to aid him a keen and saving sense of humor.

"What is the matter, Mr. Lincoln?" one day asked a friend, who noted a downcast look in the President's face. "Has anything gone wrong at the front?"

"No," was the answer. "It isn't the war; "it's the post-office at Brownsville, Missouri."

Meantime, the President was facing a far more serious task than the making of cross-road postmasters. When he took office seven of the slave-holding States had left the Union, while, of the government defences in the South, only Fortress Monroe in Chesapeake Bay, Fort Sumter in Charleston harbor, Fort Pickens at Pensacola, and the fortifications near Key West remained in federal possession. "The power confided to me," he had said in his inaugural, "will be used to hold, occupy, and possess the property and places belonging to the government." This promise, moving slowly and with caution, he proceeded to redeem, and when the Southern authorities summoned Fort Sumter to surrender, an expedition ordered by the President sailed from New York to succor Major Robert Anderson and his handful of men. This

was on April 9, and while the chief expedition was still at sea the Southern authorities opened fire on Sumter, bombarding it until it was compelled to surrender.

The North's answer to this appeal to force came on the morrow. Sumter fell on April 14, and the next day the President, by proclamation, called for seventy-five thousand volunteers. Quick and eager responses ere the end of the day on which this call was issued proved to Lincoln that the fall of Sumter had made a unit of the North. It had, on the other hand, done no less for the South. It silenced all protests against secession, and brought the doubting ones to the support of the Confederacy. All of the border States except Maryland refused the President's call for troops, and Virginia, still wavering between loyalty and disunion, on April 17 passed an ordinance of secession, her example being speedily followed by North Carolina, Arkansas, and Tennessee. Richmond was made the Confederate capital, and a call from President Davis for volunteers was obeyed as eagerly as Lincoln's had been in the North. Both sides, all scruples dispelled, were ready for combat.

The Appeal to Arms

Washington, however, during these first days of preparation, underwent a brief period of isolation and of seeming peril. Maryland contained a numerous and aggressive pro-slavery element, and, on April 19, the Sixth Massachusetts, on its way to the capital, was attacked by a mob in Baltimore, four of its members being killed and many wounded. That evening the regiment reached Washington and took quarters in the Capitol. The wounded came with it on stretchers, but the dead had been left behind. "No more troops shall pass through Maryland," the people of Baltimore declared, and to make good their threat they burned many of the bridges on the railroads running from that city to Harrisburg and Philadelphia, and partially destroyed the telegraph lines. The bridges were destroyed on Friday night, and during the next two days other bands of Marylanders tore up much of the track of the railroad connecting the capital with Baltimore, and of the branch running to Annapolis. The remaining telegraph wires were broken on Saturday, and Washington was completely cut off from communication with the North.

Isolation doubled the uneasiness and alarm

that had existed since the previous Thursday, when a rumor had come up from the South that twelve thousand Confederates were advancing from Richmond bent upon razing the capital to the ground. Women and children were removed from the city upon receipt of this disturbing news, and hurried efforts made at defence. General Scott had only two thousand five hundred armed men, exclusive of the Sixth Massachusetts and a Pennsylvania regiment that had arrived on Thursday,—the first volunteers to reach the capital,—but he made ready for a desperate and stubborn resistance. Batteries were placed in commanding positions, guards stationed at every approach to the city, and all the public buildings, including school-houses, barricaded. The barricades at the entrances to the Capitol were ten feet high, and it was General Scott's purpose, if the town were attacked, to contest every point of vantage, making his last stand, if need be, on Capitol Hill.

Government officials, loyal citizens, and visiting strangers joined with hearty earnestness in General Scott's plans. The Treasury employees organized a regiment for its defence, and in its unoccupied spaces drilled from early

morning until nightfall; office-holders and office-seekers joined the Frontier Guards and the Clay Battalion, impromptu organizations commanded by James H. Lane, of Kansas, and Cassius M. Clay, of Kentucky, which were accepted as defenders of the Executive Mansion, while the men "exempted from service by age formed a company called the Silver Grays, and even the soldiers of the War of 1812 offered themselves."

The President during these trying days was the most collected man in his capital, and his calm demeanor lent hope and courage to those about him. "He knew," writes one who was often with him, "that his call for men had already been approved by the loyal nation; that more men than he had called for had been tendered by a single State; that there had been a great uprising of the people; that every hamlet, as well as every city, from Maine to Oregon, was alive with the work of preparation, and that choice regiments from Massachusetts and New York, the advance-guard of the legions to follow, were already within the waters of Maryland." Still, the suspense of isolation, the fear of hourly attack, and the non-arrival of the

expected troops proved a sore strain even to Lincoln's strong fibre, and, pacing the floor of his deserted office, he was heard to exclaim to himself, in anguished tones, "Why don't they come! Why don't they come!"

This question was happily answered at noon of Thursday, April 25, when the whistle of a locomotive broke the silence that brooded over the city, and soon the Seventh New York, travel-stained and dirty but flanked by cheering crowds, was marching from the station to the White House, there to be reviewed by the President. The Seventh New York and the Eighth Massachusetts had reached Philadelphia six days before to find the usual road to Washington blocked by wrecked railroad bridges; but Benjamin F. Butler, colonel of the Eighth, had pushed on by rail to Havre de Grace, and thence by water to Annapolis, while Colonel Lefferts, of the Seventh, placing his men aboard the first steamer he could find, started for the same point by way of the capes of Delaware and of Virginia. The two regiments met on Monday at Annapolis. Massachusetts soldiers repaired the dismantled locomotives found there; cannon and men to serve them were placed on a

platform car in front, and the baggage of the regiments was loaded on other cars in the rear. Then the two commands, with a train thus made up, began their march towards Washington, and, building bridges and laying track as they advanced, on Thursday morning reached Annapolis Junction.

The Eighth was halted there by the rumor that a numerous body of Confederates was in the vicinity, while the Seventh pushed on to Washington. No Confederates appearing, the Eighth, after a wait of some hours, resumed its advance. It found quarters early next morning in the Capitol, and the same day brought the First Rhode Island. Before the end of the week there were seventeen thousand volunteers in Washington. Thenceforward regiments poured in unceasingly, and the safety of the capital was assured.

CHAPTER VIII

CAMPS AND HOSPITALS

THE Civil War changed Washington, almost in a day, from a sleepy Southern town to a city of camps and hospitals. The Secretary of War, on July 1, 1861, was able to report three hundred and ten thousand men at his command, and less than four months later an army of one hundred and fifty-two thousand was encamped in and around the capital. Another year found this host increased to two hundred thousand, while a score of hospitals sheltered twice as many sick and wounded soldiers, and a hundred and fifty forts and batteries, mounting upward of twelve hundred guns, guarded the several approaches to the city.

A newspaper correspondent of the period has put on record a vivid description of the Washington of war times. "Long lines of army wagons and artillery," he writes, "were continually rumbling through the streets; at all hours of the day and night the air was troubled by the

clatter of galloping squads of cavalry, and the clank of sabers and the measured beat of marching infantry were ever present to the ear. The city was under military government, and the wayfarer was liable to be halted anywhere in public buildings, or on the outskirts, by an armed sentry, who curtly asked his business. Now and again, just after some great battle near at hand, the capital afforded a most distressful spectacle. The Washington hospitals were never empty, but at such times they were crowded with the maimed and wounded, streaming back from the fields of slaughter. They arrived in squads of a hundred or more, bandaged and limping, ragged and dishevelled, blackened with smoke and powder, and drooping with weakness. They came groping, hobbling, and faltering, so faint and so longing for rest that one's heart bled at the piteous sight."

The same writer speaks in another place of the inevitable flood of strangers that poured into Washington from the North after any great battle fought in the fields of Virginia. These people came in quest of dead or wounded friends, and added a thousand moving and pathetic, though often unrecorded, incidents to the history of the

great struggle. Andrew G. Curtin, governor of Pennsylvania, was in Washington on a December night in 1862. Returning at a late hour to Willard's Hotel, he was accosted by an aged woman, whose rusty garb and anxious face made it plain that she was very poor and in deep distress. The battle of Fredericksburg had just been fought, and the Union killed and wounded had mounted into the thousands. The woman's only son was a private in a Pennsylvania regiment, and she had not heard from him since the fight. So, with little more than her railway fare, she had come to Washington to search for him. Would not the governor help her to get through the lines to nurse him or to carry his body home? Governor Curtin heard the number of the young man's regiment with a sudden choking at the throat. He had come that day from the field of battle, and knew that it had been cut to pieces. There was moisture in his eyes when he told her that he would see either the President or the Secretary of War in the morning, and get her a pass through the lines.

Then he drew the old lady's arm within his own, escorted her to the street, hailed a cab, helped her into it, and, paying the cabman his

fee, told him to drive his charge to a lodging-house where the governor was well known and had sent many a destitute friend. It was a clear night, and, as the cab rattled away, the thought occurred to the governor that a short walk might induce sleep. He lighted a cigar and strolled down the avenue, but had not gone far when he met Ben Wade and John Sherman homeward bound from the Capitol, where there had been a night session of Congress. The three men halted under a street lamp and entered into conversation. Fredericksburg was the topic, and the governor told, among other things, of the old lady in search of her son. He was thus engaged when a cab halted on the nearest corner. There was a woman inside, and the driver, with oaths, was demanding that she should leave the cab. Intuition told the governor that the woman was his old lady. A few quick strides carried him to the side of the cab and confirmed his suspicion. The cabman had spent his fee for liquor, and now, drunk and bewildered, was seeking to pitch his charge into the street.

"You infernal rascal," roared the governor, "what do you mean? Did I not pay you to take this old lady to a lodging-house?"

Curtin's companions had come up by this time, and Ben Wade, sensing the situation, gave vent to a stream of profanity that would have done credit to a pirate captain. He wanted the cabman whipped, and he wanted to help whip him. But the driver, who also looked the bully, noisily declared that he had never seen the governor before, and would punch his head if he did not promptly go about his business. The war of words was still raging when there appeared on the scene a six-foot soldier, who wore in his cap the tail of a buck,—the latter the emblem of Pennsylvania's fighting brigade, the Bucktails. He was promptly hailed. "Do you know me?" asked the governor. "Yes, sir. You're Andy Curtin," was the reply. "Do you think you can lick that fellow?" and Curtin pointed to the cabman, who was exchanging curses with Ben Wade. "Governor," said the Bucktail, "hold my rifle." Three minutes later it was all over, and the cabman looked as though he had encountered a Kansas cyclone. Then the soldier, at the governor's request, escorted the old lady to the lodging-house. Passes were secured for her next day, and she went to the front to find her boy seriously but not fatally wounded.

"Was that the end of the story?" the writer asked the governor, when he told it a few months before his death.

"There was a little more to it," said he, a smile lighting up his fine old face. "Whenever a man does me a good turn I like to do him one, and I felt under a lively obligation to that soldier. One of the first things I did when I returned home was to have an order issued for him to report forthwith in Harrisburg,—I had taken care to ascertain his name and company,—and when he came I gave him a lieutenant's commission. His after-career proved that I had made no mistake. Bravery on the field speedily brought him promotion, first to the rank of captain, and then to that of major. He fell at Spottsylvania while leading his regiment as its lieutenant-colonel."

There were, at the height of the war, twenty-one hospitals in and about Washington. One of those who took an earnest, systematic interest in the sick and wounded was the wife of the President. Mrs. Lincoln was a regular visitor to the various hospitals, and delighted to collect and distribute luxuries and comforts among the men who suffered by the casualties

of war. Doubtless she found in these voluntary ministrations a far greater measure of pleasure than attended the discharge of her duties as mistress of the White House, for Washington society was then a curious mixture of discordant elements. To many of its members the occupancy of the White House by a "Black Republican" President and his wife was a peculiarly hateful event, and caused both of them to be lampooned in a merciless manner. The ingenuity of malice did for a time seem to discredit the new *régime,* but the fact is now generally admitted that in birth, education, and character Mrs. Lincoln was the peer of any of the women who have presided over the White House. Mary Todd was a member of an old and honored Kentucky family, and had been carefully educated when, at the age of twenty-four, she became the wife of the future President. The union was one of affection, and Mrs. Lincoln, a woman of wit, pride, and sterling sense, remained her husband's most trusted adviser until the end of his days. He had confidence in her judgment and good faith, and Herndon tells us that "her decision always ended the matter with Lincoln." She was well

prepared to assume a leading part when they took up their residence in Washington, and one who speaks with the authority of intimate personal association declares that no queen could have comported herself with more dignity than Mrs. Lincoln at all public functions. That the White House witnessed few festivities during the war, and that a certain class should have stigmatized its mistress without qualification for the high station to which she had been called, were " moral curiosities of a venomous time."

Secretaries Chase and Seward were conspicuous figures in most of the public gatherings of the war period, but the other members of the Cabinet were not much seen in Washington society. This was especially true of Secretary Welles, a mild-visaged man of gentle speech, not readily accessible to visitors, whose venerable appearance and conservative methods afforded excuse for many an amusing tale. One of these stories, put forth by a well-known humorist of the time, told how a dying sailor in one of the Washington hospitals expressed his desire to see his old grandmother before he died, and how the attendant at his bedside, having asked Secretary Welles if he would

personate that relative, was told that the Secretary would do it with pleasure, but he was then busy examining a model of Noah's ark with a view to introducing it into the United States navy. Secretary Welles, it should be added, was most unpopular with writers for the press, though he continued to hold office until the close of Johnson's term.

President Lincoln's Cabinet, however, did not long retain its original form. Edwin M. Stanton at the end of nine months replaced Simon Cameron, who had proved a hopelessly incompetent Secretary of War; early in 1863 Caleb B. Smith, of Indiana, was succeeded as head of the Interior Department by John P. Usher, of the same State; later in the year Attorney-General Bates gave way to James Speed, of Kentucky, an old and tried friend of the President, and in 1864 Postmaster-General Blair resigned, William Dennison, of Ohio, being appointed to the vacant post. Usher, Speed, and Dennison were all men of ability, and gave to the Cabinet a unity of effort that hitherto had been lacking, but none of them won or holds so large a place in history as their colleague, Stanton.

The latter's appointment gave striking proof of the wisdom and magnanimity which governed all of President Lincoln's public acts. Stanton was a man of masterful quality, and he had shown his resolute patriotism while a member of Buchanan's Cabinet, but in other days he had subjected Lincoln to insult, and he had been the latter's most scornful critic since his election. The President, however, knew him to be of iron will and heroic mould, and the times demanded a man of this sort at the head of the War Department. Stanton's appointment, in which Lincoln cheerfully sank all personal considerations, proved one of the decisive events of the war. The new Secretary, who to wonderful talent for administration added the rare gift of bending strong men to his aims, was controlled only by one purpose, and that was the utter overthrow of the rebellion. He had no other, as a hundred anecdotes bear witness. The Legislature of Indiana adjourned in 1862 without making appropriations to carry on the government. Governor Morton went to Stanton for advice, and the Secretary at once drew a warrant on the Treasury for a quarter of a million, payable to Mor-

ton's order. "If the cause fails," said the governor, "you and I will be covered with prosecutions, imprisoned, driven from the country." "If the cause fails," was Stanton's response, "I do not care to live."

The spirit revealed in these words governed his every act. He had no patience with the laggard or the dishonest man, and he wasted no time in tying or untying red tape. The grasp of his nervous hand on the lever was felt in every part of the vast war machine; he mastered not only the many-sided affairs of his department, but the details of military movements and strategy, and he knew how to choose the most efficient agent for the particular task in hand. A prominent Senator one day made his way into Stanton's presence, hot with anger against the quartermaster-general.

"Mr. Secretary," said he, "I wonder how a lawyer, as you are, can keep that man Meigs where he is. Why, he pays no regard to either law or justice! He is a disgrace to the army."

"Now, don't you say a word against Meigs," was the quiet reply. "He is the most useful man I have about me. True, he isn't a lawyer,

and therefore he does many things that I wouldn't dare do."

"Then why in the name of heaven do you let him do them?" demanded the Senator.

"Somebody has to do them," was the answer, and the end also of the interview.

The human unit had small place in Stanton's plans. Men had suffered and died; more must do the same. The business in hand was to rain blows, to the last fibre of power, upon the armed foe. Yet he had always a willing and patient ear for the sick or wounded soldier, the plainly dressed woman, the aged of either sex; and he gave proof, on occasion, that beneath his grim and often forbidding exterior beat the tenderest of hearts. A wounded drummer-boy, sent from the front to a Washington hospital, was finally discharged for disability, but without the "descriptive papers" which would entitle him to his pay and transportation home. He called daily for weeks at the medical head-quarters, only to be informed that the papers had not come, and that nothing could be done for him without them. A kindly citizen, to whom he told his story, advised him to apply personally to the Secretary of War.

ragged and shoeless lad accordingly presented himself one morning at Stanton's house and rang the door-bell. The servant who answered refused either to admit him or to take a message to the Secretary, and the two were still engaged in an excited colloquy when Stanton came out of the house with a friend, on his way to the carriage that was to take him to the War Department. He stopped, heard the boy's story, and, turning to his companion, said,—

"Look at this poor child. He has been in this condition for weeks. He has no money, no clothing; his health is broken down; he has been discharged from the service, and some mother in her distant home is now waiting for him. He says he can't get his pay, that he can't get transportation, and that he can't get away from this city. I will see why he cannot."

The Secretary's first impulse, noticing that the boy was shivering with cold, was to send him into the house by the fire, but fearing that he would be forgotten in the press of the day's business, he bade him follow the carriage to the War Office, at the same time ordering the coachman to drive more slowly than usual. Secretary and drummer-boy arrived at the entrance

to the War Department at the same moment. Stanton, beckoning the child to follow him, entered the door of the first room that he came to, seated himself at a vacant desk, seized a pen, and wrote a peremptory order to have the drummer-boy's account ascertained from the best data at command, and then paid. This done, he rose from his seat, shook the little fellow's hand, and said,—

"Give my regards, my boy, to your mother and to all good mothers in her neighborhood who have their sons at the front. God bless you! Good-by!"

President Lincoln, coincident with his first call for volunteers, summoned Congress to convene in special session. When that body met on July 4, 1861, Stephen A. Douglas had been nearly a month in his grave. The last days of the great Democratic leader were the noblest of his entire career. He had, perhaps, done more than any other to hasten the conflict between the sections, but when it came he promptly arrayed himself on the side of the Union. "There can now," he declared, "be only patriots and traitors," and so saying, he placed himself beside his old antagonist, Lincoln, in defence of the

government. His health, however, was broken past mending, and on June 3, 1861, he died in Chicago. His two sons were absent from his bedside when the end came, and his wife, leaning over her husband, asked if he had any word for them. Bracing himself for a final effort, he whispered, "Tell them to support the Constitution and obey the laws of their country." These were his last words. No political leader of his generation left behind him more devoted friends, and, had length of days been given him, he would have held a foremost place among the men who saved the Union.

Douglas's seat in the Senate was taken by Orville H. Browning, and other changes or additions brought to that body during the war period Lot M. Morrill, of Maine, William E. Sprague, of Rhode Island, Ira Harris and Edwin D. Morgan, of New York, Edgar Cowan and Charles R. Buckalew, of Pennsylvania, John Sherman, of Ohio, Henry S. Lane and Thomas A. Hendricks, of Indiana, James M. Howard, of Michigan, Garrett Davis, of Kentucky, John B. Henderson and B. Gratz Brown, of Missouri, Timothy O. Howe, of Wisconsin, Alexander Ramsey, of Minnesota, William M. Stewart, of

Nevada, and Milton S. Latham, of California. Four of the members of this group survive, but only one is now in public life. This is Stewart, of Nevada, who still serves his State in the Senate, a living link between the past and the present.

Stewart's colleague during his first years in the Senate was James W. Nye, a whilom New York politician whose gifts as a campaign orator had made him governor of Nevada before its admission to Statehood. Nye was a Falstaff among legislators, overfond of late hours and the bottle, but his humor was seasoned with shrewd common sense, and his power for homely and telling illustration never failed him. Sumner once addressed the Senate in support of a bill to admit the Chinese to citizenship, and his carefully prepared speech made a deep impression on his fellows. Nye followed him. "My good mother," said the latter, "was a frugal housewife, and excelled in the making of doughnuts. There is something wrong about the boy who doesn't like doughnuts. I often watched my mother when she made the dough, and kneaded and shortened it until it was in fit condition. The result of my observation was that

she always took a small piece of the dough and fried it in the fat before she risked the whole batch. She tried it first, and awaited results. Now, I know the Chinese at first-hand. They have nothing in common with us. They save their earnings, and then return, pigtail and all, to the Flowery Kingdom. You cannot make a citizen of a man who will not sacrifice his pigtail. I have listened with interest to the eloquent speech of my friend from Massachusetts, but I suggest to him that it is far better and safer to follow my good mother's example, and fry a little piece of this suffrage dough before we risk the whole Chinese batch." Nye's two-minute speech demolished the labored argument of Sumner, who could neither retort nor explain, and the bill failed of passage. All of Nye's speeches were full of droll illustrations like the doughnut simile; his wit was caustic yet delightful, and word that he was to speak always drew a crowd to the Senate gallery. His brilliant intellect was obscured, however, and he died utterly unconscious of who he was or what his victories had been.

Two other war-time Senators also abundantly endowed with humor were James W. Nesmith,

of Oregon, and James A. McDougall, of California. Nesmith's wit was of the dryest sort, and he possessed, like Lincoln, a fund of anecdote, which he had probably concocted in his own mind, as nobody had heard one of them until he told it. While standing one day in a group of Senators and Representatives who were questioning him about his adventurous life,—he had been taken to Oregon when a child in arms, and had lived much in the wilderness,—Senator Wilson, of Massachusetts, said to him,—

"I understand, Mr. Nesmith, that you had never seen a railroad until you came East, and that everything of that sort in the way of modern improvements was entirely new to you. Now, I am curious to know what struck you as being the most wonderful thing that met your observation on this side of the continent."

"Well," said Nesmith, putting on a quizzical expression, "I think that after the sensation of being here myself, what most excited my wonder was how so many other fools got here."

Nesmith was of the type of primitive border men who have now passed away, and he had the courage to write in the biographical notice which he contributed to the "Congressional

Directory," " I received no education." His language, however, was never uncouth or his choice of words grotesque, and he proved a diligent and capable Senator. On the last day of his single term in the Senate, without bidding farewell to any one, he walked from the Capitol to the railroad-station, carrying in his hand a plain carpet-bag that contained all his personal belongings. Six years later he reappeared in Washington as a member of the House. He served his term and then went back to his farm in Oregon, never to return to the capital. Nesmith's last days, like those of Nye, were passed in mental darkness.

McDougall was a native of New York, but had been a follower of Douglas in Illinois, from which State he was twice a Representative in Congress before his removal to California. A ripe scholar, especially learned in the classics, he was one of the most entertaining of speakers, and whenever he addressed the Senate commanded close attention. McDougall's weakness was the bottle, and, though he was wont to declare that he " never got drunk above his hat-band," his bearing often belied his words. But, in liquor or out of it, his wit was ever

uppermost, and he never missed an opportunity to coin a jest. When he left Washington at the close of his term a number of friends kept him company to the railroad-station. Bidding good-by to his clerk, he added, mournfully,—

"I am going back to Albany, where I was born, to die."

"But if you are sick, Senator," said the clerk, "why not remain here among your friends?"

"No, my son," was the reply, "I have reasoned it all out, and Albany is the choice." Then, pausing for a moment to note the glance of inquiry for the reason, he added, "Because I feel in my heart that I can leave Albany with less regret than any place I ever saw."

Galusha A. Grow was Speaker of the first and Schuyler Colfax of the second war Congress. There were future Senators, Cabinet officials, and aspirants for the Presidency among the Representatives who found seats in the House during this period. These included George S. Boutwell, of Massachusetts, Thomas A. Jenckes, of Rhode Island, author of the first civil service act; James E. English, of Connecticut, Theodore M. Pomeroy and William A. Wheeler, of New York, William D. Kelley and

Glenni W. Scofield, of Pennsylvania, Samuel Shellabarger and James M. Ashley, of Ohio, William S. Holman and Goodlove S. Orth, of Indiana, Daniel W. Voorhees, of the same State, whose career both in House and Senate proved his eloquence and his rugged partisanship; William R. Morrison and Isaac N. Arnold, of Illinois, the latter Lincoln's trusted friend and biographer; James F. Wilson and John A. Kasson, of Iowa, William B. Allison, of the same State, now in length of service the oldest member of the Senate; William D. Washburn and Ignatius Donnelly, of Minnesota, and William Windom, of the same State, who afterwards was to serve a dozen years in the Senate and as Secretary of the Treasury under two Presidents.

Four other Representatives who came first into prominence during the war period demand detailed mention,—Roscoe Conkling, of New York, James G. Blaine, of Maine, James A. Garfield, of Ohio, and Samuel J. Randall, of Pennsylvania. Conkling sat eight years in the House and was then promoted to the Senate, of which he remained a member until his voluntary retirement from public life. No abiding piece of legislation is identified with his name,

and his final place in our history promises to be that of a resolute, imperious man, intense in his resentments and chivalric in his friendships, a partisan chief who was never so much at home as when in the thick of the fray. He was without creative genius, but he was an irresistible champion, and in the ability to vigorously set forth the ideals of his own party or to riddle with invective and sarcasm those of his adversaries he was without an equal in his time. He was master of what Cicero called the apt, classic, and ornate style of oratory, and his brilliant, melodramatic career was mainly due to his use of it, a use which made him supreme in his ability to enforce his immediate purpose. Had some of his traits of character been as skilfully adjusted to his ambition as was his gift of speech his political end would not have been in sorrow.

Conkling was never popular with the masses. Blaine, on the other hand, early gained and maintained until the end a hold upon the affections of the people surpassing that enjoyed by any other American statesman save Henry Clay. He was not the author during his eighteen years in Congress of any great or important measure,

but he was the able opponent or defender of many; and at the same time he proved himself master of all the arts of the consummate politician and a born leader of his fellows. He was, Colonel McClure tells us, "the most magnetic man I have ever met." Personal qualities of this sort, combined with the equipment of a great popular orator, early brought Blaine into prominence, and made him for the better part of twenty years the most potential figure in his party. The animosities which attend upon long-continued leadership cost him the Presidency, for which he was a candidate in four national conventions, but never the foremost place accorded him by the rank and file of his party, and the memory of him that endures is that of one of the ablest, bravest, and most ardently beloved of our public men.

Garfield, like Conkling, owed his political triumphs to his gifts as an orator, and to a persevering industry which made him familiar with all the varied processes of legislation. He entered the House in 1863, and he served there until nominated and elected President. His contributions to its debates, in the years intervening between these events, excelled in volume

and effectiveness those of any other member. Indeed, a collection of his speeches would furnish a complete epitome of the history of the stirring era of which he was a part. Those who heard him speak, either in Congress or on the stump, retain a vivid recollection of his oratory. A master of clear, condensed statement, " he gathered up at the climax of a speech," writes an old associate, " all the forces of statement and logic he had been marshalling, and hurled them upon his listeners with tremendous force," while " his gestures became so energetic and forcible that he seemed, at times, to be beating down opposition with sledge-hammer blows, throwing his arguments forward like shot from a cannon."

Randall entered the House on the same day as Garfield, and he remained continuously a member until his death,—a period of twenty-seven years. Growing steadily into prominence, he was thrice called to the Speakership, and thereafter was for a decade the most powerful individual member on the floor. A man of few words, he was seldom heard in debate, though, on occasion, he could prove himself a skilled disputant. The source of his influence lay in his integrity, his quiet industry, his close

attention to public duties, and the knowledge of parliamentary practice, which the last-named quality combined with long service gave him. He was, besides, a man of unbending will, and nothing could swerve him from his convictions. Randall was greatest when leading a forlorn hope, and his fight against the Force bill of 1875, when for two days and nights he never left his post, remains one of the abiding traditions of Congress. He again proved his majestic courage by his course as Speaker during the excitement incident to the disputed Presidential election of 1876, when, by a quiet exercise of moral power such as has been seldom witnessed, he compelled his party followers in the House to abide by their own action, and peacefully acquiesce in the decision of the Electoral Commission. The resolute foresight which he then displayed, had he performed no other public service, would alone entitle him to the lasting gratitude of his countrymen.

Randall, Garfield, and the rest, in 1861, had their legislative spurs yet to win. The majority's undisputed leader on the floor of the House, from the opening of the war until his death in 1868, was Thaddeus Stevens, of Pennsylvania.

This uncommon man, though without graces of person, social standing, or moral character, by sheer force of intellectual power for seven years ruled the House with a rod of iron. His energy was fierce, his scorn withering, and he had no patience with men who wasted oil on troubled waters. Yet there was no malice in his nature, and his grim humor often made even those towards whom it was directed laugh. He threw off good things without apparent effort, and could dispose of a long speech in a single remark. When a member once abandoned him, on a railway committee, he rose and said,—

"While this House has slept the enemy has sown tares among our wheat. The corporations of this country, animated by the genius of evil, and perhaps by the power of argument alone, have stolen away from the majority of my committee the member from Connecticut. The enemy are now in a majority of one. I move to increase the number of that committee to twelve."

The motion was granted, and Stevens retained control of his committee, nor did the member who had yielded to "the power of argument" appear in his seat for a week thereafter. A

Southern member, on another occasion, delivered a long speech defending Chief Justice Taney and upholding the Dred Scott decision. "Yes," answered Stevens, "that decision damned Chief Justice Taney to everlasting fame and I fear to everlasting fire." Stevens hated slavery and believed in human equality. When he died, his body was buried, at his command, in a cemetery where black as well as white were admitted.

A colossal task confronted Congress when it convened in special session on July 4, 1861. It did its work with thoroughness and despatch. All that the President and his Cabinet asked for was granted, and in the thirty-three days which the session lasted there were enacted many of the most important measures ever framed by Congress. The work thus begun was continued at the regular sessions that followed, and to the Thirty-seventh Congress belongs the credit for such vital measures as the Morrill tariff, the national banking system, the Homestead bill, and the legislation which made possible the first railway across the continent.

Another and no less significant bill, passed on April 16, 1862, abolished slavery in the Dis-

trict of Columbia. Owners were compensated for the slaves set free, and there was thus disbursed a little more than nine hundred thousand dollars. Three thousand slaves, in all, were liberated, the vanguard, as it proved, of emancipated millions, for before the year's end came President Lincoln's proclamation declaring that the slaves in all States found in rebellion against the government on January 1, 1863, should be forever free.

CHAPTER IX

LINCOLN IN THE WHITE HOUSE

PRESIDENT LINCOLN has been described by a whilom member of his official family as "a methodical man of irregular habits," a characterization which may have been prompted by knowledge of his daily life during his four years in the White House. It was without order or system, for he was seldom, if ever, free from interruption, and his desire that all who wished to see him should be allowed to do so made him the first to break down the barriers which others reared about him. Yet in one way or another each new task got itself performed, and, with wisdom and patience, the work was done that has given his name to the ages.

The President was an early riser, his sleep being light and capricious. He was often at his desk at six o'clock in the morning, and during his first days in the White House he found delight in sunrise visits to the camps and hospitals in and around the city. He was

generally unattended in these rambles, probably from choice, as he was thus enabled to mingle freely with the soldiers, and to make himself familiar with their needs and condition. Now and again, in these first days, he would find time for an unannounced visit to one of the departments in the discharge of some helpful task which he did not elect to intrust to others. It was an errand of this sort which, one hot afternoon in the early summer of 1861, caused his unexpected appearance at the head-quarters of General Scott. He looked the picture of weariness and disgust, and, without waiting for the general to welcome him, sank heavily into the first chair to which he came.

"Keep your seat, general," said the President, as with a huge bandanna he wiped the dust and moisture from his face. "It is too hot to stand on ceremony. I have only dropped in to tell you that I have learned something new to-day."

"What is that, Mr. President?" asked General Scott, a look of surprise still lingering in his face.

"That it is a great thing to be an office-holder," Mr. Lincoln went on. "Since nine o'clock this morning I have been trying my best

to get an audience with some clerk in the pension office, but without success. I have been up-stairs and down-stairs, from the ground-floor to the attic, half a dozen times, and I am completely fagged out."

"Pardon me, Mr. President," General Scott broke in, "but it is rather an uncommon thing for the President of the United States to become a solicitor of pensions. When you have any business of that kind demanding attention send it to me, and my secretary here will be glad to attend to it without delay."

The secretary in question was Colonel (afterwards Major-General) Schuyler Hamilton, and it is he who tells the story.

"I am sure the claim is a just one," the President continued, unmindful of the general's interruption, "for I have gone over the papers in the case with care." Here he drew a bulky package from one of his pockets. "The applicant is the widow of a corporal who was killed by the Indians. She should have had her money long ago, but nobody seems to have taken any interest in the case. She has been haunting the White House almost daily for weeks. I am resolved to wind the matter up one way

WASHINGTON AND ITS VICINITY IN 1862

or another to-day. I have promised the poor woman an answer at four o'clock, and she is waiting for me over at the White House. How long do you think it would take you, colonel," addressing Hamilton, " to get this case through the pension office?"

" It should be done in half an hour," replied Hamilton, as he glanced over the papers to see if they were in proper form.

" Go ahead, my son," said the President, " and I will wait for you here."

Five minutes later Hamilton was addressing the Commissioner of Pensions.

" Did you see a tall, dark-complexioned man here to-day?" he asked. " He wore a linen duster and a slouch hat, and was interested in the pension of a woman whose husband was killed in the Seminole War."

" Oh, yes, I remember the man," was the reply. " He said he was a lawyer from somewhere out West."

" Well," said Hamilton, " you have got yourself in a pretty fix. That man is President Lincoln, and I have just promised him I would bring him an answer from you inside of half an hour."

This brief announcement wrought an instant change in the pension office. Bells were rung and heads of divisions sent for, while clerks and messengers ran here and there at the seeming peril of life and limb. Before the expiration of the promised half-hour Hamilton placed the final papers, duly signed and executed, in the hands of the President. He looked them over carefully to make sure that they were right, and then, with a quizzical smile, asked,—

"Can you tell me, colonel, how it is that I was so long and failed, and you were so short and succeeded?"

"To speak frankly, Mr. President," said Hamilton, "I promptly informed the commissioner that it was the President who championed this poor woman's cause. You could not do that, and they did not know you at the pension office, sir."

The President laughed, put the papers in his pocket, and asked Hamilton to keep him company in the walk back to the White House. An old Irishwoman was waiting for him in the portico. He went up to her, and, handing her the papers, said,—

"Here you are, my good woman. Your

pension is all right, and all you need to do now is to go to-morrow morning at nine o'clock and get your money. But from my own experience to-day, I would advise you not to go before ten o'clock. If you do you won't find the officials there." The poor creature caught the President's hand and covered it with kisses, at the same time showering a thousand blessings on her benefactor's head. "Don't thank me," he answered, gently freeing himself from her grasp. "This young man here is the one who did the business for you, and who deserves all the thanks."

Incidents of this sort belonged to Mr. Lincoln's first days in the Presidency. His waking hours, after the midsummer of 1861, were nearly all passed in his office. Then, as now, the west end of the second floor of the White House was used for residence, and the east end for business purposes. The President's office was a large room on the south side, which commanded a fair view of the Potomac. "The furniture of this room," writes Isaac N. Arnold, "consisted of a large oak table covered with cloth, extending north and south, and it was around this table that the Cabinet sat when it held its

meetings. Near the end of the table and between the windows was another table, on the west side of which the President sat, in a large arm-chair, and at this table he wrote. A tall desk, with pigeon-holes for papers, stood against the south wall. The only books usually found in this room were the Bible, the United States Statutes, and a copy of Shakespeare. There were a few chairs and two plain hair-covered sofas. There were two or three map-frames, from which hung military maps, on which the positions and movements of the armies were traced. There was an old and discolored engraving of General Jackson on the mantel and a later photograph of John Bright. Doors opened into this room from the room of the secretary and from the outside hall, running east and west across the house. A bell-cord within reach of his hand extended to the secretary's office. A messenger sat at the door opening from the hall, and took in the cards and names of visitors."

These included all sorts and conditions of men, and women too,—the place-hunters, whose numbers diminished as the offices were filled; politicians in Congress and out; seekers after

army contracts and commissions; officers anxious for promotion or desirable assignments; private soldiers moved by childlike faith in the President's willing ability to grant the favors refused them elsewhere; parents, wives, and sweethearts asking help or mercy for loved ones sick, wounded, or in trouble; and still another class, equally earnest and importunate, made up of those who had perfected devices for making war more deadly which they were eager to sell to the government. The man with a new weapon of any sort, refused an audience by others in authority, was sure to find a patient and interested listener in Mr. Lincoln, who had a quick comprehension of mechanical principles, and who, more often than not, would personally test his gun. The inventor, with his active if not always well-balanced brain, was a source rather of amusement than annoyance to the President, who was wont to quote, with peals of laughter, the solemn dictum of one rural visitor that "a gun ought not to rekyle; if it rekyled at all, it ought to rekyle a little forrid." Practical results issued, now and then, from the time devoted by Mr. Lincoln to the testing of new weapons. One was the adoption of the

mitrailleuse, and another, the equipment with breech-loaders of the famous regiment of sharp-shooters commanded by Colonel Hiram Berdan.

Delegations without number sought audience with the President. Many, in the early days of the war, came to urge, and frequently to demand, the immediate emancipation of the slaves. Thence arose more than one embarrassing situation, from which Mr. Lincoln was extricated only by quick wit or by the recital of some amusing story which was also an apt illustration of the subject under discussion. A case in point was his answer to the Chicago ministers who called on him, in September, 1862, to demand of him a proclamation of emancipation. He heard them through, and then asked,—

"Now, gentlemen, if I cannot enforce the Constitution in the South, how am I to enforce a mere Presidential proclamation? Won't the world sneer at it as being as powerless as the Pope's bull against the comet?"

The ministers could not answer this question, but one of them said,—

"Mr. President, what we bring you is a

message to you from our Divine Master, commanding you, sir, to open the doors of bondage that the slave may go free."

"That may be, sir," was the instant reply, "for I have studied this question, by night and by day, for weeks and for months; but if it is, as you say, a message from your Divine Master, is it not odd that He should send it by way of Chicago?"

The ministers went away sorrowful, believing, in the face of this rejoinder, that the slave had little to hope for from Mr. Lincoln. Yet he had resolved months before on what they pleaded for, and the proclamation was issued within a fortnight. A knotty query and a jest were his means of concealing his purpose until the time came to make it known.

Those seeking aid for themselves or for others made early discovery of Mr. Lincoln's kindness of heart, and of the fact that his sympathy went out spontaneously to all in distress. The best-remembered appeals to his clemency were made in behalf of soldiers under sentence of death for desertion, and books and newspapers, and living men as well, teem with anecdotes of offenders who owed their lives to his inter-

position. "Must I shoot a simple-minded soldier who deserts," he wrote on one occasion, "while I must not touch a hair of the wily agitator who induces him to desert?" It was almost impossible during his first months in office to secure his consent to an execution for desertion, and until the last he recoiled from taking the life of the very young soldier charged with this offence. "I wish to grant a pardon in this case," he endorsed on a set of papers now filed in the War Department, "and will be obliged to the judge-advocate of the army if he will inform me as to the way in which it is to be done." No evident reason existing for a pardon, he frequently found one in the prisoner's youth. "His mother says he is but seventeen," was his excuse for suspending sentence in another case, and later he granted the lad a full pardon "on account of his tender age." The whereabouts of a condemned man being unknown, the President, in still another case, telegraphed to four different commanders, ordering a suspension of sentence.

Old friends and associates were, in more than one instance, numbered among those in whose behalf appeals were made to Mr. Lincoln. Late

Lincoln in the White House

on a December afternoon in 1863 a page brought to Daniel W. Voorhees at his seat in the House the card of one of his constituents, Bullitt by name. Going to the door he was greeted by Bullitt and his wife. The couple bore the marks of travel and appeared to be in deep distress. The husband hastened to disclose the reason for their presence at the Capitol. The wife's father was Henry F. Luckett, an aged Methodist minister, who at different times had held charges in most of the States of the Middle West. His small savings were so invested that the opening of the war swept them away. The old man's losses weighed heavily upon him, and his family, hoping that he would benefit by a change of scene, finally induced him to visit a niece who lived in Memphis. There his loud lamentations over his losses attracted the attention of government detectives, anxious for advancement and not over-scrupulous as to how they secured it. These officials, discovering that the old man's sympathies were with the South, told him that the Confederate forces had great need for quinine and percussion-caps; that it was an easy matter to trade through the lines,—Memphis was then in federal possession; and if he would

undertake to supply these wants he could speedily and safely repair his fortunes. The minister fell into the trap, was arrested with the contraband articles in his possession, tried by a military court, and condemned to death.

"He is to be shot the day after to-morrow," said Mr. Bullitt. "Can you help us to save him?"

Mr. Voorhees, deeply moved, but knowing that an appeal to Stanton would be without avail, resolved upon the instant to carry the matter to Mr. Lincoln. Before the day was ended he sought Senators Lane and Hendricks, of his own State, and William R. Morrison, of Illinois, and secured promises of their aid in the minister's behalf. The four drove next morning to the White House, accompanied by the Bullitts, and were soon in the presence of the President. Senator Hendricks, acting as spokesman, introduced Mrs. Bullitt as the daughter of the Rev. Henry F. Luckett, who had once preached in Springfield.

"A daughter of Elder Luckett?" answered the President. "Yes, I remember him well. A farmer came to my office one day and, taking me for Elder Luckett, said, 'You must come

out and preach again next Sunday. Your last sermon did great good, and was thought the best we ever heard.' I rather liked being mistaken for a Methodist preacher and did not break the delusion. There was some resemblance between us; he was tall and dark like I am, and I often have been mistaken for him on the street."

"We bring you terrible news from that man to-day," said Senator Hendricks. "He is to be shot."

"To be shot?" asked the President, while a look of anxious surprise stole into his rugged face.

"Yes," was the reply. "His daughter brings you a statement of the case."

Mr. Voorhees had written out a brief record of the facts, and this, with a few affidavits from people who knew the condemned man and were familiar with his condition, were now handed to the President, who, settling back in his chair, proceeded to read the papers aloud, but to himself. For a time he seemed lost to his surroundings. Then he looked up, and his eyes rested for a moment on the white-faced woman before him. Soon he spoke:

"There must be something wrong with your father, or he would not be in this trouble. He shall not be shot. I do not know what more I can do for him, but his life is safe. I will telegraph General Hurlbut," and he proceeded to write a message ordering a suspension of sentence, and that a transcript of the record be sent to him. "I reckon that will do," he added, after he had read it aloud. A secretary appeared in response to a bell. "Take this message," said the President, "and send it quickly. Remain at the office until it gets through. See that it is answered and that I am informed."

Thus was this duty made obligatory upon the secretary, and the executive mind was at rest. But not that of the anxious daughter, who voiced the fear that some mistake might intervene to thwart the President's command. "My child," said Lincoln, with a low laugh, "if your father lives to see that sentence executed, Methusaleh will be an infant compared with him." Instead, he was soon restored to his family and friends, and lived until far past the age of eighty.

Humor and pathos were often blended in the President's exercise of the pardoning power. Lieutenant-Governor Thomas Ford, of Ohio,

going to the White House on an autumn evening in 1862 to keep an appointment with Mr. Lincoln, was accosted in the vestibule by a young woman, whose drawn face and swollen eyes bore witness to the fact that she was in sore trouble. Ford halted to listen to her story. It had to do with an orphaned brother and sister, who had come from Germany and settled in one of the Western States. The brother, when the war came, had entered the army, but, falling among evil associates, had been induced to desert, with the melancholy sequel,—capture, trial, and sentence to death. The sister, who was in domestic service, had borrowed the money for the journey, and hastened to Washington to lay the case before the President. She had vainly sought for two days to secure an audience with him, and finally had been ordered away by the servants.

"Come with me," said Ford, when she had finished, "and I will see what can be done." So saying, he led her up-stairs and into the presence of Mr. Lincoln. "Mr. President," said he, after greetings had been exchanged, "my business must wait until you have heard what this young woman has just told me."

Mr. Lincoln, seating himself at his desk, listened in silence to the girl's story, and then carefully examined the petition for a pardon, which she handed him, and which bore the signatures of a few persons who had formerly known her brother. This done, he studied her tear-stained face and the threadbare garb which spoke her poverty.

" My child," said he, kindly, " you have come here with no one to plead your cause. I believe you to be honest and truthful, and"—this with emphasis—" you don't wear hoops. I will spare your brother."

Mr. Lincoln's last official act was to pardon a man under sentence of death, charged with being a Confederate spy. Before the war Allmon and George Vaughan were residents of Canton, Missouri. Allmon entered the Union army. His brother espoused the cause of the Confederacy, and in due time became a member of the staff of General Mark E. Green, an old friend and neighbor. George Vaughan, after the battle of Shiloh, undertook a secret visit to his home at Canton. He wished to see his own family and to carry messages to the wife of General Green. He passed undiscovered

through the Union lines, spent some days in Canton, and was returning to his command, when he was captured and jailed at Palmyra, Missouri, being soon transferred to St. Louis. There he was tried by court-martial, and, though he stoutly denied that he had entered the Union lines for other than the purposes already named, sentenced to be shot as a spy. Allmon Vaughan, who had become a captain in the Union army, appealed to Senator John B. Henderson to save his brother. Henderson laid the case before Stanton, who, after due investigation, decided that George Vaughan was guilty and that there could be no change in the sentence that had been passed upon him. Then Henderson appealed to Mr. Lincoln, at whose instance an order was issued for a new trial. This resulted in a second verdict of guilty. Again appeal was made to the President, who ordered still another trial, but a third time a court-martial pronounced against the accused man's innocence. Henderson, however, continued the fight for his life. It was the spring of 1865, and, in urging the President to exercise clemency, the Senator insisted that, the war being practically over, Vaughan's pardon would be in the

interest of peace and conciliation. "See Stanton, and tell him that this man must be released," said Mr. Lincoln. "I have been to Stanton, and he will do nothing," protested Henderson. "See him again," was the reply, "and if he will do nothing come back to me." Stanton would do nothing, and early in the evening of April 14 Henderson again sought the President, whom he found dressed for the theatre. Mr. Lincoln shook his head when the Senator reported the outcome of his interview with Stanton. Then, without a word, he seated himself at his desk, wrote a few lines on a sheet of paper, and handed it to Henderson. It was an order for Vaughan's unconditional release and pardon, and it was the last official act of the President's life.

Mr. Lincoln's kindness of heart frequently caused him to be imposed upon, but in most cases he submitted to imposition with silent knowledge of the fact. He could be firm as a rock, however, when he thought that justice should be vindicated, and he often handled doubtful cases with the crafty wariness of a criminal lawyer. Moreover, he rarely failed to flame into righteous anger whenever insult was

offered to his person or his office. A gambler who assumed for the occasion the rôle of a minister of the gospel was civilly received by the keen-eyed President when he called upon him, but attempting to practise the fraud a second time he met with a reception little to his liking. "He went into the President's room," writes Stoddard, "and he came out; and when he came through the door there was a strange vision of a large foot just behind him, suggesting to any naval constructor the idea of a propeller. The gambler did not, for the twinkling of an eye, succeed in deceiving Mr. Lincoln as to his real character. He was received from the first as a rogue, a wolf in sheep's clothing, but his criminal audacity went beyond the limits of patient endurance—and so he was also sent beyond the limits."

Another caller at the White House during Mr. Lincoln's early days in office was an army officer who had been dismissed from the service. The President listened patiently to the elaborate defence he had prepared, and said that even upon his own statement of the case there was no warrant for executive interference. The man withdrew, only, a few days later, to seek a

second interview, but without accomplishing his purpose. A third time he forced himself into the presence of the President, who again listened to a statement of his case, and at its conclusion again declared he could do nothing for him.

"Well," said the officer, as he turned to depart, "I see you are fully determined not to do me justice."

The President at these words arose from his desk, and seizing his caller by the coat-collar, marched him to the door, saying, as he ejected him into the passage, "Sir, I give you fair warning never to show yourself in this room again. I can bear censure, but not insult." The man, in a whining tone, begged for his papers, which he had dropped. "Begone, sir," said the President, "your papers will be sent to you. I never wish to see your face again."

It was Mr. Lincoln's rule to receive callers, save on days when the Cabinet met, from nine until two o'clock. It was a rule, however, more honored in the breach than in the observance. Visitors found their way into his presence from early morning until late at night, and even his sleeping hours were not wholly free from their importunities. Late in the day, when the

weather and his duties permitted, he drove out for an hour's airing. Almost invariably some camp or hospital was the objective-point of the day's ride. He was from the first the personal friend of every soldier he sent to the front, and from the first also every soldier seemed to divine, as if by intuition, that he had Mr. Lincoln's heart. Stories of how the President interfered personally to secure some right or favor for the man afoot, with a gun on his shoulder, steadily found their way to the army, and, as the war went on and battle followed battle, the wounded veteran hobbling alone into the White House became a sight too familiar to cause remark. None came away without cheer or help of some kind, and in all parts of the country little cards are treasured by private soldiers, each of which bears witness to some kindly act performed or requested by the President. Here is one of them:

"SECRETARY OF WAR,—Please see this Pittsburg boy. He is very young, and I shall be satisfied with whatever you do with him.

"A. LINCOLN.

"August 21, 1863."

The original of this note is in possession of William B. Post, now a citizen of Washington, Pennsylvania. Post enlisted when less than sixteen years of age, was stricken with fever shortly after entering the service, and sent to a hospital in Washington. When able to leave his bed he requested his captain to allow him to return home, promising that so soon as he recovered he would gladly take up his musket and go to the front. The captain, however, turned a deaf ear to his entreaties, and as a last resort Post sought an audience with the President.

"My boy," said Mr. Lincoln, as the lad concluded his story, "if you want to go home to your mother you shall. You were too young to go into the war, and the man who permitted you to enlist should be dismissed from the service. I admire your courage and patriotism, but your place is at home with your mother."

The President then wrote the note quoted above, handed it to Post, and, telling him that would put him through his troubles, dismissed him with a "God bless you!" Secretary Stanton gave him a furlough and transportation home. When he regained his health and

strength he returned to the army, and fought with his regiment until the close of the war.

Save for an occasional visit to the theatre there was little recreation in Mr. Lincoln's life in the White House. He dined at six o'clock, and spent most of his evenings in his office, where, writes John Hay, "he was not often suffered to be alone. He frequently passed the evening there with a few friends in frank and free conversation. If the company, was all of one sort he was at his best; his wit and rich humor had free play; he was once more the Lincoln of the Eighth Circuit, the cheeriest of talkers, the riskiest of story-tellers; but if a stranger came in he put on in an instant his whole armor of dignity and reserve. Where only one or two were present he was fond of reading aloud. He passed many of his summer evenings in this way when occupying his cottage at the Soldiers' Home. He would there read for hours with a single secretary for audience."

Herndon, his old law partner, somewhere declares that Mr. Lincoln read less and thought more than any man of his sphere in America. A few books, however, he read and reread with

loving care. The Bible and Shakespeare were scarcely ever out of his mind; he was fond of Burns and Hood, and he found delight in the verses of Bryant, Whittier, and Holmes, whose "The Last Leaf" he knew by heart, and used often to repeat with deep feeling. Many of his published writings bear witness to Mr. Lincoln's close and reverent acquaintance with the Bible, and nothing is more certain than that the most vital influence in his life and conduct during his last years was his belief in and dependence upon a personal God. And it was an influence whose force was felt by all who shared or came into close touch with his daily life. Joshua F. Speed, a friend of Mr. Lincoln's youth, being in Washington in the summer of 1864, was invited out to the Soldiers' Home to spend the night. Entering the President's room unannounced, he found him sitting near a window intently reading his Bible.

"I am glad to see you so profitably engaged," said Speed.

"Yes," was the reply, "I am profitably engaged."

"When I knew you in early life," continued Speed, "you were a sceptic, and so was I. If

you have recovered from your scepticism, I am sorry to say I have not."

"You are wrong, Speed," said the President, placing his hand on his friend's shoulder and gazing earnestly into his face. "Take all of this book upon reason that you can, and the balance on faith, and you will live and die a happier man."

Mr. Lincoln's reliance upon a personal God has been thought by many to date from the bitter private sorrow which marked the close of his first year in the Presidency. His tender sympathy for all children early became familiar to the public; so did his passionate affection for his own. Willie Lincoln was ten years old, and his brother Tad two years younger, when the family entered the White House. Both fell sick early in February, 1862, and Willie, a bright and cheery lad, died on the twentieth day of that month. This was the most crushing affliction that had ever come to the President, who for the moment was completely prostrated by his loss, though after the solemn pause which rests over every home wherein lies the unburied dead, he found the help he needed in the Christian faith. Ere long his wonted serenity and

cheerfulness returned to him, but he was rarely heard to speak the dead boy's name, while sorrow for the lost gave an added intensity and tenderness to his love for the younger son who remained to him.

Tad Lincoln has long been numbered among the historic boys of America. He was the complete embodiment of animal spirits, a warm-hearted, fresh-faced youngster, a boisterous, rollicking, and absolutely real boy, whose pranks and companionship did much to relieve the tremendous strain his father suffered while in the White House. "Thousands," writes Noah Brooks, "who never saw the home apartments of that gloomy building knew the tricksy sprite that brightened the weary years which Lincoln passed in Washington. His father took great interest in everything that concerned Tad, and when the long day's work was done, and the little chap had related to the President all that had moved him or had taken up his attention during the daylight hours, and had finally fallen asleep under a drowsy cross-examination, the weary father would turn once more to his desk, and work on into the night. Then, shouldering the sleeping child, the man for whom

millions of good men and women nightly prayed took his way through the silent corridors and passages to his boy's bedchamber."

This grateful glimpse of the man who bore the sorrows of the nation in his own heart could ill be spared from any account of Lincoln's life in the White House. Tad Lincoln did not long survive his father. He was prostrated by a severe illness early in 1871, and, after months of suffering, died in July of that year.

CHAPTER X

LAST DAYS OF THE WAR

THERE is abundant evidence that from the first President Lincoln was keenly alive to the possible effectiveness of emancipation as a military measure. He would not, however, invoke it for any other purpose, and, with his habitual caution, he willed to wait the progress of events and the final shaping of public opinion on the subject. Radicals in and out of Congress demanded prompt action, but he put their pleas aside, or found excuse for his policy of delay in a characteristic story of his early manhood. "Many years ago," he would say, "when I was a young lawyer, and Illinois was little settled, except on her southern border, I, with other lawyers, used to ride the circuit; journeying with the judge from county-seat to county-seat in quest of business. Once, after a long spell of pouring rain, which had flooded the whole country, transforming small creeks into rivers, we were often stopped by these swollen streams, which we with difficulty crossed. Still

ahead of us was Fox River, larger than all the rest; and we could not help saying to each other, 'If these streams give us so much trouble, how shall we get over Fox River?' Darkness fell before we had reached that stream; and we all stopped at a log tavern, had our horses put out, and resolved to pass the night. Here we were right glad to fall in with the Methodist presiding elder of the circuit, who rode it in all weather, knew all its ways, and could tell us all about Fox River. So we all gathered around him, and asked him if he knew about the crossing of Fox River. 'Oh, yes,' he replied, 'I know all about Fox River. I have crossed it often, and understand it well; but I have one fixed rule with regard to Fox River: I never cross it till I reach it.'"

It was in the frame of mind reflected in this story that Lincoln approached the question of emancipation. He had undertaken the war not to free men, but to prevent disunion, and he would play the card which he held in reserve only when all other measures had failed to assure this end. Besides, throughout his entire political life he had invariably disclaimed any desire to interfere with slavery in the States

where the Constitution recognized it. Could he have had his way he would have had Congress buy and free the negroes, afterwards colonizing them in territory purchased for the purpose, this upon the belief that the separation of the two races was necessary to the welfare of both. He hoped that his scheme of compensated emancipation would prove acceptable to the border States, whose loyal people he did not wish to offend, and he earnestly urged it upon Congress in a message which he sent to that body in March, 1862. The border State representatives in Congress, to the President's surprise and chagrin, let the proposition pass in silence, while, as time went on, the radicals of the North grew more insistent in their demand that he should emancipate and arm the slaves. Mr. Lincoln was slow to yield to this demand, but under the continued strain of a long and stubborn war his thought and purpose took on a more trenchant edge. And so by the early summer of 1862 he had reached the conclusion that it would stimulate the forces of the North if the war were made a war against slavery, as well as a war for the Union. Thereafter, acting upon the advice of some of the

members of his Cabinet, he waited only for a victory in the field to furnish a fitting opportunity for the step he had in mind.

The victory for which he waited came on September 17, when McClellan defeated Lee at Antietam, and five days later he laid before his Cabinet the final draft of the Emancipation Proclamation. The words with which he prefaced it are recorded by Secretary Chase in his diary. "When the rebel army was at Frederick," said the President, "I determined, as soon as it should be driven out of Maryland, to issue a proclamation of emancipation, such as I thought most likely to be useful. I said nothing to any one, but I made the promise to myself and to my Maker. The rebel army is now driven out, and I am going to fulfil that promise. I have got you together to hear what I have written down. I do not wish your advice about the main matter, for that I have determined for myself. This I say without intending anything but respect for any one of you. But I already know the views of each on this question. They have been heretofore expressed, and I have considered them as thoroughly and carefully as I can. What I have written is that

which my reflections have determined me to say. If there is anything in the expressions I use, or in any minor matter, which any of you thinks had best be changed, I shall be glad to receive the suggestions. One other observation I will make. I know very well that many others might, in this matter as in others, do better than I can; and if I was satisfied that the public confidence was more fully possessed by any one of them than by me, and knew of any constitutional way in which he could be put in my place, he should have it. I would gladly yield it to him. But, though I believe that I have not so much of the confidence of the people as I had some time since, I do not know that, all things considered, any other person has more; and however this may be, there is no way in which I can have any other man put where I am. I am here; I must do the best I can, and bear the responsibility of taking the course which I feel I ought to take."

The proclamation, which appeared in the newspapers of the following morning, gave notice that unless the Southern States yielded allegiance to the Union within a hundred days, the President should declare the slaves within

their limits free. "I can only trust in God that I have made no mistake," said he, anxious as to the future; but, having once put his hand to the plough, he was not the man to turn back, and on the 1st of January, 1863, he kept his promise, and put forth a formal proclamation of emancipation. Then, with more than his usual care and caution, he prepared to make use of the weapon he had forged. "We are like whalers," said he, "who have been long on a chase. We have at last got the harpoon into the monster, but we must now look how we steer, or with one flop of his tail he will send us all into eternity."

Indeed, as an announcement of policy and as an expression of the spirit of the people the Emancipation Proclamation served the purpose intended by its author, but the latter well knew that abolition of a legal institution must wait upon military success; and so he addressed himself with redoubled energy to what from the first had been his most serious and anxious task,—the search for a man who could be depended upon to make effective use of the armies which had been put in the field. The search was a weary one, and lasted for the better part of

three years. Scott, old and infirm, early gave place to McClellan, under whom the Army of the Potomac won its first victories and suffered its first defeats, but McClellan, though he endeared himself to his soldiers, proved timid and over-cautious, and in November, 1862, he was finally relieved of his command. Then Burnside and Hooker each held brief and profitless headship over the Army of the Potomac, and after them came Meade, under whom the battle of Gettysburg was fought and won. Meade, however, allowed Lee to escape with his army, and fixed in the mind of the President the belief that he could not be counted upon to harvest the fruits of victory. "Your golden opportunity is gone," wrote Lincoln, "and I am distressed immeasurably because of it."

Meantime, a man endowed with most of the qualities of a great captain was winning his way in the West. His name was Grant, and, by continuous hard fighting and a fixed habit of doing promptly the thing asked of him, he had climbed in little more than a year from the colonelcy of an Illinois regiment to the chief command of the armies of the West. Shiloh and Vicksburg followed Belmont and Donelson, and

when Grant, in the summer of 1863, took charge of the Army of the Cumberland, which Bragg had shut up in Chattanooga, and within a month drove the Confederates from their positions above the city, and from East Tennessee as well, Lincoln no longer doubted that at last he had found a man, master of himself both in defeat and victory, who would push always forward, doing his best with the material that was given him. Accordingly, in March, 1864, Grant was called from the West and put in command of all the armies of the United States, with the rank of lieutenant-general.

His first appearance in Washington was in perfect keeping with his modest, unassuming nature. "It was in the early days of spring," writes an eye-witness of his arrival, "and I was living at Willard's. I had risen early, and, seated by a window which overlooked the avenue, in the main office, began to read the morning paper. Two omnibuses were driven to the entrance on Fourteenth Street, with the railroad passengers from the West. The crowd made the usual rush for the register, and for a few moments there was bustle and confusion. There were two passengers who did not appear

to be in haste. One was a sunburned man of middle age, who wore an army hat and a linen duster, below which, where a small section of his trousers was visible, I caught a glimpse of the narrow stripe of the army uniform. He held the younger traveller, a lad of ten years, by the hand, and carried a small leather bag. As they approached the counter, the clerk, without deigning to rise, gave the register a practised whirl, so that the open page was presented to the elder traveller, observing as he did so, 'I suppose you will want a room together.' He named a room with a high number and gave the usual call, 'Front!' while the guest proceeded to write his name without making any observation. The clerk removed the pen from behind his ear, and was about to enter the number of the room, when—he was suddenly transfixed as with a bolt of lightning. He bowed, scraped, twisted, wriggled; he begged a thousand pardons. 'The traveller's arrival had been expected,—Parlor A, on the shady side of the house, the very best apartment in the hotel, had been prepared for his reception,—it was on the first floor, only one flight of stairs. Might he be allowed to relieve him of his travelling con-

venience?' and the lordly creature disappeared up the stairway, like Judas, carrying the bag. My curiosity was excited to ascertain who it was that had wrought such a sudden transformation. I walked to the counter, and there read the last entry on the register. It was 'U. S. Grant and son, Galena, Ill.'"

Thus simply and without ostentation did the commander of half a million men indicate his arrival at the capital. He was, however, soon furnished with emphatic proof of his popularity in Washington. It chanced that the evening of the day of his arrival was the occasion of the usual weekly reception at the White House, and thither General Grant went by special invitation. Thither also thronged the multitude, when it was known that he would be on view with the President, and so wild was the rush to get near him that "he was obliged at last to mount a sofa, where he could be seen, and where he was secure, at least for a time, from the madness of the crowd. People were caught up and whirled in the torrent which swept through the great East Room. Ladies suffered dire disaster in the crush and confusion; and many got upon sofas, chairs, and tables to be out of

harm's way or to get a better view of the spectacle. It was an indescribable scene of curiosity, joy, and pleasure; and for once at least the President was not the chief figure in the picture. The little, scared-looking man who stood on a crimson-covered sofa was the idol of the hour. He remained on view for a short time; then he was quietly smuggled out by friendly hands, and next day departed from the city to begin the last and mightiest chapter in his military career."

Grant's assumption of the command of all the armies marked the beginning of the end of the war. He gave the Western command to Sherman, who had been with him at Vicksburg and Chattanooga, while he himself assumed direct control of the operations in the East, and in May, with Meade, advanced from the Potomac upon Lee, who lay between them and Richmond. There followed the bloody and desperate fight in the "Wilderness" of wood and thick undergrowth lying between the Rappahannock and the York. The advantage of numbers was with Grant, but Lee operated on shorter lines and behind intrenchments, and, although forced slowly back by the flank movements of his op-

ponent, he held Grant in hand for sixteen days of well-nigh continuous fighting before making a stand at Cold Harbor. There, on the second day of June, Grant stormed the whole Confederate line, but was forced to fall back within an hour with heavy losses. Thus repulsed from Lee's front, Grant threw his forces across the James to the left and advanced upon Petersburg to cut off Richmond's supplies from the South. Here again, however, he was balked of his purpose, and in the end was compelled to sit down before Petersburg for a nine months' siege.

This siege was still in its first stages when a part of Lee's troops under Early made a dash upon Washington which for the moment threatened the capture of the capital. It was to create a diversion in Grant's rear that Early was sent up through the Shenandoah Valley and across the Potomac. His command included infantry and cavalry, many of them picked veterans from Lee's second corps, and nine field batteries numbering forty guns,—in all about ten thousand men. There were at the time less than five thousand soldiers in Washington available for duty, while Lew Wallace, who then commanded the Middle Department, embracing the region

between Washington and Baltimore, had at his disposal some three thousand short-service men, and a division of the Sixth Corps under Ricketts, which had been hurried from Petersburg to Baltimore when the enemy appeared in the valley. Three regiments of this division, however, were still on the road to join Wallace when, in the early morning of July 9, he was compelled to give battle to the oncoming Confederates.

The place of encounter was at the cluster of bridges which cross the Monocacy, three miles south of Frederick City, Maryland, and thirty-five miles from Washington. Wallace's forces were posted on the eastern bank, Ricketts and his veterans forming the left, which it was thought would be the main point of attack. Early and his men, advancing from Frederick City, forced the passage of the river a mile below the Union left, and at half-past ten o'clock, with a part of his command, he charged upon Ricketts, who, meantime, had changed front so that his right rested on the river-bank. Twice Early assaulted Ricketts with heavy loss but without breaking his line, and then retired to the woods in the rear. A lull followed, but at

half-past two o'clock in the afternoon the Confederates moved out of the woods in full force, outnumbering the Union defence three to one, and Wallace, who saw that it was time to go, ordered Ricketts to retire by way of the Baltimore pike, which he did in good order. One of the bridges spanning the Monocacy was of wood, a second of stone, and a third an iron structure belonging to the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. The wooden bridge had been burned earlier in the day in order that the troops defending it might go to Ricketts's aid, and the stone bridge, thus made the only line of retreat for the Union forces, now became the objective-point of both armies. Tyler, who commanded the Union reserve, ordered by Wallace to hold the bridge at all hazards, defended it with stubborn valor against repeated assaults until five o'clock, when word reached him that Ricketts's last regiment was safely off the field. Then, being hemmed in by the enemy on all sides, he cut his way through the Confederate lines, and eventually joined the main army.

The capture of the stone bridge ended the battle of Monocacy, as it is called, and left the road to Washington open to Early, but Wal-

lace's dogged resistance, though involving the loss of one-third of the entire Union force on the field, had cost the Confederate commander a day's delay, and, as will presently appear, was to prove fatal to his plans for the capture of the capital. His troops encamped the next night at Rockville, ten miles from Washington, and on the morning of July 11 appeared before the defences of the city. The rumors which preceded him multiplied the size of his army, and threw the city into confusion and alarm. It was felt that should Early once pass the defences the capital would be at his mercy, and the moral effect of its capture or sacking would be certain to work heavily against the Union cause. Events proved, however, that he had been too long on the way. Besides the forces under Ricketts already in Maryland, another division of the Sixth Corps, numbering thirteen thousand men, had been ordered by Grant to the defence of the capital, and, hurrying from the James in swift transports, in the afternoon of the 11th landed in Washington, being quickly followed by the Nineteenth Corps, which had come from the Gulf of Mexico by way of Fort Monroe. Meantime, every available resident,

along with the soldiers on hospital duty, had been pressed into service by the military governor of the city. Midnight found within the fortifications of Washington sixty thousand men armed and equipped for fight, and the hour of danger had passed. There was desultory fighting July 11, on the farther side of Tenallytown and at Silver Spring, where the enemy intrenched, but early on the following day Wharton's brigade of the Sixth engaged and drove back Early's skirmish line, and soon after nightfall the invaders were in full retreat. Wallace's gallant stand at the Monocacy had given time for the arrival of the pick of the Army of the Potomac, and had saved the capital.

Early's dash upon Washington happily thwarted of its purpose, the attention of the public was again divided between the larger fortunes of the armies in the field and the progress of what has been justly termed the most anxious campaign for President in the history of the republic. Though the ensuing election resulted in the easy choice of Lincoln for a second term, in the winter and spring of 1864 it looked, to those who watched the politicians only, that it would be difficult for him to obtain the re-

nomination, which he did not hesitate to say that he desired. His unswerving refusal to use emancipation except as a military measure had given deep offence to the radical wing of his party, and the opposition thus engendered found expression in a convention of the disaffected ones, which met in Cleveland on the last day of May and by acclamation nominated Fremont for the Presidency. However, those who saw danger in the Fremont movement over-estimated the extent of the discontent with Lincoln. The President, as the sequel proved, held in fuller measure than any other man the confidence of the people of the North. They understood and trusted him, and, reading aright his own homely argument against swapping horses while crossing a stream, believed that he should be given the opportunity to finish the task he had taken in hand. Thus, when the Republican convention met in Baltimore on June 7 it was a foregone conclusion that it would nominate Lincoln; and it did so on the first ballot.

Yet for a time all signs pointed to its candidate as the leader of a forlorn hope, for the Baltimore convention was held on the eve of the darkest period of the war. The loyal North,

which had seen, in Grant's steady beating back of Lee towards Richmond, an early and triumphant peace, had now to face the costly repulse at Cold Harbor and the as yet barren siege of Petersburg, while Sherman, after continuous fighting all the way from Nashville to Atlanta, appeared unable to drive Johnston and his army from the latter city. It also came out that the Army of the Potomac in its march from the Rapidan to the James had lost upward of fifty thousand men; and a visit to the lines in front of Petersburg convinced Lincoln that if the Confederacy was to be successfully throttled there must be a fresh outpouring of men and money. Though his friends urged that another draft might prove fatal to his chances, the President did not hesitate in the face of this new emergency. "We must lose nothing, even if I am defeated," said he. "I am quite willing the people should understand the issue. My re-election will mean that the rebellion is to be crushed by force of arms."

On July 18 he called for half a million volunteers for one, two, and three years, and about the same time another great loan was placed upon the market. The country greeted both

demands with anger and discontent, mingled with desponding grief at the added and seemingly fruitless sacrifices it was called upon to make. All its indignation and despair centred for the moment on Lincoln, who was denounced as a military dictator, and as a tyrant so bloodthirsty that he refused any means but force to secure peace with the Confederates. There was talk among Republicans of replacing him by another candidate, and the President himself became convinced that he would be defeated. "This morning," he wrote on August 23, in a private memorandum, "it seems exceedingly probable that this Administration will not be elected." The same belief inspired the Democratic convention, which, when it met six days later at Chicago, selected McClellan as its candidate for President, and adopted a platform that declared the war a failure and that peace must be sought in a convention of Federals and Confederates.

The Democrats erred fatally, however, in accepting the despair of the country as a sign that peace would be welcome even at the cost of the Union, and their candidate could not repair their error, though in his letter of acceptance

he practically repudiated the party platform. Moreover, the aspect of the contest was speedily changed by brilliant and decisive victories in the field. Sherman captured Atlanta and Farragut took Mobile Bay, while Sheridan drove Early in headlong flight from the Shenandoah Valley. "Sherman and Farragut," said Seward, "have knocked the bottom out of the Chicago nominations;" and the result confirmed this prophecy. Thereafter the tide of popular favor again set steadily towards Lincoln; Fremont retired from the contest before the end of September, and McClellan came out of the election the worst defeated candidate in our history, getting only twenty-one electoral votes to two hundred and twelve secured by Lincoln, who carried every State that took part in the election except New Jersey, Delaware, and Kentucky. The people of the North by the first election of Lincoln had declared their antagonism to slavery. Despite burdensome taxation, weariness of war, and mourning in every household, they decided on the election day of 1864 to finish the work they had begun.

Lincoln's formal inauguration for his second Presidential term took place on March 4, 1865.

Washington: The Capital City

It was a sombre and drizzly day, but the weather did not prevent a vast multitude from witnessing the ceremonies on the east portico of the Capitol. Just as Lincoln, tall and gaunt among the group about him, advanced to begin his inaugural address the sun emerged from behind obscuring clouds, and for a time flooded the spectacle with glory and with light. The address was received in profound silence, and there were moist eyes and tearful cheeks in the listening throng when the President, in closing, pronounced the noble words, "With malice towards none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in; to bind up the nation's wounds; to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widows and his orphans; to do all which may achieve a just and a lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations." After the cheers which greeted this conclusion had died away, the oath was administered by the chief justice. Then a salvo of artillery burst upon the air, and the President, having made his way to his carriage, was escorted back to the White House by a great procession. There was

the usual reception at the White House that evening, and, later on, the traditional inauguration ball. "But chiefly memorable in the mind of those who saw that second inauguration," writes Noah Brooks, "must still remain the tall, pathetic, melancholy figure of the man who, then inducted into office in the midst of the glad acclaim of thousands of people, and illumined by the deceptive brilliance of a March sunburst, was already standing in the shadow of death."

The oath of office at Lincoln's second inauguration was administered by Chief Justice Chase, whose appointment to succeed Roger B. Taney was one of the memorable events of the war period. It was also a signal proof of Lincoln's wisdom and magnanimity. Chase entered the Cabinet in 1861 regarding Lincoln as an inferior mind. This mistaken belief he cherished to the end, and, though as Secretary of the Treasury he materially assisted in solving the appalling political problem which was presented in the early days of the war, his failure to see beneath the surface prevented him from ever justly estimating the ability and statesmanship of Lincoln. Add to this Chase's natural

growth of confidence in his own powers, his increasing ambition to lead, and his disposition to press his opinions on others, and there is no cause to wonder that the Secretary and his chief drifted apart. This tendency culminated when the radical element became hostile to the candidacy of Lincoln for a second term, and turned to Chase for a successor. Thenceforward they were political rivals in fact, whatever efforts might be made to smooth their current relations. Lincoln's greater suavity and real kindliness of heart made the situation easier for him; but Chase was too vehement to maintain his self-control, especially when his own State promptly declared for the renomination of the President. His pride and self-esteem met a rebuff which could not fail to humiliate and irritate. From that time matters ran on rapidly towards a separation. Late in June, 1864, Chase tendered his resignation, and it was accepted by the President, who appointed William Pitt Fessenden to succeed him.

Chief Justice Taney died in the following October, and the friends of Chase at once claimed that the place thus vacated belonged to him. Hostility to his appointment, on the

other hand, was immediately manifested in every section of the Union, the most emphatic protests coming from his own State of Ohio. A majority of the leading Republicans of that State resented the suggestion that Chase should become chief justice, nor did they hesitate to declare that it was an insult to Lincoln himself to ask him to appoint Chase. To these representations Lincoln made no reply, and he communicated his intention to no one, but on the 6th of December he nominated Chase to the Senate for chief justice. The nomination, which the President had written out in full with his own hand, was confirmed without reference to a committee. There is little doubt that Lincoln intended from the first to appoint Chase, but elected to keep silent until he was ready to act. The whole incident was in keeping with the noblest attributes of Lincoln's character. Any other President would not have appointed Chase, whose personal affronts had been continuous and flagrant. "Lincoln," to quote Colonel McClure, "appointed him not because he desired Chase for chief justice so much as because he feared that, in refusing to appoint him, he might permit personal prejudice to do injustice to the

nation." Four other appointments to the Supreme Court were made by Lincoln,—Noah H. Swayne, of Ohio, Samuel F. Miller, of Iowa, David Davis, of Illinois, and Stephen J. Field, of California.

A few weeks before Lincoln's second inauguration Congress gave legal effect to his Emancipation Proclamation by the passage of an amendment to the Constitution abolishing slavery throughout the length and breadth of the land. Almost immediately afterwards came the end of the war. Sherman had left Atlanta in November to begin his march through Georgia and the Carolinas, and in the following month Thomas met and annihilated Hood's army at Nashville. Meantime, Grant, assisted by Sheridan, was drawing the net closer about Lee, forcing him the while to weaken himself by desperate efforts to keep open his lines of supply to the South. April 2, Lee withdrew from Richmond, which was no longer tenable, and sought to effect a junction with Johnston, whom Sherman had driven before him into North Carolina; but everywhere he was cut off and outnumbered, and on April 9 he surrendered to Grant at Appomattox.

Last Days of the War

News of the fall of Petersburg and Richmond reached Washington in the forenoon of April 3, and spread like wildfire through the city, which was speedily ablaze with excitement. Everybody who had a piece of bunting flung it to the breeze, while a salute of eight hundred guns, ordered by the Secretary of War, rose above the shouts and hurrahs of the joyful, laughing crowds which filled the streets. Departments and business places closed for the day; impromptu parades marched through the streets arm in arm, and bands of music boomed and blared from every public place, while of speech-making and speech-makers there seemed an unlimited supply. Indeed, "wherever a man was found who could make a speech," writes an eye-witness, "or who thought he could make a speech, there a speech was made; and a great many men who had never before made one found themselves thrust upon a crowd of enthusiastic sovereigns who demanded of them something by way of jubilant oratory." The citizen who drowns his joy in the flowing bowl was also prompt to make his presence known. "Thousands besieged the drinking-saloons, champagne popped everywhere, and a more liquorish crowd

was never seen in Washington. Many a man of years of habitual sobriety seemed to think it a patriotic duty to 'get full' on that eventful night, and to advertise the fact of fulness as widely as possible. One big, sedate Vermonter, chief of an executive bureau, stood long on the corner of F and Fourteenth Streets, with owlish gravity giving away fifty-cent 'shinplasters' to every colored person who came past him, brokenly saying with each gift, 'Babylon has fallen!'" Nor did the jubilation cease until the following night, when all the public buildings and a great proportion of private residences and business houses were alight with fireworks and illuminations of every description.

Greater things, however, were yet to come, for in the early morning of April 10 a salute of five hundred guns brought the residents of the capital from their beds and into the streets to learn that Lee had surrendered to Grant, and that the Army of Northern Virginia had at last laid down its arms. Again, though it was a rainy morning and the streets were thick with mud, there was marching, cheering, singing, and speech-making without end. All day long laughing, joyous crowds filled the streets, and

repeated the scenes enacted after the fall of Richmond. The following night the city was again illuminated, and the President addressed a throng which completely filled the semicircular avenue in front of the White House. It was the last speech of his life, and never did he deliver a more impressive one. It dealt chiefly with the future and with the new problems that had come with the close of the war, —problems demanding the highest statesmanship, the greatest wisdom, and the firmest generosity. Mayhap, it was not the sort of speech that had been expected by the silent, reverent multitude, stretching far out into the darkness, but those who heard it and who still live can boast no more fondly cherished recollection than of that historic moment and the tender sympathy of the words which fell from the lips of the speaker. It was a great leader's parting message to his people. When those grouped about him gazed again upon Lincoln's face he had become the gentlest memory in our history.

CHAPTER XI

LINCOLN'S DEATH AND AFTER

LINCOLN'S death had been often threatened during his four years in the Presidency, and at least one attempt had been made to carry these threats into execution. That was in August, 1864, when he was fired upon from ambush while riding, late at night and unattended, from the White House to his summer cottage at the Soldiers' Home. But on April 14, 1865, his friends felt that they no longer need fear for his safety. The war was ended, and the most helpful friend of the vanquished South was the wise and generous man who was already taking thought as to how he could most speedily heal its wounds.

For days Lincoln had carried about with him a lighter heart and a more cheerful countenance than had been his during the four years of weary, wearing strife, and never had he seemed to his intimates more cheerful and serenely joyful than on the sunny morning of that 14th of April. He laughed and chatted with the family

party which met at the White House breakfast, and he lingered at table to receive from his son Robert an account of the closing scenes of the Virginia campaign, in which the younger Lincoln had served as aide-de-camp on Grant's staff. Later in the morning there was a meeting of the Cabinet, mainly devoted to a discussion of Sherman's movements against Johnston and the return of the revolted States to their old relations. The President's talk was all of clemency towards the Southern people and their leaders. "He hoped," writes Secretary Welles, "that there would be no persecution, no bloody work, after the war was over. None need expect he would take any part in hanging or killing these men, even the worst of them. Frighten them out of the country, let down the bars, scare them off, said he, throwing up his hands as if scaring sheep. Enough lives have been sacrificed. We must extinguish our resentment if we expect harmony and union. There was too much desire on the part of our very good friends to be masters, to interfere and dictate to those States, to treat the people not as fellow-citizens; there was too little respect for their rights. He didn't sympathize in these feelings."

The same spirit was again evidenced by the President before the end of the day. To Assistant Secretary Dana at the War Department came a telegram from the provost-marshal in Portland, Maine, saying, "I have positive information that Jacob Thompson will pass through Portland to-night in order to take a steamer for England. What are your orders?" Thompson, a whilom member of Buchanan's Cabinet, was a conspicuous Confederate, and for some time had been employed in Canada as a semi-diplomatic agent of that government. Dana took the telegram to Stanton. His order was prompt: "Arrest him! But," he added, "first see the President." All business was over at the White House, and Dana found no one in the President's office, but as he was turning to go out, Lincoln called to him from a little side room, where he was washing his hands. "Halloo, Dana," said he. "What is it? What's up?" Dana read him the telegram. "What does Stanton say?" he asked. "He says arrest him, but that I should refer the question to you," was the answer. "Well," said Lincoln, slowly, wiping his hands; "no, I rather think not. When you have an elephant by the hind

leg, and he is trying to run away, it's best to let him run." Thompson was not arrested.

Late in the afternoon the President set out for his daily drive accompanied only by his wife. Long afterwards Mrs. Lincoln repeated to Isaac N. Arnold her husband's words that day. "Mary," said he, "we have had a hard time of it since we came to Washington; but the war is over, and with God's blessing we may hope for four years of peace and happiness, and then we will go back to Illinois, and pass the rest of our lives in quiet. We have laid by some money, and during this term we will try and save up more, but we shall not have enough to support us. We will go back to Illinois, and I will open a law office at Springfield or Chicago, and practise law, and at least do enough to give us a livelihood." It was late in the afternoon when the President and his wife returned from their drive, and the former went up to his office to receive a group of old friends from Illinois. He chatted with his callers until a peremptory summons to dinner compelled him to reluctantly dismiss them, with the explanation that a theatre-party had been made up by Mrs. Lincoln for that evening—

General and Mrs. Grant being her guests—to see Laura Keene, at Ford's Theatre, in "Our American Cousin."

Fraught no less with tragic interest were the movements on that fateful day of another resident of Washington. This was John Wilkes Booth, the actor, who was lodged at the National Hotel. Booth was then twenty-six years old, a man of striking presence, handsome face, and winning manners, who as an actor gave promise of being the equal, if not the superior, of his father and elder brother. Yet withal he was of a wayward, untoward disposition, verging often upon madness, and given to violent excesses of every kind. He was the only member of his family who espoused the Southern cause, but he served it with all the ardor of his passionate, eccentric nature, and during the previous month, as it came out afterwards, had been the master-spirit in a plot to kidnap the President, either at one of the theatres or in the highways of the District, and convey him through southern Maryland to the lower Potomac, and then across into Virginia and the Confederate lines. Booth's associates in this conspiracy were David E. Herold, a Washington

drug-clerk; George Atzerot, a German coach-painter of little intelligence and less morality; John H. Surratt, a member of the Confederate secret service resident in Washington; and three ex-Confederate soldiers,—Samuel Arnold, Michael O'Laughlin, and Lewis Payne.

The plot failed, through no fault of its originators, and late in March the conspirators separated, Surratt, Arnold, and O'Laughlin leaving Washington. Booth and the others, however, lingered at the capital, and at mid-day of April 14 the former appeared at Ford's Theatre, where he was informed that the President and General Grant were to attend the play that evening. An insane impulse to kill Lincoln had, doubtless, found a lodging in his thoughts through the failure of his abduction plot, and this now took instant and definite shape in the face of the opportunity chance held out to him. He grew thoughtful and abstracted, and soon left the theatre. During the afternoon he sought and found Atzerot and Payne and made an appointment with them for a later hour. Then he effected a meeting with Herold, whom he wanted as a guide in the flight which must follow his attempt upon the President's life. After that he

returned to the theatre, and having unquestioned entrance to every corner, made provision against interruption while in the President's box by preparing a large wooden bar to fit in the corner of the wall and the panel of the door, in which a small peep-hole was bored in order that, before entering, he might the better take in the relative position of the occupants. He must also have noted that unusual preparations had been made to receive the Presidential party. The partition between the two upper boxes at the left of the stage had been removed, comfortable upholstered chairs put in, and the front draped with flags. Early in the evening Booth had his appointed interview with Payne and Atzerot, who, it was arranged, should attempt the lives of Secretary Seward and Vice-President Johnson at the same time that their leader struck down the President and General Grant, for such was the sinister scope the actor's plans had assumed with the flight of the hours. Between eight and nine o'clock he reappeared at the theatre, having first committed the horse he had procured for his flight to the care of a boy stationed in an alley at the rear of the building.

Lincoln's Death and After

The theatre was already crowded with a curious, eager throng, for it had been announced in the afternoon papers that the "President and his Lady" and the "Hero of Appomattox" would attend Miss Keene's benefit that evening. The Presidential party was tardy in its arrival, and when it came it was made up differently from what had been expected: Mrs. Lincoln had received word upon returning from her afternoon drive that General and Mrs. Grant had decided to go North that night; and two young friends, the daughter of Senator Ira Harris and his step-son, Major Rathbone, had been invited to take their place. Though the party did not leave the White House until after eight o'clock, there was a corresponding delay in the rise of the curtain, and the first act had but fairly begun when a loud outburst of "Hail to the Chief" by the orchestra announced its entrance. The audience rose, and there were cheers and the waving of hats and handkerchiefs as the President, bowing and smiling, made his way along the gallery behind the seats of the dress-circle, and, with his wife and friends, passed through the narrow entrance into the box. The new-comers, still bowing and smiling

to the enthusiastic crowd below, seated themselves, the President in a large arm-chair at the left of the box with Mrs. Lincoln beside him, and then the actors on the stage, who had stood silent the while, went on with the play.

They had reached the second scene of the third act when Booth, who was a privileged person to the attendants of the theatre, passed unnoticed and unchecked behind the seats of the dress-circle and approached the entrance to the Presidential box. Halting behind a pile of loose chairs in the aisle, he drew a visiting-card from his pocket and handed it to the messenger at the door, saying he knew the President. A moment later he was in the passage behind the box, and, having closed the door, barred it inside with the large wooden stick he had provided for the purpose. This done he opened and entered the door leading from the passage to the box. He carried a Derringer pistol in his right hand, and moved so cautiously that no one heard him. The President was sitting with bowed head intent upon the play. Booth crept up within a foot of his chair, took aim at his head, and fired. The report of the shot rang

through the theatre, and those in the audience unfamiliar with the play thought it a part of the performance.

Not so the occupants of the box. Rathbone, who had sprung to his feet at the sound of the shot, grappled with the intruder, only to receive a blow from the dagger which Booth now held in his hand. Rathbone's hold relaxed, and Booth, appearing at the front of the box, shouted, "Sic semper tyrannis!" and vaulted the railing. A stirrup on his boot caught in the folds of one of the flags forming part of the draperies, and he fell heavily to the stage below, a distance of fourteen feet. His left leg bent and a bone snapped as he struck the floor. But he was on his feet in an instant, and, facing the wondering house, cried tragically, "The South is avenged!" Then, still brandishing his bloody knife, he turned and disappeared behind the scenes. Not, however, before more than one bewildered witness of his entrance and exit had said to himself, "Why, that's Wilkes Booth!"

A startling realization of the tragedy that had befallen now burst upon the audience, and a dozen voices joined in a terror-stricken, "The President is shot!" In the confusion of

the moment, two men from the audience leaped upon the stage and followed Booth in close pursuit. But the assassin struck at one with his dagger, eluded the other's grasp, plunged through a familiar exit, leaped to the saddle of his waiting horse, and galloped away into the darkness. Others, meantime, thought only of reaching the box, from whence now issued the moans of a woman in deep distress. They found the President, when Rathbone succeeded in unbarring the door so securely closed by Booth, still sitting in the large arm-chair, with his hands on its arms and his head fallen forward on his breast, as if asleep. Ensign William Flood, of the navy, first to enter the box, lifted the silent figure from the chair and laid it on the floor. Surgeon Charles A. Leale, also of the navy, followed just behind Flood, and his hurried search disclosed that the ball had entered the head back of the left ear and was lodged in the brain. Soon army officers brought in a stretcher. The President was gently lifted on to it, and, with the blood dripping faster and faster from the wound, he was carried from the box, through the dress-circle, down the stairs into the street, and thence to a room in

THE HOUSE IN WHICH PRESIDENT LINCOLN DIED

a lodging-house across the way. There he was laid on a bed, and Leale, with other physicians who had gathered to his aid, began a desperate, unavailing fight to rescue him from death.

News of the tragedy spread with the swiftness of the wind, and as it spread met other news which doubled the horror of that awful night. Vice-President Johnson was scathless, for Atzerot's nerve had failed him at the last moment, but Payne, endowed with more brute courage, had turned the house of Secretary Seward into a human shambles. At the same hour that Booth had shot Lincoln, Payne had appeared at the door of the Seward home with the statement that he had been sent by the doctor to administer an important prescription to the Secretary, who was then confined to his bed with a broken arm and fractured jaw, the result of a runaway accident some days before. Denied admittance by the colored servant, Payne pushed him aside and strode heavily up the stairs towards Secretary Seward's room. The noise brought Frederick W. Seward to the door; and after a few words with the intruder, in which he was told that the Secretary could not be seen, Payne struck him on the head with his

heavy pistol, breaking a portion of the cartridge-extracting apparatus, so great was the force of the blow. Seward, however, continued to grapple with his assailant until he fell in a swoon, from which he did not emerge for many days. Left free to work his will, Payne rushed into the sick-chamber, slashing right and left with his large knife; and after wounding Colonel Augustus H. Seward and two male nurses, fell upon the defenceless Secretary in bed, and inflicted three stabs upon his neck, as a result of which his life hung for weeks as by a thread. Then Payne, while the neighborhood resounded with the colored servant's cry of "Murder!" succeeded in making his escape.

Such was the terrible story brought to or by those who gathered in the house in Tenth Street where the President lay. These included, besides his wife and son Robert, Secretaries Stanton, Welles, and Usher, Attorney-General Speed, Senator Sumner, Private Secretary Hay, Dr. Gurley, Lincoln's pastor, and several physicians and friends. Robert Lincoln's grief at first overpowered him, but soon recovering himself, he leaned his head on the shoulder of Senator Sumner, and so kept silent vigil during the long

night. Mrs. Lincoln remained in an adjoining room, but made frequent visits to her husband's side. On the last of these she fell fainting to the floor, and with difficulty was restored to consciousness. The others gathered in the house seemed as incapable of thought and action as the helpless sufferer within the little chamber. Stanton alone was master of himself. For hours he dictated orders, one after another, which an assistant wrote out and sent swiftly to the telegraph, directing here an arrest and there some precaution that needed to be taken until the crisis was over. Grant, now returning to Washington, was warned to exercise care on the journey and to send an engine in front of his train. Last of all, the great war Secretary, working within sound of the moans of his dying chief, prepared and sent out an official account of the assassination, which after the lapse of the years remains the best brief story of the night's awful work.

The President at midnight was still alive, but unconscious and breathing heavily, and the surgeons, after a more careful examination of the wound, said there was no hope. A man of less vitality, they declared, would have been

dead within the hour. The night waned into morning with no perceptible change in the President's condition. Those about the bed anxiously watched each feeble inspiration; and as the unbroken quiet would seem to prove that life had fled, they would turn their eyes to their watches. Then, as the struggling life within would force another fluttering respiration, they would heave deep sighs of relief and once more fix their gaze upon the face of the dying man. Soon after daylight the breathing became easier and the features took on a more peaceful expression. "Symptoms of immediate dissolution," ran the bulletin issued at seven o'clock, and twenty-two minutes later Lincoln died. "Now he belongs to the ages," said Stanton, breaking the solemn silence which followed the announcement that the great heart had ceased to beat. There was a prayer, and then, one by one, the watchers withdrew, and the dead was left alone. Two hours later the body of the President, wrapped in an American flag, was borne from the house in which he died, and carried through streets already garbed in mourning to an upper room in the private apartments of the White House. There he lay until three days later a

sorrowing people were allowed to look for a last time on his face.

Attempts to capture Booth began within an hour of his crime. As soon as news of it reached the War Department the long roll was beaten all over the city, and soldiers, policemen, and detectives were despatched to guard every avenue of escape, either by land or river, with orders to arrest all persons who sought under any pretext to leave Washington. But it was too late. Booth, passing unchallenged through the heart of the city, had effected a meeting with Herold on the farther side of the Eastern Branch, and was already in rapid flight through lower Maryland, a region well-known to his companion. It was his plan to cross the lower Potomac, pass through the Confederate lines, and then effect an escape to Mexico. Early in the morning of April 15 Booth and Herold reached the house of Dr. Samuel A. Mudd, in Charles County, Maryland. Booth had met the doctor some months before, but he was now so disguised by a false beard that he was not recognized, and, when Herold stated that while riding rapidly his companion's horse had fallen on him and broken his limb, Mudd promptly

offered the fugitives the hospitality of his house and dressed the actor's broken leg. They remained at the Mudd homestead until four in the afternoon, and then rode away in the direction of the Potomac, which they declared they were anxious to reach that day. Twelve hours later they arrived at the residence of Captain Samuel Cox, a Southern sympathizer living in the southwestern portion of Charles County, four miles from the Potomac. Calling Cox from his bed, Booth made himself known, threw himself upon a stranger's mercy, and begged for assistance in crossing the river. Cox, moved by this appeal, directed Booth and Herold to hide a short distance from the house, and later in the morning guided them to a more secure refuge in a dense thicket of young pines nearer the Potomac and remote from any roadway. Then he sent for his foster-brother, Thomas A. Jones, and placed the fugitives in the latter's charge.

Booth and Herold lay concealed in the thicket until the following Friday, while Jones daily brought them food and watched his opportunity to take them to the river. But that region was then overrun by ten thousand cavalry and one-fourth as many detectives, called into the field

by the large rewards offered for Booth's capture, and nearly a week passed before the favorable opportunity came. Meantime, their horses, through fear that their neighing might betray them, were led to an adjacent swamp and shot. The night of Friday, April 22, was one of rain and almost impenetrable darkness, and Jones counted the conditions favorable to lead Booth to the river. The assassin was lifted upon a horse, and Jones led the way to a boat which had been left in a secluded spot by a faithful negro and former slave of its owner. Herold took the oars; Booth was placed in the stern, and, after a fervent good-by to Jones, the boat pushed out into the darkness.

It was their purpose to reach Upper Machodoc Creek, on the Virginia shore, but a heavy flood-tide carried them far out of their course. Dawn found them at Nanjemoy Cove, on the Maryland side, and, lying concealed during the day, they did not reach Machodoc Point until Sunday morning. Booth hid in a secluded spot, while Herold made his way to the house of Mrs. E. R. Quesenberry, to whom they had been directed by Jones. The woman gave them food and succor, and on Monday morning,

guided by a freeborn negro named Lucas, they started for the Rappahannock, reaching Port Conway, the northern terminus of the ferry across that stream, at three in the afternoon. Here they were waiting for the ferryman, William Rollins, to convey them across the river, when three Confederate soldiers, William Jett, M. B. Ruggles, and A. R. Bainbridge, returning from the front, rode into the little hamlet. Booth disclosed his identity to the new-comers. The latter, after a moment's hesitation, agreed to take him to a place of safety, and, having crossed the river, Booth was mounted behind Jett, and Herold behind Ruggles. A ride of three miles brought them to the house of William Garrett, a farmer. Bainbridge, Ruggles, and Herold halted at the gate, while Jett and Booth rode up to the house, where Jett introduced Booth to Garrett as "James Boyd," the son of an old friend, who had been wounded in the Confederate service. Jett asked the farmer to care for "Boyd" until Wednesday morning, when he would return for him. His request was granted, and Booth slept Monday night at Garrett's. Herold and the three soldiers found a camping-place in a nearby piece

of woods, but separated next morning, Bainbridge and Ruggles setting out for their homes, Jett going to the neighboring town of Bowling Green, where lived his intended wife, and Herold joining Booth at the Garrett homestead.

Meanwhile, a negro who had observed Booth and Herold's landing at Nanjemoy Cove three days before had reported that fact to one of the detectives of Colonel L. C. Baker, chief of the federal secret service. The negro was hurried to Washington to appear before Baker in person, and when shown a large number of photographs at once selected the pictures of Booth and Herold as being the persons whom he had seen in the boat. Baker realized that he had a clue of the first importance, and early in the afternoon of Monday two of his most trusted men, L. B. Baker and E. J. Conger, with a squad of cavalry to guard them, were steaming down the Potomac on a government tug to take up the pursuit. The detectives and their escort landed late that night at Belle Plain, and at five o'clock Tuesday afternoon reached Port Conway. There Rollins, the ferryman, identified a photograph of Booth as that of a

lame man who had crossed the river the day before, adding that Jett, one of the lame man's comrades, had a sweetheart at Bowling Green.

Rollins was placed under arrest and compelled to guide the pursuers to Bowling Green. Booth and Herold, lounging in front of the Garrett homestead, saw the troopers pass and were seen by them. A little later Booth told the elder Garrett that he had had "a brush with the Yankees over in Maryland," and asked that he and Herold be allowed to sleep in the barn that night. The identity of the fugitives was still unknown to their host, but their actions had already aroused the suspicions of John and William Garrett, young men who had just returned from the war. The latter now saw in Booth's request a ruse to secure their horses during the night, and so, after Booth and Herold retired to the barn, they quietly locked the door after them, having first removed their horses, and then slept in the nearby corn-crib.

The detectives and troopers, guided by Rollins, reached Bowling Green at midnight. Jett was aroused from his bed in the village tavern, and forced under the threat of death, to tell where he had left Booth and Herold, and to

guide the pursuers back to the Garrett homestead, which was reached shortly after three o'clock Wednesday morning. John Garrett, when awakened, disclosed the hiding-place of the two men, and was ordered to go into the barn and tell them to surrender. Booth refused to yield, even when informed that if he did not the barn would be fired, adding, "But there is a man in here who does want to surrender pretty bad," whereupon Herold presented himself at the door and was taken into custody. A moment later the building was fired by Conger, the detective, and as the flames lighted up its interior, a soldier, Boston Corbett, stole up to the side of the barn, placed his revolver to the crack between two boards, took aim and fired. Corbett's act was in disobedience of orders, and he was afterwards court-martialled for insubordination. The bullet entered Booth's head in almost the same spot as the shot he had fired at the President. He pitched forward into the flames, but soldiers, rushing into the barn, lifted him up and carried him to the porch of the house. He died without recovering consciousness, three hours after he was shot. His body was carried to Washington and secretly

[illegible] but later it [illegible] and now lies in a [illegible].

[illegible] a closing word. [illegible] who [illegible] died upon the gallows, [illegible] was [illegible] to Mrs. [illegible]. The parties to the plot to [illegible] was her son, had [illegible] at her house in Washington. [illegible] interviews with [illegible] and these facts, with other [illegible] were regarded as conclusive proof [illegible] was an accessory before the fact to the murder of the President. Arnold, O'Loughlin, and Dr. Mudd, who had set Booth's leg on the morrow of his flight, were sentenced—the latter, as is now known, most unjustly—to hard labor for life at the Dry Tortugas. Thither also, with a six years' sentence, went Edmund Spangler, the scene-shifter at Ford's Theatre. There is little doubt of Spangler's innocence. But he had cared for Booth's horses, and witnesses also testified that they had seen him talking to Booth outside of the theatre just before the assassination. These facts, so bitter

was the feeling at the time against all who happened to be associated with the assassin that day, sufficed to convict the luckless scene-shifter of aiding Booth in his escape. O'Loughlin died in prison, and in 1869, Mudd, Spangler, and Arnold were pardoned by President Johnson. John H. Surratt fled to Canada and thence to Europe, but was arrested at Rome, while serving in the Papal Zouaves, made his escape only to be re-arrested in Egypt, and was finally brought back to this country on an American frigate. He was tried at Washington by a civil court, early in 1867, charged with complicity in the plot to kill the President. The jury disagreed at the end of a three months' trial, during which more than two hundred witnesses appeared on the stand, and the government did not prosecute the case farther.

The body of the dead President lay in an upper chamber of the White House from Saturday morning until Monday night. It was then placed in the casket prepared for it and laid under a magnificent catafalque in the centre of the great East Room. The following morning the public were admitted to view the face of the dead. All day long a sorrowing, tearful

throng surged past the bier, and when the gates were closed at night Lafayette Park and the adjoining streets were still packed with people waiting for admission. Wednesday had been chosen for the funeral, and at the noon hour of that day representatives of all that was eminent and powerful in the North foregathered in the East Room. However, the great assembly contained but one person related to Lincoln or bearing his name,—his son Robert. Mrs. Lincoln was unable to leave her room, nor could little Tad be induced to be present. General Grant, separated from the others, sat alone at the head of the catafalque, and more than once was moved to tears.

Bishop Simpson and Dr. Gurley, both intimate friends of Lincoln, conducted the solemn services, and the tolling of bells and the booming of minute-guns announced their conclusion. A little later the coffin was borne from the White House, placed in a funeral car, and, headed by a fitting military and civilian escort, conveyed slowly to the Capitol. Uncounted thousands waited for it to pass, all with uncovered heads and many in tears. The east front of the Capitol reached, the procession halted, and the body

was borne across the portico and placed on a catafalque under the dome of the rotunda, which had been darkened and draped in mourning. There, after a brief service, it was left alone, save only for a guard of soldiers; but on Thursday the Capitol was opened, and again, as on Tuesday, from early morning until nightfall, a steadily lengthening throng, gathered from every part of the Union, paid to the dead its last tribute of affection and respect. It was an unforgetable scene. Guards marshalled the people into a double line which separated at the foot of the coffin, passed on either side, was reunited and was guided out by the opposite door, which opened on the great portico of the building on its east front.

In the early morning of Friday, April 22, the coffin of the President, followed by representatives of every branch of the government, was carried from the Capitol, through streets lined with another silent, uncovered multitude, to the railway-station, where it was placed in the funeral car of the train which was to convey the remains from Washington to Springfield. Beside it was placed a smaller coffin, that of Willie Lincoln, who had died in February,

1862, for Mrs. Lincoln had requested that father and son should make together their last earthly journey. Sharply at eight o'clock the train of nine cars left Washington. It had been decided, after much discussion, that the funeral procession should follow the same route which was taken by Lincoln when he left his home to become President. The way led through Baltimore, Harrisburg, Philadelphia, New York, Albany, Buffalo, Cleveland, Columbus, Indianapolis, and Chicago to Springfield. The progress of the train was the signal for a demonstration of grief without a parallel in history. At each of the larger cities the body lay in state for brief periods, and mourning crowds, with bowed heads and moistened eyes, filed past in uncounted numbers to look at the dead man's face. Tolling bells, salutes of guns, and camp-fires built along the course marked each resumption of the westward journey, and in the country districts, the plain folk whom Lincoln loved poured from their homes, and stood for hours, in storm and darkness, to see the train sweep by. And so he came for the last time unto his own people. It was on the morning of May 3 that the funeral train reached Spring-

field. There the body lay in state for twenty-four hours, while men and women of town and countryside, who had known Lincoln as neighbor, helper, and friend, sorrowed as over the coffin of a father. Then, on the afternoon of May 4, with prayer and dirge, the reading of his last inaugural, and a noble funeral oration by Bishop Simpson, the Supreme American was laid to his dreamless rest in Oakland Cemetery, a shaded and beautiful burial garth, two miles from Springfield.

CHAPTER XII

REBUILDING A NATION

FIVE weeks after the funeral of Lincoln Washington was the theatre of another and a very different pageant. On April 26 Joe Johnston surrendered to Sherman in North Carolina; eight days later Dick Taylor surrendered to Canby in Alabama; and on May 26 the forces west of the Mississippi commanded by Kirby Smith laid down their arms. The war was, indeed, over, and the million Union soldiers in the field were now free to return to their former pursuits. Orders for their disbanding followed each other in quick succession. Men from the army of Thomas rendezvoused at Nashville and Louisville, and those from that of Canby at New Orleans, Vicksburg, and Mobile, while the armies of Meade and Sherman, until muster- and pay-rolls had been made out, went into camp around Washington.

By May 20 two hundred thousand men were encamped along the Potomac, opposite the capital. Then, as a splendid climax to all that had

gone before, Secretary Stanton ordered that Meade's army on May 23 and Sherman's on the 24th should pass in grand review before the Administration. It was the noblest spectacle ever witnessed in this land. For six hours on one day and seven on the other a great throng gathered from all parts of the North, watched the men in the ranks, marshalled by generals whose names had become household words, pass sixty abreast through the wide Washington avenues. All the States of the North were represented among the bronzed, weather-beaten soldiers, whose cadenced advance suggested the might and power of an ocean tide. Those who witnessed, with mingled pride and awe, the passage of the stern-faced men who made up the long column knew now what Lincoln meant when he talked to them of "veterans;" and were brought also to a sudden, glad realization of the truth that the government that could call such an army into being would "not perish from the earth."

Another month, and the Grand Army of the Republic had melted back into the heart of the people, while the new President and his advisers had turned to deal, as best they could, with the

arduous and perilous question of Reconstruction. Lincoln, as is now well known, had decided the choice of the man whom Booth's bullet made his successor. One of the means by which he sought to strengthen his cause in the contest of 1864 was the nomination of a conspicuous War Democrat for Vice-President along with himself for President. Many of the men who had acted with the Democratic party in 1860 against Lincoln's election had patriotically entered the military service and won distinction by their heroism, and these represented a very large class of Democratic voters upon whom Lincoln felt he must rely for re-election. Hannibal Hamlin, then Vice-President, had been a Democrat; but he did not come under the class of War Democrats, and, besides, he had allowed himself to drift into the embrace of the opposition to his chief. Andrew Johnson, on the other hand, represented a distinctive and influential class of citizens, who, though still professing to be Democrats, were ready to support the war under Lincoln until it should be successfully terminated by the restoration of the Union. Johnson had been a Senator from Tennessee when that State seceded, but he had

contemptuously ignored her act of secession, and later had proved his stalwart and aggressive loyalty by bringing her back into the Union. Indeed, it was his record as military governor of Tennessee that pointed him out to Lincoln as the War Democrat who could best serve the Union cause, not only in the Presidential contest, but in another and not less important way. Recognition of the Confederacy by France and England was a grave peril in the last years of the war, and it was the President's belief that to elect a man to the Vice-Presidency from a reorganized rebellious State would most effectually prevent such recognition. And so the Baltimore convention, yielding to Lincoln's wishes, put aside Hamlin and made Johnson its candidate.

The careers of Lincoln and Johnson had run in closely parallel lines. Both were of humble origin. Lincoln became a farm-hand and country store-keeper, while Johnson mastered the trade of tailor and followed it for years. Before Lincoln moved from Kentucky to Illinois Johnson passed from North Carolina across the mountains to Tennessee. Both entered politics at about the same time, Lincoln as postmaster of

New Salem and Johnson as mayor of Greenville. Lincoln was elected to the Legislature of Illinois in 1834, and Johnson a year later to that of Tennessee. Johnson entered Congress in 1843 and Lincoln in 1849. In 1855 Johnson was sent to the Senate, and in 1858 Lincoln made his campaign against Douglas for a seat in that body. Finally, in 1860, Lincoln was nominated for the Presidency by the Republicans, while Johnson was an aspirant for the Democratic nomination and in the Charleston convention received the vote of Tennessee. There was, however, the widest possible difference in the manner and temper of the two men. Johnson had won his way by native pugnacity and force of character; a resolute spirit that knew not how to compromise was written in every line of his rugged, clean-shaven face, and he had none of the political astuteness of Lincoln or the latter's genius for understanding and persuading men. These qualities, or the want of them, as the sequel showed, were too heavy a handicap in the task before him.

Johnson, when Lincoln died, was lodged at the Kirkwood House in Washington, and there, on the morning of April 15, 1865, he was sworn

into office by Chief Justice Chase. A few weeks later, with his wife and daughters, he took up his residence in the White House. His daily life as President was a simple and laborious one. He arose at six in the morning, and at eight breakfasted with his family. Going into his office at nine o'clock, he remained there until four in the afternoon, engaged in conference with members of his Cabinet, with his correspondence, and with the reception of visitors. At four he joined his family, dined an hour later, and after dinner took a walk or a carriage-drive. Then he received visitors until eleven, when he retired for the night. Mrs. Johnson had been long an invalid, and her place as mistress of the White House was taken by the President's eldest daughter, Martha, the wife of David T. Patterson, a newly elected Senator from Tennessee. Mrs. Patterson had been carefully educated at the Academy of the Visitation in Georgetown while her father was in the Senate, and was, besides, a woman of unusual mental and social endowments. Inheriting all of her father's force of character with a gentleness all her own, she filled as few could have done a most difficult position. She stood in the

breach between seemingly irreconcilable elements, which she brought together by her tact, kindliness, and keen insight into human nature; and it is not too much to say that her gracious fulfilment of the duties which fell to her left behind it memories which have not yet been obliterated by the changes which so rapidly succeed each other in the official life at the capital.

The social centre of Washington during the Presidency of Johnson, however, was the home of General Grant, whose duties as general of the army made him a resident of the capital, and who, with his wife and growing children, occupied a large house in what was known as Minnesota Row. Here he and Mrs. Grant gave weekly receptions, to which flocked Cabinet officers, justices of the Supreme Court, members of Congress, officers of the army and navy, diplomats, residents, and visiting strangers. All who came received a cordial and unaffected welcome, but the general's warmest greetings were reserved for those who brought with them memories of earlier and humbler days, and he liked nothing better than a quiet chat with some old friend or comrade. He also found delight in solitary strolls about Washington, pacing slowly

with cigar in mouth, and never failing to return the salutations of those whom he met on the way. Indeed, Ben. Perley Poore describes this period as the happiest of Grant's eventful life. He was in the flush of mental and physical vigor, with his children growing up about him; he was general of the army, with freedom to retire without diminution of pay, and he was a national hero with all that carried with it of admiration and respect. And as yet, conscious of his unfitness for a political career, he had not yielded to the solicitations of the politicians who saw in him an irresistible candidate for President. Had he persevered in his purpose not to leave the army the story of his last days would have been a different one, and, doubtless, he would have lived and died a happier man.

Washington during the war period, when its roll of correspondents included such men as Carl Schurz, Henry Villard, Horace White, Samuel Wilkeson, Joseph Medill, Uriah H. Painter, George W. Adams, Whitelaw Reid, Joseph B. McCullagh, John Russell Young, and George Alfred Townsend, and the *Chronicle*, edited by John W. Forney and transformed into a daily, held a place among the great journals

of the land, had been in an especial sense the news centre of the nation. So it continued during the Administration of Johnson. Newspaper Row was daily and nightly visited by those prominent and potential in public affairs, and the strongest and most noted men of the Senate and of the House were frequent and welcome visitors in the Washington offices of the leading journals of the country. President Johnson was also keenly alive to the value of the press, and, perhaps, did more than any other man to give the newspaper interview its present form. Both of his private secretaries were working journalists, and he had as one of his most trusted advisers Simon P. Hanscom, a former abolition leader, who as editor of the *National Republican* devoted its columns to fervent and unflagging, if not always judicious, support of the measures and policy of his chief. Johnson, moreover, found another stalwart and aggressive organ in the *National Intelligencer,* which upon the death of William W. Seaton, in 1866, passed to the editorship of John F. Coyle. The days of the Administration organ and of the prosperity of the *National Intelligencer,* however, ended with Johnson. Coyle and his asso-

ciates, in 1869, sold it to Alexander Delmar, who united with it the *Express,* an evening paper established in 1866; but the venture did not prosper, and in January, 1870, the *National Intelligencer* disappeared from Washington journalism. Since then no President has commanded a newspaper mouth-piece at the capital.

Schuyler Colfax continued to serve as Speaker of the House and Ben Wade presided over the Senate during the Johnson Administration. New members of the House, or others who at this time returned to it after long absence, included Benjamin F. Butler and Nathaniel P. Banks, of Massachusetts; William H. Barnum, of Connecticut; Luke Poland, of Vermont, whose dress and speech recalled the statesmen of an earlier time; James Brooks and Fernando Wood, of New York, both conspicuous figures on the Democratic side; Austin Blair, who had been war governor of Michigan; Thomas W. Ferry, of the same State, who later was to win a seat in the Senate; Rutherford B. Hayes, of Ohio, fresh from service in the field and little dreaming that the Presidency was to come to him within a dozen years; Michael C. Kerr, of Indiana, a man of rare purity and worth;

John A. Logan, soon to become a Senator from Illinois; Shelby M. Cullom, Norman B. Judd, and John Wentworth, of the same State; Grenville M. Dodge, of Iowa; Philetus Sawyer, a keen-witted Wisconsin lumberman, whose services in House and Senate were to cover a period of twenty-four years; George H. Williams, of Oregon, who was to leave Congress to become Grant's Attorney-General; and James B. Beck and Proctor Knott, of Kentucky.

Butler and Beck demand more than a passing word. Butler sat ten years in the House, and during that time he was always a potential and interesting personality, though he failed to link his name with any great legislation. He proved himself, however, one of the strongest and ablest champions of the negro race according to the lights of the time, and he had few equals and no superiors in rough and ready debate. His keen and often ferocious wit never failed him, and he was always sure to call up the retort best suited to the occasion. An Ohio member who had long sought an opportunity to attack Butler one day secured the floor and gave forth a torrent of abuse so vulgar that it would have provoked unalloyed disgust had it

not been for the speaker's peculiar gestures, which tempered the disgust with mirth. He had a fashion of raising his arms high above his head, and then wringing his hands as if engaged in a mad attempt to wring them off. Butler sat unmoved through the speech, but when it was finished rose and stood in the aisle. For half a minute he said nothing. Then he began: "Mr. Speaker." Another long pause, at the end of which Butler raised his arms in exact reproduction of the gestures of his assailant. Then his arms fell and for another half-minute he stood silent. "That is all, Mr. Speaker," said he. "I only wanted to answer the gentleman from Ohio."

Beck came to America from his native Scotland when just past his majority, and as overseer on a Kentucky plantation earned the money with which he prepared for the bar. His success as a lawyer was immediate, and for some years before the war he was the partner of John C. Breckinridge. When the latter joined the Confederate army Beck remained at home, and it was to his watchful shrewdness that Breckinridge owed the competency which he enjoyed in his declining years. Beck never held office

until he entered the House in 1867. He carried with him to that body, where he served eight years, the resolute will and unflagging industry that characterized him in private life, and long before he took the seat in the Senate which he held until his death he had come to be recognized as one of the ablest disputants of either branch of Congress. Tall and large, square-featured, heavy-browed, shock-headed, and angular in outline, his arguments were always of the sledge-hammer order, and, as he never spoke without careful preparation, few there were who cared to stand against him. His death in 1890 was a distinctive loss not only to his State and party but to the nation.

Roscoe Conkling and Justin S. Morrill were promoted from the House to the Senate in 1867, and at about the same time Simon Cameron and Reverdy Johnson returned to that body. Other new Senators of the Johnsonian period were Theodore Frelinghuysen, of New Jersey, a member of a family long eminent in political affairs; William Pinkney Whyte, of Maryland, a managing politician, clever and adroit at bargains; John M. Thayer, of Nebraska, who had behind him a brilliant

record as a volunteer general; and Samuel J. Kirkwood, of Iowa, who had been the war governor of his State and who was to end his public career as Garfield's Secretary of the Interior. The ablest of the new Senators were Oliver P. Morton, of Indiana, and George F. Edmunds, of Vermont. Morton's services as war governor of Indiana had made him one of the chief figures of a great historic period, and in the Senate he at once took and held until the last a foremost place. Though he was already in the grip of a mortal disease when he became Senator, his acute and powerful intellect was as vigorous as ever, his activity incessant, and no man did more to shape the legislation of the reconstruction period.

Edmunds was thirty-eight years old when he entered the Senate; he left it voluntarily at the age of sixty-three. During the twenty-five years which intervened he stood in the front rank of Republican Senators. He made few formal speeches, and seldom, if ever, took notes, but he was withal one of the most instructive speakers in the Senate, for his compact remarks were always full of keen reasoning, rare wit, and solid sense, guided by great knowledge of the

law and of public affairs. Edmunds's rule of official conduct was peculiar to himself. His cardinal aim was ever to be the servant of the people, and while other Senators sought to serve their own States and sections first and only, he gave his unremitting care to questions affecting the general good. His leadership was often irksome and even despotic, but he always led, and in leading sought the welfare of the government and the country.

Still another new Senator was Edmund G. Ross, of Kansas, who, in 1866, succeeded to the seat made vacant by the suicide of James H. Lane. A native of Ohio, Ross had early gone from the printer's case to the editor's desk, and thence to a command in a border regiment during the war. He was one of its youngest members when he took his seat in the Senate, and he was always a silent one, but the conditions of a troubled era were to bring him enduring fame, for it was his vote that saved President Johnson from impeachment, and changed the course of history. The attempted impeachment of the President was the inevitable issue of a three years' quarrel with Congress over the question of reconstruction. Lincoln's views

as to the best means of rehabilitating the Union had become well known before his death. It was his contention that so long as there remained a fraction of loyal people in the Southern States, those States, though dormant, were still vital constituents of the Union and the body politic, and that, slavery being dead, that loyal fraction, and all others who might desire to rehabilitate their several States as members of the Union, should be permitted to do so upon their own motion and on any terms not inconsistent with the new order of things.

These views Lincoln illustrated in his outline of the methods whereby the people of North Carolina were authorized to resurrect their State government. He proposed to restore and refill the Federal positions in that State, with a provisional governor to superintend the reinstitution of its domestic officials and economies, and to extend this plan to all of the States lately in rebellion as rapidly as due regard for the conditions of the times would permit. This was Lincoln's plan of reconstruction determined upon by him in the spring of 1865, in confident anticipation that by the time Congress should reassemble in the ensuing December reconstruction

and reconciliation would have so far progressed that nothing would have remained but for the law-making body to endorse and supplement the President's work. Lincoln, had he lived to carry out his plan, would have provoked the opposition of the radicals, but there is little doubt that his popularity, coupled with his wisdom, his fine mercy, and the signal effectiveness of his plan, would have insured success.

Johnson, succeeding to the Presidency, essayed to carry forward on practically identical lines the work begun by Lincoln. He removed restrictions on internal and coastwise traffic in the South, opened most of its ports to commerce by Presidential proclamation, and on May 29, 1865, proclaimed amnesty to all citizens, except a few classes of leaders, to whom pardon was to be accorded on special application. The governments of Arkansas, Louisiana, and Tennessee had already been reorganized by the voters who could take the oath of Lincoln's amnesty proclamation. Provisional governors were promptly appointed in the States not yet reorganized, and the voters in those States who could qualify proceeded forthwith to frame constitutions and erect governments under them, being assured

of the President's recognition and support should they agree to the abolition of slavery by ratifying the Thirteenth Amendment and establish governments which seemed to him republican in form within the meaning of the Constitution. So rapidly was the work of restoration proceeded with that by the autumn of 1865 the required processes were complete in all of the States except Texas, and their Senators and Representatives were ready to apply for admission to Congress when that body should convene in December.

Johnson's efforts, however, were doomed to failure from the first. He entered office with the party which had elected him already inclined to suspect him, for, although a Union man, he had been a Democrat; and despite his repeated assurances that he was seeking in good faith to carry out Lincoln's policy of reconstruction as embodied in the North Carolina plan, he was at once assailed as one ready and willing to surrender the fruits of the war. Moreover, most of the Republican leaders in Congress, in both of whose branches that party counted an overwhelming majority, held to the view that the States lately in rebellion had committed suicide;

that they were subject wholly to the will of the conquerors in all questions of rehabilitation, and that the law did not revive with regard to them until once more declared in force by Congress.

This view, tempered by the irritating knowledge that the President had forestalled it in dealing with reconstruction, shaped the action of the law-making power when it assembled in December. All of the seceded States were omitted in the roll-call of the two houses, and later in the session a joint resolution was adopted that neither Senators nor Representatives should be received from the Southern States until Congress should declare them entitled to representation by full readmission to the Union. This checkmating of his plans was answered by the President with a speech in which he fiercely assailed Congress, ascribing to its leaders disloyal and even criminal motives. His intemperate and ill-timed utterances alienated most of the Republicans who were still friendly towards him, and when he vetoed a bill in the interest of the freedmen declaring "all persons born in the United States, and not subject to any foreign power," citizens and entitled to the same rights

as white citizens in regard to property and contracts, the law to be enforced by federal courts, Congress promptly passed it over his veto. A little later it embodied the principles of the bill in the Fourteenth Amendment to the Constitution, and made acceptance of this amendment by the revolted States a condition precedent to their recognition by Congress. Then it adjourned, while the President, journeying leisurely to Chicago, "swinging around the circle," as he termed it, bitterly and fiercely criticised its actions.

The breach was now past healing, and when Congress reassembled in December, 1866, backed by a popular endorsement of its course at the autumn elections, and angered by the Southern States' successive rejection of the Fourteenth Amendment, it lost no time in formulating measures by which these States were to be forced to accept the amendments. But first, in order to deprive the President of the free hand afforded him by the long Congressional recess, a provision was adopted directing the next and succeeding Congresses to convene at the beginning of the term, March 4, while a rider to the army appropriation bill made

General Grant, commanding the army, independent of and irremovable by the President. Then, to further nullify the President's powers, an act was passed over his veto which provided that no officer subject to confirmation by the Senate should be removed without the consent of that body; that during the recess the President might suspend an official, but if the Senate at its next session did not consent to the suspension he should be restored to office. This gave the Senate the power of removal, hitherto a prerogative of the President. Removals by him contrary to this law were made misdemeanors. The Executive was effaced. Congress was the government, and the Republican caucus was Congress.

The way thus cleared, on March 2, 1867, the great Reconstruction Act became a law. This act divided the ten seceded States still unrepresented in Congress into five military districts, each to be commanded by an officer not below the rank of brigadier, whose duty it was to protect all citizens, irrespective of race or color. Each State was to remain under military government until a State convention, chosen by voters without regard to race or color, should frame

a constitution recognizing no race limitation on the franchise, and then when this constitution received the approval of Congress, and when the Legislature of the State ratified the Fourteenth Amendment, the State was to be restored to representation in Congress. Under these conditions—Tennessee had been readmitted in 1866—Arkansas, the two Carolinas, Florida, Georgia, Alabama, and Louisiana were restored to the Union before the end of June, 1868, while Virginia, Mississippi, and Texas, slower in accepting the conditions, were readmitted early in 1870. Congress was dissatisfied with Georgia's attitude towards some provisions of the Reconstruction Act, and that State was not fully restored to representation until July, 1870. Then, for the first time since South Carolina withdrew in 1860, every State was represented in Congress, and the work of reconstruction was counted complete.

Congress, made still more aggressive by the President's repeated vetoes and his savage abuse of its members, meanwhile had pushed its policy of "Thorough" to the utmost limit. There had been some changes in the Cabinet which Johnson took over from Lincoln. Orville H. Browning,

of Illinois, was now Secretary of the Interior; Henry Stanbery, of Ohio, who later gave place to William M. Evarts, of New York, Attorney-General; and Alexander W. Randall head of the Post-Office Department. However, Hugh McCulloch, of Indiana, who late in 1865 had succeeded Fessenden as Secretary of the Treasury, along with Seward, Welles, and Stanton, had been originally appointed by Lincoln. Stanton was hostile to Johnson's reconstruction policy, and in August, 1867, the President suspended him from office; but when Congress reassembled, the Senate refused to sanction the removal. Thereupon Johnson, taking the ground that the tenure of office did not apply to Cabinet officers appointed by Lincoln, again removed Stanton, who refused to quit his office and appealed to the House for protection. The House, under the Constitution, has the sole power to impeach, and the Senate the sole power to try impeachment. Neither body now wasted time in carrying out its respective functions. On February 24, 1868, three days after Stanton's second removal, the House resolved to impeach the President for high crimes and misdemeanors, and nine days later, with Chief

Justice Chase presiding, the trial was begun in the Senate.

The articles of impeachment were eleven in number. The first eight dealt with the attempted removal of Stanton; the ninth alleged that the President had instructed General Emory that the act of Congress providing that orders and instructions to military commanders should be issued only through the general of the army was unconstitutional and void; the tenth claimed that the President in his public harangues had attempted to bring Congress into general contempt; and the eleventh charged that he had declared that the Thirty-ninth Congress was not a Congress duly authorized by the Constitution, that he was not bound by its acts, and that accordingly he had disregarded them. The evidence adduced in support of these charges was weak and unconvincing, and it speedily became evident that the prosecutors were relying upon the anger and wounded pride of the party they represented to influence in part the judgment. A division of the Senate on strict party lines would assure conviction, for forty-two of the fifty-four Senators, six more than the necessary two-thirds, were Republicans. How many of

these would break with their party associates and with the twelve Democratic Senators declare for the President's acquittal became the all-absorbing question as the trial drew to a close, and lent an interest intensely dramatic to the day set for the first vote on the articles of impeachment.

That day was May 16, and an early hour found the galleries of the Senate thronged to their utmost with a brilliant and eager auditory. Every chair on the floor was filled with a Senator, a Cabinet officer, a member of the President's counsel, or a Representative, for the House had adjourned, and its anxious members had at once thronged to the Senate chamber. Every foot of standing room in the area and about the Senatorial seats was occupied. Not only in the Senate chamber, but throughout the country there was a palpable, ominous foreboding, for those not blinded by the passions of the moment had come to realize that if the proposed degradation of Johnson was accomplished, the President, ceasing to be a co-ordinate branch of the government, would become a pliant tool of Congress; that in the increase of legislative power thus prepared for, the judi-

ciary would also be subordinated in turn, and that what was contemplated was the transformation of a wisely balanced government into a Congressional autocracy.

Chief Justice Chase called the court to order, and instantly a profound stillness settled upon the great assemblage. The names of the Senators were called in alphabetical order, and each gave his response standing at his desk. It was well known what the first dozen responses would be, but when the name of Fessenden was called subdued whispering, token of increased interest, was heard on every hand. In the Senate caucus a few days before he had argued with earnestness and power against the impeachment of the President, and since then unexampled efforts had been made to induce him to favor conviction,—all without avail. His pale face and the tense lines about his mouth showed that he saw clearly the personal consequences of the step he was about to take, but in a firm voice he voted against conviction. Fowler, of Tennessee, one of the youngest of the Republican Senators, was the next to vote. He was a radical Republican and personally unfriendly to the President, but he did not feel that the case against

the latter had been proved, and he also voted "not guilty." After this the name of Grimes, of Iowa, was called by the chief justice. This Senator had come from a sick-bed to record his vote, and he had to be supported on either side by friends as he rose to his feet. His vote was against conviction, and it was the last important act of his public career. Henderson, of Missouri, was the next anti-impeaching Republican to cast his vote, and then the call went on down the alphabet, with responses of "guilty" from the Republican Senators until the name of Ramsey, of Minnesota, was reached and passed.

Two of the Republican Senators whose names were yet to be called, Trumbull and Van Winkle, were known to oppose impeachment. A third, Ross, of Kansas, had given no sign of his decision, and when he rose to record his vote every one felt that the supreme moment of the trial had come. Ross's vote would decide the verdict; all its import hung upon his answer. Both sides hoped for it; both sides feared it. The Senator was young, ambitious, popular, and the friends of the President doubted if he had the courage to throw away a political future. They did not know the man. He rose calmly when

his name was called, and in a clear, firm voice voted "not guilty." His vote practically ended the historic trial of the age. The call went on down the alphabet, with the issue already known, and at its close the chief justice announced that the President was acquitted of the charges contained in the eleventh article, upon which the vote had been taken. Ten days later votes were had on the second and third articles; but the results were the same, and the remaining articles were never put to test of vote. Secretary Stanton at once resigned his office, and the country turned to watch the progress of another Presidential contest.

Johnson was a Democrat, but he had not won the confidence of his old associates by earning the hostility of the Republicans, and though the Democratic national convention, when it met in New York on the Fourth of July, endorsed his policy of reconstruction, it put him aside as an impossible candidate for President. Johnson's rejection, however, had an unexpected sequel. Months before the convention met it had been decided by Horatio Seymour and other Democratic leaders that Chief Justice Chase, who had become estranged from the Republican

party, should be nominated for President, and save for one man's craft and cunning this plan would have been carried into execution. That man was Samuel J. Tilden, who decided that the candidacy of Chase would spell defeat. Instead, he planned with subtle and masterly strategy to nominate Seymour. It had been arranged that Seymour, who had been chosen president of the convention, was to leave the chair to nominate Chase. This moment was chosen by Tilden for the fulfilment of his purpose, and when Seymour called another to preside, an Ohio delegate, shrewdly selected for the occasion, sprang to his feet and demanded the nomination of Seymour, the acknowledged leader of the Democracy. Men in other delegations, previously assigned to their task, swelled the hurrah for Seymour, and when some of the New York delegates joined in the cheering, the end became evident to all. "Your candidate I cannot be," said Seymour, in a faltering tone, as he left the platform, but the wave surged on, and he was made the nominee by a practically unanimous vote. Seymour, prevailed upon to consider the subject, reluctantly submitted to the result thus achieved, and the convention completed its work

by nominating General Frank P. Blair, of Missouri, for Vice-President.

The Republican convention had met six weeks earlier at Chicago. Grant's tardy assent to become its candidate had made his nomination a mere matter of form, and there was not a dissenting voice to his election in the entire convention. However, considerable interest and excitement attached to the choice of a candidate for Vice-President. The names of Ben Wade, Reuben E. Fenton, and Schuyler Colfax were presented, and the friends of Wade, who, as presiding officer of the Senate, would have been President had Johnson been convicted on the impeachment charges, were especially earnest and active in his behalf. Their fight, though stubborn, was a hopeless one. Wade, on the fifth and final ballot, had but thirty-eight votes to five hundred and forty-one for Colfax and sixty-nine for Fenton.

The Republicans triumphed decisively in the ensuing election. Nearly all of the Southern States were dominated by negro majorities, while most of the Northern States supported Congress in its policy of "Thorough," and, though Seymour took the stump late in the cam-

paign and delivered speeches of great ability, he was overwhelmingly defeated, receiving but eighty votes in the electoral college to two hundred and fourteen for Grant. Johnson withdrew from the White House the day before the inauguration of his successor, and a few days later left the capital, which saw him no more until in 1875 he began the term in the Senate speedily cut short by his death.

CHAPTER XIII

THE PRESIDENCY OF GRANT

GRANT'S first inauguration, March 4, 1869, differed in some respects from all of its predecessors. Several companies of colored men had places in the military escort, while Union veterans generously swelled the throng which flocked to Washington to witness the event and to make it a tribute to the chief hero of the war. Contrary to the etiquette of the occasion, the President-elect was not escorted to the Capitol by his predecessor, for a bitter personal quarrel between Johnson and Grant had been one of the issues of the former's stormy Administration. Instead, Grant's personal friend and chief of staff, General Rawlins, accompanied him. The oath of office was administered by Chief Justice Chase, and Grant read his brief inaugural address in so low a voice that it was only heard by those nearest to him. The ceremonies attending his second inauguration, in 1873, were almost identical with

those of the first, an enormous and enthusiastic crowd again filling the capital, and the oath being again administered by Chief Justice Chase.

President Grant carried with him into the White House the simple and regular habits of a soldier. He rose early, read the morning papers, and at eight o'clock breakfasted with his family. A short stroll followed, and from ten until three o'clock he was engaged with the official duties of the moment. Work ended for the day, came a visit to the White House stables, for the President was fond of horses, and another short stroll about the grounds or along the north side of Pennsylvania Avenue. Dinner was served at five o'clock, and the evening was usually passed with his family. A few chosen friends would call now and then, usually by appointment, " but business matters were forbidden, and offices were not to be mentioned." The children retired at nine o'clock, Mrs. Grant soon followed them, and between ten and eleven the President sought his pillow.

Nellie Grant grew from girlhood into winsome womanhood while her father filled the Presidency. The pet of the social world, she

was the idol of her father, who, though deeply disappointed, raised no objection when she told him that she had given her heart to Algernon Sartoris, a British subject. The prospective groom, a son of Edward Sartoris of Hampshire, England, came to America in 1870, to seek his fortune. Two years later, on the steamship "Russia," while Miss Nellie was returning from a trip to Europe, the couple met and formed an attachment which terminated in courtship and engagement. Their wedding took place in the East Room of the White House on the morning of May 21, 1874. The bride had a trousseau fit for an emperor's daughter, and the gifts showered upon her represented a fortune. The wedding déjeuner was in keeping. Flags of two nations and flowers adorned the table; the service was of gold, and the menu was printed in gilt on white silk. After the déjeuner the President and Mrs. Grant and a few friends accompanied the bridal couple by special train to New York. The President gave his daughter away at the altar, and he bade her Godspeed on her departure the next day for her residence in England. His forebodings, however, were well founded. The union, ended by the husband's

death a few years ago, did not prove a wholly happy one, and the rumors which came from over the sea caused the father constant solicitude in his last days. Hugh Hastings, an old family friend, journeying to Long Branch to visit the Grants, found the general seated on a rock overlooking the sea. He stole softly up and covered Grant's eyes, saying, "Now, guess who it is." But in another instant he drew back his hands —wet with tears. Grant looked up. "Hello, Hugh," said he, kindly. "You are crying, general; what has happened? What is the matter?" demanded Hastings. "We get bad news from England," was the reply. "Nellie is unhappy, and I can't help thinking about it—thinking about it all the time. I am in trouble, Hugh; the greatest trouble of my life."

Grant's Cabinet underwent many changes during his first years in the Presidency. The nominations originally sent to the Senate included Elihu B. Washburne, of Illinois, as Secretary of State; Alexander T. Stewart, of New York, as Secretary of the Treasury; John A. Rawlins, of Illinois, as Secretary of War; Adolph E. Borie, of Pennsylvania, as Secretary

of the Navy; Jacob D. Cox, of Ohio, as Secretary of the Interior; John A. J. Creswell, of Maryland, as Postmaster-General; and Ebenezer R. Hoar, of Massachusetts, as Attorney-General. Washburne retired at the end of a week, to become minister to France, and was succeeded by Hamilton Fish, of New York. Stewart, to his own and the President's chagrin, was unable to serve because of a law which prevented any man interested in the importation of merchandise from becoming head of the Treasury, and George S. Boutwell, of Massachusetts, was named in his place. Rawlins died in September, 1869, and was succeeded, after a brief interregnum, by William W. Belknap, of Iowa. Borie speedily gave way to George M. Robeson, of New Jersey, and Cox to Columbus Delano, of Ohio; while Hoar, after three months' service, was succeeded by Amos T. Ackerman, of Georgia, who, in December, 1871, was replaced by George H. Williams, of Oregon.

Grant left to the members of his Cabinet all matters concerning their own departments, and he expected them to decide all ordinary questions for themselves. A newly appointed member, a few days after taking office, submitted to the

President a score of important appointments and one or two questions involving the expenditure of money. He had the briefs concerning these in his hand, and he asked Grant to look at them. "Have you read them?" asked the President. "Certainly," was the reply. "Have you considered what is best to do about them?" "Yes; here are my recommendations as to the disposal of them." "That is all I want to know," said Grant. "I will make the appointments and sign the papers." "But don't you want to look into the records of the men and see the arguments in the briefs?" "No, I do not," was the reply. "That is what I have you for. If your judgment is not sufficiently strong to pass upon such things and to investigate them, I will have to look around for some man who is out of a job to take your place. All I want you to do is to look into such matters and decide them for me. If you are sure that they are right I will do as you say." And he thereupon made the appointments and signed the papers.

The President, however, considered for himself all questions of public policy, and he did not hesitate on occasion to set aside the recom-

mendations of his Cabinet advisers in other matters. Dr. H. W. Hasslock had been a friend of Grant in the days when he most needed friends. When Grant was living in poverty in St. Louis, Hasslock asked him to accept a loan of such an amount as would answer his needs. The loan was accepted and afterwards repaid with interest, but Grant was most grateful, and seemed to feel that he could not do enough for his benefactor, though pecuniarily he had squared the account. A few years before the Civil War Dr. Hasslock removed to Nashville, Tennessee, and during that struggle was an avowed and ardent sympathizer with the South. Nevertheless, in the middle of Grant's first term, being in reduced circumstances, he visited Washington, seeking an office. When he sent in his card he was promptly received by the President, who said, as he grasped his hand, " My old friend, I am glad to see you. Is there anything I can do for you?" " Yes," replied Hasslock, " I am poor now, and, though a Democrat, I have come to ask you for an office." " You shall have it," said Grant, " no matter what your politics now are, have been, or may hereafter be. What place do you want?" Hasslock replied that he wanted the Nashville

post-office. Without a moment's hesitation he was appointed, though it was the best office in the State, and to give it to him it became necessary to remove a Republican. A few days later the Senate confirmed his appointment, and he remained in office until the end of Grant's second term.

After the President, the man most conspicuous in public life during the period under review was James G. Blaine, who from 1869 till 1875 served as Speaker of the House. Blaine during these years grew steadily in popularity and public favor, a result due alike to his personal magnetism and to his unfailing readiness to serve a friend. In 1873 General Zachary Taylor's daughter, the widow of Assistant Surgeon-General Wood of the army, appeared in Washington, destitute, and applied to General Sherman for a loan of one thousand dollars to enable her to reach a sick daughter in Austria. "I had not the money," writes Sherman in his memoirs. After a few moment's thought, he said, "Mrs. Wood, we must get you a special pension, and have it date from your husband's death. What member of Congress do you know?" Mrs. Wood replied that she did

not know a single member. "Don't you know Mr. Blaine?" demanded Sherman. "He is the Speaker of the House, a fellow of infinite wit and boundless generosity." Mrs. Wood did not know Blaine. Sherman took her to the Capitol and called the Speaker from the chair. "Has it come to this," exclaimed Blaine, after a few words of inquiry as to the case, "that the daughter of Zachary Taylor should be knocking at the doors of Congress for the pitiful pension of fifty dollars a month? I will do all a man can in this complicated government. I will make your case my own."

Sherman, satisfied with this assurance, left the case in the Speaker's hands. "The sequel," he concludes, "I learned from a friend. Blaine returned to the chair, but when a lull occurred called some member to take his place and walked straight to Holman, the Universal Objector, saying, 'Holman, I have a little matter of great interest which I want to rush through; please don't object.' 'What is it?' asked Holman. 'A special pension for the widow of Surgeon Wood, the daughter of General Zachary Taylor.' 'Is it all right?' demanded the great objector. 'Of course it is all right, and every American

should blush that this thing could be.' 'Well,' said Holman, 'go ahead; I'll be out of the way, in the cloak-room.' Watching his opportunity, Blaine got the eye and ear of the acting Speaker, made one of his most eloquent and beautiful speeches, introduced a bill for the pension of Mrs. Wood for fifty dollars a month, to date back to the time of her husband's death four years before, which would give her twenty-four hundred dollars of arrears and six hundred dollars a year for life. It was rushed through the House by unanimous consent, and Blaine followed it through the Senate and to the President, where it became law, and this most deserving lady was enabled to go to Austria to be with her daughter during her illness."

New members of the House during Grant's eight years in the Presidency, some of whom are still in public life, included Eugene Hale and Wiliam P. Frye, of Maine; Henry W. Blair, of New Hampshire; George F. Hoar, of Massachusetts; Joseph R. Hawley, of Connecticut; Samuel S. Cox, Henry W. Slocum, Thomas C. Platt, William A. Wheeler, and Abram S. Hewitt, of New York; William Walter Phelps, of New Jersey; Frank Hurd, Charles Foster, and

Henry B. Payne, of Ohio; Omer D. Conger and Jay Hubbell, of Michigan; James N. Tyner, of Indiana; William M. Springer, of Illinois; John A. Kasson, of Iowa; Jeremiah Rusk, of Wisconsin; Richard P. Bland, of Missouri; Joseph S. C. Blackburn, Henry Watterson, and Milton J. Durham, of Kentucky; Eppa Hunton and J. Randolph Tucker, of Virginia; Washington C. Whitthorne, of Tennessee; Robert Brown Elliott, of South Carolina; Alexander H. Stephens, of Georgia; Lucius Q. C. Lamar, of Mississippi; and Roger Q. Mills, of Texas. Cox and Conger demand individual mention.

The political career of Cox was an exceptional one. A native of Ohio, he was elected to Congress for four terms from that State, and then, moving to New York City in 1865, was not long resident there until he was again elected to Congress for six terms in succession, with but a single break. During his long period of service he was the laughing philosopher of the House, whose keen wit and rare sense of the humorous could find material for mirth in the dullest subject. He possessed, nevertheless, an underlying stratum of solid sense, and this, with incessant activity on the floor and keen insight

into the pith of measures proposed, made him a dreaded opponent and an ally whose support always worked for success. Perhaps the greatest of his achievements for the public good was the establishment of the life-saving service. It was he who originated, and, in the face of discouraging opposition, carried through the bill which resulted in the establishment of a service which has already saved many thousand lives and millions of dollars' worth of property.

Conger was twelve years a member of the House, and during his last days of service he was the Republican leader on the floor. To a parliamentary knowledge second to none he added a most thorough knowledge of the men he was pitted against, and he never yielded, no matter how great the odds. Quick at repartee and merciless when he had an opponent foul, he had also a keen sense of the ludicrous which often saved him from discomfiture. An undersized member from Mississippi, whose uncomely personal appearance seemed to prove the Darwinian theory, while delivering a rabid and sectional speech, was interrupted by a sarcastic question from Conger. He answered the interruption with the declaration that in olden times

kings had their court fools, whose insignia of office was a cap and bells; that the Republican party, following the ancient custom, had its court fool, but in this instance the insignia of office was a swallow-tail, alluding to Conger's constant habit of wearing a dress-coat. There was great laughter on the Democratic side and the speaker grinned as Conger rose to reply. "I asked the heroic gentleman," said he, "a plain, simple question; instead of answering it, he jumps upon his music-box and makes grimaces before the House and the country." The likeness in the attitude and expression of the little man from Mississippi to the organ-grinder's best friend was apparent. The House, however, seemed to take the bitter jest in sections, and when the roar of laughter died out in one strip it reappeared in another, until everybody was convulsed. Nor did the discomfited member receive much sympathy, so richly did he merit punishment.

Hannibal Hamlin returned to the Senate in 1869, succeeding to the seat of William Pitt Fessenden, and among the new Senators of mark during the years under review were Thomas F. Bayard, of Delaware; Allen G. Thurman, of

Ohio; Joseph E. McDonald, of Indiana; Matthew H. Carpenter, of Wisconsin; and John J. Ingalls, of Kansas. Bayard, the fourth of his family to win a seat in the Senate, served there sixteen years. A ready and aggressive debater, he held from the first a leader's place on the Democratic side, and, if his advice was not always followed, his voice was always heard with respect. Thurman was one of the really great constitutional lawyers of his generation. When he addressed the Senate every one interested in the subject in hand was compelled to listen, for he was not only capable of mastering the facts involved in a complex question, but he was able to present them forcibly and even vividly, and he had a rough humor which seldom failed to emphasize his best points. He was, both in theory and in practice, a most efficient contributor to that kind of discussion, patient, searching, and fruitful, which has now become only too rare in the Senate. McDonald looked and dressed like a well-to-do farmer, and he had in his youth followed the trade of saddler and harness-maker, but he was also a man of strong mental caliber, positive convictions, and clear political vision. His single term in the Senate

proved him one of the most capable legislators of his time.

Carpenter, who entered the Senate in 1869, served there, save for a break of four years, until his death in 1881, and during that period he was ranked as one of the foremost of Senatorial orators. His was a person of singular attractiveness; his manners were charming, and few there were who could withstand the genial warmth of his presence and kindliness. He was a natural orator, gifted with a voice of wonderful sweetness and compass, and so acute and versatile was his intellect, that he charmed equally by the manner and substance of his speeches. He excelled also in the clear statement of a case, and though he spoke often it was never without saying something which elucidated the subject before the Senate. Ingalls entered the Senate in 1873, and, twice re-elected, remained a member for eighteen years, during which time he was of Republican Senators the one most dreaded in debate. In style, manner, logic, and keen repartee he approached nearer to Fessenden than any other Senator of recent years, while to natural gifts of a high order he added scholarship and a large store of valua-

ble information. He lacked, however, the essential quality of self-restraint in punishing an humbled adversary, and thus went through public life making enemies on every side. These finally wrought his undoing, and turned his last days into days of disappointment and profitless opportunity.

Congress during Grant's two terms of office was chiefly occupied with bills to protect the freedmen in their civil rights and to extend amnesty to those lately in arms against the government. It passed a general amnesty act in May, 1872, but it found the first half of its task a troublesome and delicate one. Studied and sometimes violent effort by the native whites of the South to shut the negro out of his vote was met by acts which made penal offences of all attempts to hinder or interfere with the exercise of the franchise by the negroes, or the counting of the votes cast by them; and the federal courts were given exclusive cognizance of all offences under these acts. Furthermore, in several of the Southern States "returning boards" were created by law to make final canvass of all State or federal elections and to judicially determine their validity. These measures were

in entire keeping with the Congressional policy of "Thorough" in dealing with the revolted States, but they bred a swarm of evils. What with the determination on the one hand of the native whites to regain their ascendency, and on the other hand of the negroes, organized under alien white leaders, to maintain the privileges and the extraordinary powers which Congress had placed in their hands, election troubles were of constant recurrence in most of the Southern States, while opposing efforts to control the "returning boards" led too often to fraud and violence and to requests for the intervention of federal troops in support of Republican claimants to office.

The North viewed the policy behind these "autumnal outbreaks" with divided mind, and, as time went on, an influential element in the Republican party arrayed itself in open opposition to it. Moreover, Grant, who had come into office a stranger to civic duty, had shown little wisdom in many of his appointments to posts of responsibility, and when he disregarded public sentiment in upholding favorites who brought scandals upon his Administration, the faction of opposition resolved upon revolution-

ary action. Early in 1872 a call was issued for a national convention of Liberal Republicans to meet at Cincinnati, on May 1, to nominate candidates for President and Vice-President. This convention nominated Horace Greeley, of New York, and B. Gratz Brown, of Missouri; and the Democrats in due time accepted both its platform and its candidates.

The Republican national convention met on June 5, at Philadelphia, and as the opponents of Grant had deserted the Republican standard he was renominated without a dissenting vote. A bitter contest, however, was waged for the Vice-Presidency. Schuyler Colfax was anxious for a renomination, but in some way had incurred the bitter ill-will of the Washington correspondents. The latter joined hands in the spring of 1872, sprang Henry Wilson's name upon the country as a candidate for the Vice-Presidency, and when the convention met they were present in a body to labor in their favorite's behalf. Their efforts turned the scales to Wilson, and he was made the candidate. There has seldom been a better illustration of the influence which can be wielded on occasion by a determined and united body of newspaper men. The cam-

paign which followed was noisy and exciting, but there never was any doubt of the result. Grant's hold upon the people was still too strong to be shaken, nor could the Democrats be expected to give hearty support to the stridently radical editor of the New York *Tribune*. Grant had two hundred and eighty-six votes in the electoral college and a popular majority of three-quarters of a million.

There were numerous changes in the President's Cabinet during his second term. Boutwell left the Treasury in March, 1873, to take Wilson's vacant seat in the Senate, and was succeeded by William A. Richardson, of Massachusetts, who, in June, 1874, gave way to Benjamin H. Bristow, of Kentucky. Zachariah Chandler, of Michigan, in October, 1875, replaced Delano as Secretary of the Interior. Creswell resigned the Postmaster-Generalship in July, 1874, and that office during the balance of Grant's term was filled in turn by Marshall Jewell, of Connecticut, and James N. Tyner, of Indiana. Edwards Pierrepont, of New York, became Attorney-General in 1875, but a year later, having been appointed minister to England, was succeeded in the Department of Justice by Al-

fonso Taft, of Ohio. A more sensational Cabinet change was the retirement of Secretary Belknap, who, in March, 1876, was impeached for accepting bribes in dispensing the patronage of the War Department, and resigned his office to escape condemnation. Don Cameron, of Pennsylvania, was Grant's last Secretary of War.

Secretary Belknap was not the only member of the Grant Administration to offend against official honesty. Secretary Bristow's efforts to break up the so-called "Whisky Ring" disclosed concerted action in the West between distillers and federal officials to defraud the government of large amounts; and it is now an admitted fact that a profound demoralization pervaded all branches of the public service during the whole of Grant's second term. Nor did Congress escape this demoralization, chiefly due, no doubt, to the prolonged domination of a single party in the government. An investigation early in 1873 of the operations of the corporation known as The Credit Mobilier, under whose auspices the Union Pacific Railway, aided by enormous government grants, had been completed across the continent, brought forth clear

proof that several members of the House had been guilty of dishonest practices, fixed upon others a strong suspicion of unworthy motives, and impressed the country with the belief in the existence of a corrupt Congressional "ring." And this belief that disgraceful influences governed legislative action was strengthened by the early passage of an act granting an increase of compensation to Senators and Representatives, and making this increase apply retrospectively to the salaries of the members of the existing Congress. The next session saw this measure repealed; but the opposition and discontent manifested in the nomination of Greeley and Brown steadily gathered head as the corruption of the Administration was more and more clearly brought to light, while the financial distress of 1873 helped not a little to set the popular will against the dominant party. The Democrats, in 1874, gained a decisive majority in the House of Representatives; in 1875 they carried their State tickets in many Northern States; and the assembling of the national conventions in the following year found public opinion still trending strongly in their favor.

James G. Blaine, lately transferred from the

House to the Senate, was the most conspicuous candidate before the Republican national convention which met at Cincinnati. Other strong candidates were Oliver P. Morton, Roscoe Conkling, and Benjamin H. Bristow. Pennsylvania had a candidate in John F. Hartranft, and Ohio offered one in Rutherford B. Hayes, who had won a brilliant campaign for governor the previous year. All of the enthusiasm, however, was for Blaine. He had a majority of the delegates, and a majority of the convention voted for him at one time or another, but never on the same ballot. The fact that he had suffered a supposed stroke of apoplexy a few days before gave an argument to those who opposed him that was used with great effect; but his final defeat was due to Don Cameron, of Pennsylvania. On the morning of the second day Cameron, who had astute and willing lieutenants in Robert W. Mackey and William H. Kemble, proposed to the Pennsylvania delegates, many of whom favored Blaine, that as they were instructed for Hartranft and to vote as a unit, they should do so only when Hartranft's vote increased, and that whenever he dropped in the race they should then vote as a unit

and as the majority directed. This proposition was eagerly accepted by the friends of Blaine, as they believed that Hartranft's strength would soon be exhausted, and that then they would get a solid vote for their candidate. But Mackey and Kemble, skilled in the management of politicians of every grade, arranged with a number of delegations, chiefly from the South, to have Hartranft's vote slightly increased on every ballot. Thus, instead of starting Hartranft with an exhibition of his full strength, part of it was held back, and, to the surprise and dismay of the Blaine men from Pennsylvania, Hartranft's vote steadily increased with each successive roll-call. The climax of this shrewd manœuvre came in a landslide on the seventh ballot to Hayes as a compromise candidate, with whom William A. Wheeler, of New York, was nominated for Vice-President.

The issue of the Democratic convention, which met a fortnight later at St. Louis, proved Samuel J. Tilden to be one of the master politicians of his time. From the governor's office at Albany he had planned and executed a campaign for the Presidential nomination of his party that was at once tireless, methodical, and

sagacious. Control was secured of the delegations from most of the doubtful States, and a watchful eye kept upon the men chosen as delegates. As a result of this early and complete organization, it was a Tilden body that convened at St. Louis, with discreet and able leaders to shape and direct its work. Thomas A. Hendricks, of Indiana, was also in the field as a candidate, but his supporters, though zealous and aggressive, were outclassed in leadership, and fought from the first against hopeless odds. Tilden was promptly declared the nominee, and second place on the ticket given to Hendricks.

The Democratic candidate directed his own campaign with shrewdness, system, and splendid command of details. The South was supposed to be surely Democratic, and the battle centred in the doubtful States of New York, New Jersey, Connecticut, and Indiana. One after another of these doubtful States on election night swung into line for Tilden. These with the solid South elected him. At midnight people went to bed and considered the fight over. But at five o'clock next morning Zachariah Chandler, chairman of the Republican National Committee, received an unexpected caller in his room

in the Fifth Avenue Hotel, New York. The visitor, John C. Reid, of the New York *Times,* roused the sleeping chairman from his bed and went over the ground carefully, counting the electoral vote in each State. Hayes had received one hundred and sixty-six electoral votes, but one hundred and eighty-five were needed to elect him. Where were the other nineteen votes to come from? South Carolina, Florida, and Louisiana, said Reid, could furnish them. Though claimed by the Democrats, the result there was still in doubt, and in each of these States the Republicans controlled the returning board. Hayes's managers had but to keep their heads and his election was assured. Chandler asked what should be done. "Telegraph at once," was the reply, "to leading Republicans, men in authority, in the States I have named. Tell them that Hayes is elected if we have carried those States, and to hold them no matter what the odds against them. Then back these men up with the support and resources of the Republican party in the North, and there need be no fears of the result."

The course suggested was instantly adopted, and telegrams, dictated by Reid, were sent off to

the three States which were to become the battle-ground of a new contest for the Presidency. There was no departure during the exciting days that followed from the shrewd plan of campaign laid out in Chandler's room in the early morning of November 8, 1876. Double sets of electoral votes in due time were sent to Congress from Louisiana, Florida, and South Carolina, each certified by rival returning boards. Thence arose a condition without precedent in our political history. The Senate was Republican, the House Democratic, and there is little doubt that had the President of the Senate in February, 1877, opened the certificates, counted the electoral votes, and declared Hayes elected President, by including the returns from Louisiana, Florida, and South Carolina among the others that were not disputed, the House would have at once proceeded to elect Tilden, voting by States. The result would have been two Presidents, each supported by his own party, a double inauguration, and the two branches of Congress arrayed against each other, with the probability of armed collision, anarchy, and civil war.

A way out of this perilous dilemma was found in a bill, passed by Congress and approved by

the President late in January, 1877, which provided for the reference of all questions arising in respect to States from which more than one certificate had been received to a commission consisting of five Senators, five Representatives, and five justices of the Supreme Court, the decision of a majority to be final, unless rejected by concurrent votes of both Houses, in which event their order should prevail. Four of the justices were designated in the bill—those assigned to the first, third, eighth, and ninth circuits; they to select the fifth in such manner as they might decide.

It was the hope of the framers of the bill that a commission thus made up would decide with judicial impartiality the vexed and puzzling questions involved; but a strange caprice of fortune intervened to disappoint them. There had been four changes in the Supreme Court during the previous half-dozen years. William Strong, of Pennsylvania, Joseph P. Bradley, of New Jersey, and Ward Hunt, of New York, had been duly appointed to the vacant seats of Justices Catron, Wayne, and Grier, and, in 1874, Morrison R. Waite, of Ohio, had succeeded Chief Justice Chase. The four justices

designated as members of the commission were Clifford, Field, Miller, and Strong,—two Democrats and two Republicans. This equally divided the commission in politics, with the fifteenth member in abeyance and to be chosen by the four justices from their associates. It was generally understood that seniority of service would control their choice, and that it would fall on Justice David Davis, of Illinois, who was believed to favor Tilden.

Here intervened the strange caprice of fortune. A Senatorial contest was in progress in Illinois, with John A. Logan, the incumbent, an active candidate for re-election. The Legislature was so nearly a tie between the Republicans and Democrats that five "independents" held the balance of power. They supported Justice Davis, and, after a prolonged struggle, the Democrats united with them and elected him as Logan's successor. Whereupon Davis resigned from the Supreme Bench to take his seat in the Senate, and Bradley, the next ranking justice, was made the fifteenth member of the electoral commission. Bradley was a Republican, and his selection gave that party a majority of the commission, whose every vote

proved to be a vote upon partisan lines. A vote of eight Republicans to seven Democrats decided all disputed questions in favor of the Republicans, and though the process of decision was slow,—not until two days before the date set by the Constitution for the inauguration of the new President was the counting finished,—it was duly determined that Louisiana, Florida, and South Carolina had cast their electoral votes for Hayes, who was declared elected.

Tilden might have won, nevertheless, had not his part in the nomination of Seymour over Chase in 1868 returned to plague him. Kate Chase Sprague, daughter of the Chief Justice, was long the most brilliant woman in Washington society, counting among her friends and admirers many of the ablest men in public life. One of these was Senator Conkling, of New York. The vote of Louisiana determined the contest before the electoral commission, and, under the bill creating the latter body, it required the approval of the Senate to assure the electoral vote of that State to Hayes. Had it been given to Tilden, he would have been the President. Many Republicans, Conkling among them, believed that Tilden had been rightfully

elected, and in the Senate enough votes were marshalled to throw the vote of that body in his favor, provided Conkling would lead in such a course. This he agreed to do, but failed to appear at the critical moment, and the anti-Hayes Republicans, thus left without a leader, fell back to their party lines and gave the vote of the State and the Presidential certificate to Hayes. It came out afterwards that Conkling's failure to keep his word was due to the influence and cajolery of Mrs. Sprague, who thus avenged the defeat of her father's nomination eight years before. The quick wit of an editor and a woman's ill-will lost Tilden the Presidency, to which he had been elected by a popular majority of over two hundred and fifty thousand.

CHAPTER XIV

A NEW ERA AND A NEW CITY

"IT was my misfortune," said Grant in his last annual message to Congress, "to be called to the office of Chief Executive without any previous political training," and when his second term was ended he confessed that he had failed in the discharge of an unfamiliar task. His years in the Presidency, nevertheless, marked a turning-point in the history of the country. The war was now a memory. The period of reconstruction was past. Natural legal and political conditions had been in large part restored, and repaired economic forces, both North and South, were gathering head for new achievements. The national spirit, when it took stock of its resources at the Centennial Exposition in Philadelphia, awoke at last to full consciousness of its strength, and, subordinating every other sentiment to that of hope, a reunited and homogeneous people turned with pride and joy to face the long future of peace, prosperity, and growing greatness in store for their common country.

Washington: The Capital City

The birth of a new era found Washington transformed into a capital worthy of the republic. The federal city, in 1860, had attained a population of nearly seventy thousand inhabitants; but its growth had been slow, and it remained in reality little better than an overgrown village, far inferior to many State capitals in beauty, size, and comfort. Its houses, as a rule, were built of wood, and plain to the point of ugliness. There were no regular grades throughout the city, and most of its walks and avenues were unpaved and ill kept. The entire water supply came from pumps and springs. The sewerage system was fatally defective, and the wide, shallow canal which extended from the Potomac nearly to Capitol Hill was a disease-breeding receptacle for the city's refuse and filth. There were no street railroads; omnibuses were the only means of communication between different quarters of the city, and not a street was lighted except Pennsylvania Avenue. The fire department was little more than a name, the police force a mere constabulary, and the common school system would have brought shame to any New England town. The Capitol and the present Departments were unfinished or not

yet begun; weeds grew in the parks and commons; and stables, wooden fences, and patches of bare earth surrounded the White House.

The Civil War, however, wrought a complete and gratifying change in the hitherto unfortunate city. No longer was it regarded as a sorry burlesque on the ambitious dreams of its founders, but as the heart of a nation engaged in a giant's struggle for existence. Its population nearly doubled in a single decade, adding an active and progressive force to the life of the city, and with the return of peace a movement was set on foot by a few liberal citizens to rescue it from the ancient ruts of indifference and sloth. Early in 1871 Congress abolished the old and established a new form of government for the District. The act effecting this change provided for a territorial form of government, with governor, legislature, and delegate to Congress. A board of public works was also created, with Alexander R. Shepherd as chairman. This remarkable man, who soon succeeded to the governorship, proved equal in every way to the complex and difficult task before him. A native of Washington and of humble parentage, he had early become a prosperous master

plumber, and later a large and successful operator in real estate. He knew every inch of Washington, and was an enthusiastic believer in the future which waited upon the adequate development of its natural advantages. He was, moreover, a man of indomitable perseverance, and of more than ordinary executive ability, and he thus brought to the work in hand many of the rarest qualifications of success.

Governor Shepherd, in carrying out one of the most comprehensive schemes of municipal improvement ever conceived, followed the professional advice of Alexander B. Mullett, a skilled architect, under whose supervision the Treasury building had lately taken on its present imposing shape and dimensions, and who afterwards planned and built the splendid State, War, and Navy building. Attention was first given to the construction of a proper sewerage system for the city. This proved a by no means easy task. Portions of the city were below high-water-mark, and Tiber Creek, which rises on the terrace north of the city, and which at that time flowed into the canal near Capitol Hill, was wont in rainy seasons to become an unruly stream. The canal was arched over with brick

and converted into a sewer by the engineers, who at the same time deflected the Tiber from its course and into the Eastern Branch of the Potomac, while its former bed and three of its branches were arched over with brick and made the main sewers of the system. Careful provision was also made for the needs of Georgetown and the West End, so that by the end of 1875 there were one hundred and twenty-three miles of this underground work in operation, and Washington's sewerage system had been transformed from the worst to the best in the country.

Side by side with this transformation went other improvements of equal scope and importance. An aqueduct had been built some years before from the Falls of the Potomac, fourteen miles above the city, bringing a generous and unfailing supply of pure water to a reservoir two miles west of Georgetown. Mains were now laid from this reservoir, hitherto connected only with the public buildings, and at the end of three years one hundred and thirty-three miles of mains and pipes were in operation. The introduction of gas mains was carried forward by private enterprise on the same comprehensive scale, and ere the close of 1873 upward of three

thousand public lamps illuminated the streets and squares. Meantime, the streets within the city limits were raised or lowered to a uniform grade—a laborious and vexatious task—and then transformed into the shaded and beautiful thoroughfares designed by L'Enfant. Before Shepherd and his associates rested from their labors they had laid fifty-eight and one-half miles of wood pavement, twenty-eight and one-half miles of concrete, and ninety-three miles of cobble, macadam, gravel, and Belgian block,—a total of one hundred and eighty miles. To reduce the cost of paving,—the main avenues were one hundred and sixty feet, and the streets from one hundred and thirty to one hundred and forty feet in width, covering in the aggregate two thousand five hundred acres,—Mr. Mullett devised an admirable remedy. He advanced the pavements into the streets a uniform distance, and reduced the cost of the former by sodding between them and the house fronts, thus giving each householder a front yard, without lessening the original width of the streets above the sidewalks. Two hundred and eight miles of these sidewalks were laid,—seven miles of flag and concrete, the remainder of brick,—

and finally there were planted in different sections of the city no less than twenty-five thousand shade trees, of many varieties, whose subsequent growth has given Washington the appearance of a city built in a forest.

Into a space of less than three years Shepherd and his lieutenants injected the delayed activity of three-quarters of a century, creating Washington as it is known to-day. The effect of their labors was at once seen in a rapid increase in population, and an even more rapid rise in real estate values, but the American Haussmann shared the too frequent fate of the innovator. He had done his work roughly and hastily, though thoroughly, and had created the while a numerous body of powerful and active enemies, who, keenly alive to the large indebtedness it created, failed, on the other hand, to appreciate the incomparably large results it insured. He was given no credit for his successes, and only curses for his failures; and, though not a dishonest dollar was discovered to bear witness against him, he was driven from office in disgrace and virtually ostracised in the city he had done more than any other to make beautiful and prosperous. A few years later he became finan-

cially embarrassed, and was forced to exile himself to Mexico, hoping to repair in its silver mines his shattered fortune. This hope has been abundantly realized, and he is now one of the wealthiest men in our sister republic. Better still, he has lived long enough to see his vindication, to be royally welcomed back to Washington, and to hear its citizens discussing the propriety of erecting a statue to his honor.

Perhaps Shepherd's greatest service to his native city was an unconscious one. His own downfall was the downfall also of the government of which he was the master spirit. An act passed by Congress, in June, 1874, abolished the form of government under which the remaking of the city had been carried forward, and with it the elective franchise. To replace the old order, Congress temporarily provided a government by three commissioners, at the same time guaranteeing the interest and principal of the bonds issued for the new improvements, and making provision for the preparation of a permanent form of government. These pledges were duly redeemed in an act passed in June, 1878, which lodged the affairs of the District in the hands of a board of three commissioners,—

two civilians, appointed by the President and confirmed by the Senate, and an engineer officer, detailed from the army. All the numerous subordinates are appointed by the commissioners. The engineer is allowed two assistants, also detailed from the engineer corps of the army, one of whom is in charge of the streets and the other of the sewers. All money for street improvements is virtually controlled by the engineers, as they make out the estimates for the commissioners, who forward them to the Secretary of the Treasury, for transmission to Congress and incorporation in the appropriation bills. Congress pays half the taxes and the salaries of all officers appointed by the President; all others are paid by the District of Columbia.

Although many good citizens may regret that in the national capital taxation without representation is the basic principle of what, in the language of the Supreme Court of the United States, is "the final judgment of Congress as to the system of government which should obtain," it is generally admitted that for the District of Columbia the present form of government is the best possible. Free from scandal of every sort, successive boards of commissioners

of ability and character have administered the affairs of the District during the past twenty-seven years more efficiently and economically than the affairs of any other American municipality have been administered, and to such general satisfaction that there has been no lasting criticism. Indeed, to quote the words of an experienced and acute observer, "Washington is one of the best governed cities in the world. There is no political party to profit from the knavery of contractors or the finding of places for henchmen, no boss to whom universal tribute is paid. Its streets are clean and well lighted, its policemen polite and conscientious, its fire department prompt and reliable, its care for the public health and of the sick and indigent admirable, and its rate of taxation one of the lowest in the country. The greatest virtue of its government is that it is distinctly a government of public opinion. The unusually high intelligence of its citizens and their remarkable interest and activity in the conduct of its affairs make them its real rulers under the constitutional authority of the President and Congress."

Washington under its present form of government has doubled in population and in

wealth; nor has there been any break in the work of making it the most beautiful of capitals. In this private initiative and public spirit have gone hand in hand. Many of the later residents of the capital have been people of wealth or of fixed incomes who have become inhabitants because of its superior attractions, while it has also grown to be the favorite resting-place for retired government officers, especially of the army and navy, and the most frequented workshop for literary men in all branches of their professions. Thence has sprung the erection of an increasing number of private residences which lend to Washington one of its most pervading charms. These houses are of as many designs as their owners have minds and tastes, but they carry domestic architecture to the height of comfort and beauty, and almost invariably they stand free and clear amid fenceless lawns and the welcome loveliness of embowering shade. There is not space to describe the palaces of those who seek to make the city a social capital. A majority of them are to be found in the now fashionable West End, which less than thirty years ago was an unattractive waste given over to negro squatters. To-day

its former swamps and hillocks are covered with miles of elegant residences. One would go far in Europe or America and not find so delightful a residential street as Massachusetts Avenue. It has not the ostentation of New York or Chicago, but it has more charm.

Meanwhile, there have been noteworthy and imposing additions to the great public buildings at Washington. These include the State, War, and Navy Departments building, completed in 1890; the National Museum building; the new General Post-Office building, the first government structure to be placed on Pennsylvania Avenue; the Pension Bureau building; the building devoted to the Bureau of Engraving; the Government Printing-Office, a huge affair and a model of its kind; and finally the noble Library of Congress, a structure that now vies with the Capitol as the show building of Washington. Other new structures, not devoted to the business of the national government but worthy of mention, are the new Corcoran Art Gallery and the Public Library, now in process of erection, towards which Andrew Carnegie has given several hundred thousand dollars.

The work of beautifying the city promises to

continue for many years to come, and there has been perfected in the current year (1901) a most comprehensive scheme for the development of its present park system, to be prosecuted during a long period, and which will involve the reclamation of large areas of swamp land along the Potomac and several islands in that stream. Much of the land fronting the river has already been reclaimed and converted into a park that stretches from the Capitol west past the White House, and constitutes the Mall, in which are situated the Smithsonian Institution, the National Museum, and the Department of Agriculture. Broad boulevards are to be cut through the Mall and the Botanical Garden, pass the Capitol, and sweep around the terraced bank of the Potomac on the heights of Anacostia, from which point the park system, with its boulevards, will be extended northward, skirting the city, to the Maryland line, and then around the semicircle to Georgetown. Coincident with this work and under the supervision of the skilled architects having it in charge, it is proposed to carry to completion the present system of streets and avenues, to bring water into the city to supply a projected group of fountains, and to indicate

proper sites for additional statues and public buildings. Other improvements which have been much discussed and which promise to take form at no distant day are a bridge across the Potomac worthy of the city, and the construction of new buildings for the National Museum and the Department of Agriculture, of a gallery to house the fast-growing art treasures of the government, and of a fitting structure for the preservation of trophies, relics, and memorials of national importance, the last carrying out the well-considered plans of the founders of the capital city. It is also proposed either to enlarge the present executive mansion or to build a private residence for the President, leaving the White House for public receptions and business. All of these things sooner or later will become accomplished facts. The larger patriotism of a new era voices the demand that no niggard hand should minister to the nation's city, and the present generation, doubtless, will live to see Washington take on a new and surpassing architectural beauty, giving it in dignity and outward attractiveness what it already enjoys in political importance,—the foremost place among the capitals of the world.

A New Era and a New City

Though the first President's cherished dream of a great national university in the city which bears his name has never taken concrete form, Washington's development as an educational centre has been surprisingly rapid in recent years. Its common school system, which includes normal, high, and manual-training schools, was completely reorganized in 1869, and has since been so wisely and efficiently conducted as to be often cited as a model; while through the Columbian, the Howard, and the Catholic Universities it makes effective and enhancing contribution to the cause of higher education. The Columbian, established as a college in 1821 and reincorporated as a university in 1873, has collegiate, law, and medical departments, and is in an actively prosperous condition. Howard University, founded in 1867 and named after its first president, General Oliver O. Howard, represents a brave and measurably successful attempt to place higher education within the reach of the colored race. It is well housed on a commanding site in the northern part of the city, and includes, besides the regular collegiate departments, well-attended schools of theology, law, and medicine. The Catholic University,

first opened to students in 1890, occupies one of the finest sites for the effective display of noble buildings that can well be imagined. Its divinity courses are attended only by ecclesiastics of the Roman Catholic Church, but its other courses are open to students of all creeds, and their steadily increasing numbers promise ere long to confirm the hope and aim of its founders to make it the foremost institution of its kind in the New World. Mention must also be made of another noteworthy Washington school, the National Deaf-Mute College, which, begun in a modest way in 1857, has been since 1872 a ward of Congress. It is the only school in the world where deaf-mutes may obtain a collegiate education, and many of its graduates have won distinguished success in the professions.

A city planned and built solely for the purposes of government, Washington boasts a life and color peculiarly its own. It is a city of authority and leisure, and this fact is pleasantly brought home to the wayfarer when for the first time he becomes a part of the afternoon parade on Pennsylvania Avenue. The people who make up this parade are different from those of other American cities. They are from

all the States and Territories; most of them live, with ease of mind, on assured incomes from the government; and all of them are well dressed, self-respecting, and of a proud and confident bearing. There are no strained faces among them, such as one encounters in New York or Chicago, and all walk as if conscious of the fact that they have an abundance of time at their command. There are the men from the North and West, the one proud of his past and the other confident of his future; there is the Southerner, whose garb and speech prove that he is well enough established in his own locality to be of the government; and there is the joyous, laughing darky, who lives upon the ruling class and refuses to take thought for a rainy to-morrow.

Indeed, the Washington negro, whether forehanded or out-at-elbows, has good reason to be satisfied with his lot, for nowhere else does he command and enjoy the same favoring conditions, the same standing and treatment. Four thousand of the odd ninety thousand negroes in Washington are in government employ. Negroes own more than eight million dollars' worth of real estate in the District of Columbia,

They have their editors, teachers, doctors, dentists, druggists, dancing-masters; their clubs, saloons, newspapers, schools, and halls; and they have a genteel society of their own, modelled closely upon the lines of white society, and living in amity with that body.

The negroes have scores of churches in Washington, but the one "nearest to the heart of the city is the finest,—the Fifteenth Street Presbyterian Church. The Rev. F. J. Grimke, a negro and a Princeton graduate, is the pastor. His flock is composed of school-teachers, doctors, lawyers, dentists, and those colored people who come to Washington when they have money, to get the worth of it. You see nothing to laugh at in that edifice. The people dress, look, and behave precisely like nice white people, only some are black and others are shaded off from white. You see women with lorgnettes and men with pointed beards and button-hole bouquets. Polite ushers move softly to and fro, flowers deck the altar at the proper times, a melodious choir enchants the ear, and young men dressed like the best dressed men on Fifth Avenue wait on the sidewalk for sweethearts or drive up in fine carriages for mothers and sisters.

The wealth of many families of colored persons in Washington sprang from the development of the West End, which, as already stated, was mainly occupied in other years by the tumble-down shanties of negro-squatters. For the making of its beauty and elegance the property-holders were assessed. Many negroes surrendered their lots, but many others paid the assessments, held on, and were made wealthy when fashion led the rich to buy up the land and build upon it. Thus the provident colored people who had worked and saved were able to become capitalists. Some other fortunes were made in trade, and by cooks, restaurateurs, and men who practise the professions among the people of their own race. One popular professional man of the ebon race is said to be the son of a man who mixed cocktails for forty years in a saloon on Pennsylvania Avenue,—but why should our white brothers in high fashionable circles look down on the man for that?"

They would not, at least in Washington. The capital city is nothing if not democratic, and its society confirms the old saying that in a republic every man has a chance to make his way to social grandeur as well as to political power.

At the head of this society stands the President, then the Vice-President, then the members of the Cabinet in the order of their succession to the Presidency, the diplomatic corps, the Supreme Court, Senators, Representatives, and so on down a long list, each official, according to his rank, finding himself definitely placed in the social catalogue. But a long-time resident of the capital has aptly said that "while this officially settles a man's status in the official world, determines his precedence, makes it certain where he will sit at dinner, and whether he shall precede or follow his fiercest enemy, in Washington, as elsewhere, men rise superior to rank, and fortune is greater than circumstance. To be a Senator in Washington is to command respect and a certain amount of social deference; it serves as an introduction, but it serves as no more. The introduction secured, what follows depends upon the individual, and more perhaps on his wife, if he be not a bachelor or a widower. For Washington is the paradise of woman: there she holds greater sway than anywhere else; there she wields greater influence than falls to her lot elsewhere. Woman rules, because in Washington everything revolves around the so-

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cial centre, and society and politics are inseparably interwoven. In other cities society and its diversions are only the relaxation from the more serious side of life; in Washington they are part of its general scheme. The one recognized leader of society, or the half-dozen who may be competing for that title, in New York, or Boston, or Chicago, or elsewhere, may give dinners or balls during the season as the whim seizes. In Washington there is no option; there is a social calendar to be religiously kept and observed from which there is no escape. Diplomacy, law, and statesmanship must eat at the President's table during the season; each member of the Cabinet must in turn play host to his chief; birthdays and coronations of kings and queens must be duly observed with feasting and dancing; and threading in and out of this maze are the dinners, large and small, official and semiofficial, of diplomatists and secretaries and legislators and the host of officials one grade lower, while the afternoons are busy with teas and receptions. Because society constantly needs to be entertained, and always welcomes to its ranks any person who can provide entertainment, and anathematizes the bore, tact and

cleverness, brilliancy and beauty, exercise greater influence in the capital than they do in most cities."

The same authority points out in another place that in Washington "position counts for much, but not for all, and wealth counts for little. Many men and women whose position and wealth might constitute them prominent in society are simply tolerated, and not welcomed; and while, to entertain, money is as essential in Washington as elsewhere, it is not the open sesame which it is in some other cities. The millionaire member of the Senate, whose lavish entertainments are the admiration of his friends and the shaft of envy to his enemies, does not because of his millions stand higher in the social scale than his colleague who lives in a hotel and whose entertaining is confined to the few dinners which it is absolutely incumbent upon him to give during the course of the season. And if he is something more than a mere member of the Senate, if in addition to being the possessor of an official title he is a man of force and character and intellect, if he has a wife and daughters who are tactful or brilliant or beautiful, he and his family will

be welcome to the most exclusive houses, and nobody will think of his poverty; but if he has nothing to distinguish him, if his womenkind are conventional merely, although the newspapers will frequently report his name at dinners, and the names of his wife and daughters at teas and luncheons, they will be only superficially in society. Washington is the paradise of the poor man with brains. Society in the capital is a very compact entity . . . and the narrowness of the circle makes it unnecessary for any one to live beyond his position or to try to dazzle his neighbors by a too lavish parade of wealth. A man either lives on his salary, which is always small, or else regards his salary as an incident merely, and relies upon private means. But in either case he quickly finds his level; and while his wealth may give him a temporary advantage, it will convey no lasting benefit. The millionaires have splurged their brief hour; they have been written up in the daily papers and pictured in the weeklies, and have drawn their crowds, and have promptly passed into oblivion; while men who never entertained, who lived on a salary of five thousand dollars a year and saved a little each year, wielded the real

power then, and still remain a power. In no other capital of the world, in hardly any other city, does money mean so little as it does in the capital of democracy."

First-hand knowledge of these facts, however, comes only with long residence; it is Washington the capital, the centre of a people's life, that charms and delights the wayfarer. Washington was its founder; Adams, Jefferson, and Madison were the guardians of its struggling and doubtful infancy; here Webster, Clay, and Calhoun won the fame and did the work which have now become an inseparable part of our history; here began the real rule of the people under Jackson's masterful leadership; here was waged the long contest as to whether the nation should be bond or free; and here centred the desperate and finally successful struggle to save it from dismemberment. And so it is fitting that the tall shaft reared in honor of its founder, and the Capitol which is its heart of hearts, should be the objects which first awaken and longest hold the admiration of the patriotic stranger. The one is the most imposing simple object of great dimensions erected by modern hands, the other the stateliest home ever pro-

vided for the law-makers of a mighty people. Both are beautiful or sternly impressive at all times, but never more so than when seen with the whole city—a city set down as it were in a forest of green trees—from the great military cemetery on the heights of Arlington, this through the soft and restful haze of an autumn afternoon. There, ranged in grassy columns which stretch from hill-top to water's edge, lie the heroic dead, keeping silent vigil over the capital of the republic for whose redemption they paid the last full measure of devotion. And on the farther shore of the silvery, slow-moving river, beside the sunlit dome of the Capitol, crowned with its statue of Liberty, the white shaft rises heavenward to mark in shadow time for the living the " hours of the dead men's endless days." It is an unforgetable vision, to compass which adds a supreme moment to any life. Burial-ground, Capitol, and Obelisk link the Washington of the past with the Washington of to-day and make both a part of the proud and precious heritage of every American.

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